THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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South Broadway, constructed with "Tarvia-X," Penetration method, 1913.

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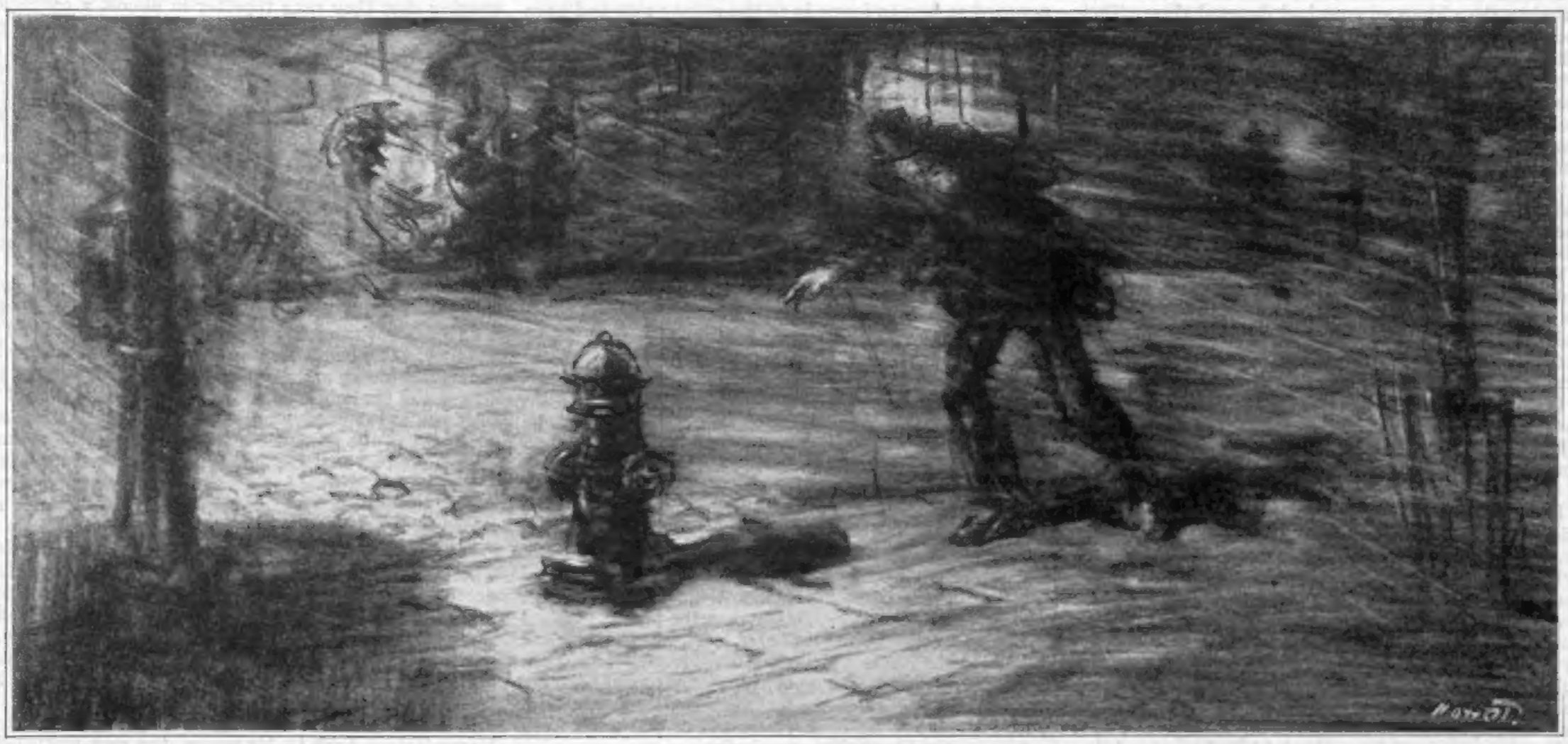
DARKNESS

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



With All His Desperate Need For Haste He Ran No Straightaway Course. The Manner of His Flight Was What Gave Added Strangeness to the Spectacle of Him

THERE was a house in this town where always by night lights burned. In one of its rooms many lights burned; in each of the other rooms at least one light. It stood on Clay Street, on a treeless plot among flower beds, a small dull-looking house; and when late on dark nights all the other houses on Clay Street were black blockings lifting from the lesser blackness of their background, the lights in this house patterned its windows with squares of brilliancy so that it suggested a grid set on edge before hot flames. Once a newcomer to the town, a transient guest at Mrs. Otterbuck's boarding house, spoke about it to old Squire Jonas, who lived next door to where the lights blazed of nights, and the answer he got makes a fitting enough beginning for this account.

This stranger came along Clay Street one morning, and Squire Jonas, who was leaning over his gate contemplating the world as it passed in review, nodded to him and remarked that it was a fine morning; and the stranger was emboldened to stop and pass the time of day, as the saying goes.

"I'm here going over the books of the Bernheimer Distilling Company," he said when they had spoken of this and that, "and, you know, when a chartered accountant gets on a job he's supposed to keep right at it until he's done. Well, my work keeps me busy till pretty late. And the last three nights, passing that place yonder adjoining yours, I've noticed she was all lit up like as if for a wedding or a christening or a party or something. But I didn't see anybody going in or coming out, or hear anybody stirring in there, and it struck me as blamed curious. Last night—or this morning, rather, I should say—it must have been close on to half past two o'clock when I passed by, and there she was, all as quiet as the tomb and still the lights going from top to bottom. So I got to wondering to myself. Tell me, sir, is there somebody sick over there next door?"

"Yes, suh," stated the squire, "I figure you might say there is somebody sick there. He's been sick a powerful long time too. But it's not his body that's sick; it's his soul."

"I don't know as I get you, sir," said the other man in a puzzled sort of way.

"Son," stated the squire, "I reckin you've been hearin' 'em, haven't you, singin' this here new song that's goin' 'round about, 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark'? Well, probably the man who wrote that there song never was down here in these parts in his life; probably he just made the idea of it up out of his own head. But he might 'a' had the case of my neighbor in his mind when he done so. Only his song is kind of comical and this case here is about the most uncomic one you'd be likely to run acrost. The man who lives here alongside of me is not only afraid to go home in the dark but he's actually feared to stay in the dark after he gets home. Once he killed a man and he come clear of the killin' all right enough, but seems like he ain't never got over it; and the sayin' in this town is that he's studied it out that ef ever he gets in the dark, either by himself or in company, he'll see the face of that there man he killed. So that's why, son, you've been seein' them lights a-blazin'. I've been seein' 'em myself fur goin' on twenty year or more, I reckin 'tis by now, and I've got used to 'em. But I ain't never got over wonderin' whut kind of thoughts he must have over there all alone by himself at night with everything lit up bright as day around him, when by rights things should be dark. But I ain't ever asted him, and whut's more, I never will. He ain't the kind you could go to him astin' him personal questions about his own private affairs. We-all here in town just accept him fur whut he is and sort of let him be. He's whut you might call a town character. His name is Mr. Dudley Stackpole."

In all respects save one, Squire Jonas, telling the inquiring stranger the tale, had the rights of it. There were town characters aplenty he might have described. A long-settled community with traditions behind it and a reasonable antiquity seems to breed curious types of men and women as a musty closet breeds mice and moths. This town of ours had its town mysteries and its town eccentrics—its freaks, if one wished to put the matter bluntly; and it had its champion story-teller and its champion liar and its champion guesser of the weight of livestock on the hoof.

There was crazy Saul Vance, the butt of cruel small boys, who deported himself as any rational creature might so long as he walked a straight course; but so surely as he came to where the road forked or two streets crossed he could not decide which turning to take and for hours angled back and forth and to and fro, now taking the short cut to regain the path he just had quitted, now retracing his way over the long one, for all the world like a geometric spider spinning its web. There was old Daddy Hannah, the black root-and-yarb doctor, who could throw spells and weave charms and invoke conjures. He wore a pair of shoes which had been worn by a man who was hanged, and these shoes, as is well known, leave no tracks which a dog will nose after or a witch follow, or a ha'nt. Small boys did not gibe at Daddy Hannah, you bet you! There was Major Burnley, who lived for years and years in the same house with the wife with whom he had quarreled and never spoke a word to her or she to him. But the list is overlong for calling. With us, in that day and time, town characters abounded freely. But Mr. Dudley Stackpole was more than a town character. He was that, it is true, but he was something else besides; something which tabbed him a mortal set apart from his fellow mortals. He was the town's chief figure of tragedy.

If you had ever seen him once you could shut your eyes and see him over again. Yet about him there was nothing impressive, nothing in his port or his manner to catch and to hold a stranger's gaze. With him, physically, it was quite the other way about. He was a short spare man, very gentle in his movements, a toneless sort of man of a palish gray cast, who always wore sad-colored clothing. He would make you think of a man molded out of a fog; almost he was like a man made of smoke. His mode of living might testify that a gnawing remorse abode ever with him, but his hair had not turned white in a single night, as the heads of those suddenly stricken by a great shock or a great grief or any greatly upsetting and disordering emotion sometimes are reputed to turn. Neither in his youth nor when age came to him was his hair white. But for so far back as any now remembered it had been a dullish gray, suggesting at a distance dead lichens.

The color of his skin was a color to match in with the rest of him. It was not pale, nor was it pasty. People with a taste for comparisons were hard put to it to describe just what it was the hue of his face did remind them of, until one day a man brought in from the woods the abandoned nest of a brood of black hornets, still clinging to the pendent twig from which the insect artificers had swung it. Darkies used to collect these nests in the fall of the year when the vicious swarms had deserted them. Their shredded parchments made ideal wadding for muzzle-loading scatter-guns, and sufferers from asthma tore them down, too, and burned them slowly and stood over the smoldering mass and inhaled the fumes and the smoke which arose, because the country wiseacres preached that no boughten stuff out of a drug store gave such relief from asthma as this hornet's-nest treatment. But it remained for this man to find a third use for such a thing. He brought it into the office of Gafford's wagon yard, where some other men were sitting about the fire, and he held it up before them and he said:

"Who does this here hornet's nest put you fellers in mind of—this gray color all over it, and all these here fine lines runnin' back and forth and every which-a-way like wrinkles? Think, now—it's somebody you all know."

And when they had given it up as a puzzle too hard for them to guess he said:

"Why, ain't it got percisely the same color and the same look about it as Mr. Dudley Stackpole's face? Why, it's a perfect imitation of him! That's whut I said to myself all in a flash when I first seen it bouncin' on the end of this here black birch limb out yonder in the flats."

"By gum, if you ain't right!" exclaimed one of the audience. "Say, come to think about it, I wonder if spendin' all his nights with bright lights burnin' round him is whut's give that old man that gray color he's got, the same as this wasp's nest has got it, and all them puckery lines round his eyes. Pore old devil, with the hags furever ridin' him! Well, they tell me he's toler'ble well fixed in this world's goods, but poor as I am, and him well off, I wouldn't trade places with him fur any amount of money. I've got my peace of mind if I ain't got anything else to speak of. Say, you'd 'a' thought in all these years a man would get over broodin' over havin' killed another feller, and specially havin' killed him in fair fight. Let's see, now, whut was the name of the feller he killed that time out there at Cache Creek Crossin's? I actually disremember. I've heard it a thousand times, too, I reckin, if I've heard it oncet."

For a fact, the memory of the man slain so long before only endured because the slayer walked abroad as a living reminder of the taking off of one who by all accounts had been of small value to mankind in his day and generation. Save for the daily presence of the one, the very identity even of the other might before now have been forgotten. For this very reason, seeking to enlarge the merits of the controversy which had led to the death of one Jesse Tatum at the hands of Dudley Stackpole, people sometimes referred to it as the Tatum-Stackpole feud and sought to liken it to the Faxon-Fleming feud. But that was a real feud with fence-corner ambuscades and a sizable mortality list and nighttime assassinations and all; whereas this lesser thing, which now briefly is to be dealt with on its merits, had been no more than a neighborhood falling out, having but a solitary homicide for its climactic upshot. So far as that went, it really was not so much the death of the victim as the survival of his destroyer—and his fashion of living afterwards—which made warp and woof for the fabric of the tragedy.

With the passage of time the actuating causes were somewhat blurred in perspective. The main facts stood forth clear enough, but the underlying details were misty and uncertain, like some half-obliterated scribble on a badly rubbed slate upon which a more important sum has been overlaid. One rendition had it that the firm of Stackpole Brothers sued the two Tatums—Harve and Jess—for an account long overdue, and won judgment in the courts, but won with it the murderous enmity of the defendant pair. Another account would have it that a dispute over a boundary fence marching between the Tatum homestead on Cache Creek and one of the Stackpole farm holdings ripened into a prime quarrel by reasons of Stackpole stubbornness on the one hand and Tatum malignity on the other. By yet a third account the lawsuit and the line-fence matter were confusingly twisted together to form a cause for disputation.

Never mind that part though. The incontrovertible part was that things came to a decisive pass on a July day in the late 80's when the two Tatums sent word to the two Stackpoles that at or about six o'clock of that evening they would come down the side road from their place a mile away to Stackpole Brothers' gristmill above the big riffle in Cache Creek prepared to fight it out man to man. The warning was explicit enough—the Tatums would shoot on sight. The message was meant for two, but only one brother heard it; for Jeffrey Stackpole, the senior member of the firm, was sick abed with heart disease at the Stackpole house on Clay Street in town, and Dudley, the junior, was running the business and keeping bachelor's hall, as the phrase runs, in the living room of the mill; and it was Dudley who received notice.

Now the younger Stackpole was known for a law-abiding and a well-disposed man, which reputation stood him in stead subsequently; but also he was no coward. He might crave peace, but he would not flee from trouble moving toward him. He would not advance a step to meet it, neither would he give back a step to avoid it. If it occurred to him to hurry in to the county seat and have his enemies put under bonds to keep the peace he pushed the thought from him. This, in those days, was not the popular course for one threatened with violence by another; nor, generally speaking, was it regarded exactly as the manly one to follow. So he bided that day where he was. Moreover, it was not of record that he told anyone at all of what impended. He knew little of the use of firearms, but there was a loaded pistol in the cash drawer of the mill office. He put it in a pocket of his coat and through the afternoon he waited, outwardly quiet and composed, for the appointed hour when single-handed he would defend his honor and his brother's against the unequal odds of a brace of bullies, both of them quick on the trigger, both smart and clever in the handling of weapons.

But if Stackpole told no one, someone else told someone. Probably the messenger of the Tatums talked. He currently was reputed to have a leaky tongue to go with his jimberjaws; a born trouble maker, doubtless, else he would not have loaned his service to such employment in the first place. Up and down the road ran the report that before night there would be a clash at the Stackpole mill. Peg-Leg Foster, who ran the general store below the bridge and within sight of the big riffle, saw fit to shut up shop early and go to town for the evening. Perhaps he did not want to be a witness, or possibly he desired to be out of the way of stray lead flying about. So the only known witness to what happened, other than the parties engaged in it, was a negro woman. She, at least, was one who had not heard the rumor which since early forenoon had been spreading through the sparsely settled neighborhood. When six o'clock came she was grubbing out a sorghum patch in front of her cabin just north of where the creek cut under the Blandsville gravel pike.

One gets a picture of the scene: The thin and deficient shadows stretching themselves across the parched bottom lands as the sun slid down behind the trees of Eden's swamp lot; the heat waves of a blistering hot day still dancing their devil's dance down the road like wriggling circumflexes to accent a false promise of coolness off there in the distance; the ominous emptiness of the landscape; the brooding quiet, cut through only by the frogs and the dry flies tuning up for their evening concert; the bandannaed negress wrangling at the weeds with her hoe blade inside the rail fence; and, half sheltered within the lintels of the office doorway of his mill, Dudley Stackpole, a slim, still figure, watching up the crossroad for the coming of his adversaries.

But the adversaries did not come from up the road as they had advertised they would. That declaration on their part had been a trick and device, cockered up in the hope of taking the foe by surprise and from the rear. In a canvas-covered wagon—moving wagons, we used to call them in Red Gravel County—they left their house half an hour or so before the time set by them for the meeting, and they cut through by a wood lane which met the pike south of Foster's store; and then very slowly they rode up the pike toward the mill, being minded to attack from behind, with the added advantage of unexpectedness on their side.

Chance, though, spoiled their strategy and made these terms of primitive dueling more equal. Mark how: The woman in the sorghum patch saw it happen. She saw the wagon pass her and saw it brought to a standstill just beyond where she was; saw Jess Tatum slide stealthily down from under the overhanging hood of the wagon and, sheltered behind it, draw a revolver and cock it, all the while peeping out, searching the front and the nearer side of the gristmill with his eager eyes. She saw Harve Tatum, the elder brother, set the wheel chock and wrap the lines about the sheathed whipstock, and then as he swung off the seat catch a boot heel on the rim of the wagon box and fall to the road with a jar which knocked him cold, for he was a gross and heavy man and struck squarely on his head. With popped eyes she saw Jess throw up his pistol and fire once from his ambush behind the wagon, and then—the startled team having snatched the wagon from before him—saw him advance into the open toward the mill, shooting again as he advanced.

All now in the same breath and in a jumble of shock and terror she saw Dudley Stackpole emerge into full sight, and standing clear a pace from his doorway return the fire; saw the thudding frantic hoofs of the nigh horse spurn Harve Tatum's body aside—the kick broke his right leg, it turned out—saw Jess Tatum suddenly halt and stagger back as though jerked by an unseen hand; saw him drop his weapon and straighten again, and with both hands clutched to his throat run forward, head thrown back and feet drumming; heard him give one strange bubbling, strangled scream—it was the blood in his throat made this outcry sound thus—and saw him fall on his face, twitching and wriggling, not thirty feet from where Dudley Stackpole stood, his pistol upraised and ready for more firing.

As to how many shots, all told, were fired the woman never could say with certainty. There might have been four or five or six, or even seven, she thought. After the opening shot they rang together in almost a continuous volley, she said. Three empty chambers in Tatum's gun and two in Stackpole's seemed conclusive evidence to the sheriff and the coroner that night and to the coroner's jurors next day that five shots had been fired.

On one point, though, for all her fright, the woman was positive, and to this she stuck in the face of questions and cross-questions. After Tatum stopped as though jolted to a standstill, and dropped his weapon, Stackpole flung the barrel of his revolver upward and did not again offer to fire, either as his disarmed and stricken enemy advanced upon him or after he had fallen. As she put it, he stood there like a man frozen stiff.

Having seen and heard this much, the witness, now all possible peril for her was passed, suddenly became mad with fear. She ran into her cabin and scrouged behind the headboard of a bed. When at length she timorously withdrew from hiding and came trembling forth, already persons out of the neighborhood, drawn by the sounds of the fusillade, were hurrying up. They seemed to spring, as it were, out of the ground. Into the mill these newcomers carried the two Tatums, Jess being stone-dead and Harve still senseless, with a leg dangling where the bones were snapped below the knee, and a great cut in his scalp; and they laid the two of them side by side on the floor in the gritty dust of the meal tailings and the flour grindings. This done, some ran to harness and hitch and to go to fetch doctors and law officers, spreading the news as they went; and some stayed on to work over Harve Tatum and to give such comfort as they might to Dudley Stackpole, he sitting dumb in his little, cluttered office awaiting the coming of constable or sheriff or deputy so that he might surrender himself into custody.

While they waited and while they worked to bring Harve Tatum back to his senses, the men marveled at two amazing things. The first wonder was that Jess Tatum, finished marksman as he was, and the main instigator and central figure of sundry violent encounters in the past, should have failed to hit the mark at which he fired with his first shot or with his second or with his third; and the second, a still greater wonder, was that Dudley Stackpole, who perhaps never in his life had had for a target a living thing, should have sped a bullet so squarely into the heart of his victim at twenty yards or more. The first phenomenon might perhaps be explained, they agreed, on the hypothesis that the mishap to his brother, coming at the very moment of the fight's beginning, unnerved Jess and threw him out of stride, so to speak. But the second was not in anywise to be explained excepting on the theory of sheer chance. The fact remained that it was so, and the fact remained that it was strange.

By form of law Dudley Stackpole spent two days under arrest; but this was a form, a legal fiction only. Actually he was at liberty from the time he reached the courthouse that night, riding in the sheriff's buggy with the sheriff and carrying poised on his knees a lighted lantern. Afterwards it was to be recalled that when, alongside the sheriff, he came out of his mill technically a prisoner he carried in his hand this lantern, all trimmed of wick and burning, and that he held fast to it through the six-mile ride to town. Afterwards, too, the circumstance was to be coupled with multiplying circumstances to establish a state of facts; but at the moment, in the excited state of mind of those present, it passed unremarked and almost unnoticed. And he still held it in his hand when, having been released under nominal bond and attended by certain sympathizing friends, he walked across town from the county building to his home in Clay Street. That fact, too, was subsequently remembered and added to other details to make a finished sum of deductive reasoning.

Already it was a foregone conclusion that the finding at the coroner's inquest, to be held the next day, would absolve him; foregone, also, that no prosecutor would press

for his arraignment on charges and that no grand jury would indict. So, soon all the evidence in hand was conclusively on his side. He had been forced into a fight not of his own choosing; an effort, which had failed, had been made to take him unfairly from behind; he had fired in self-defense after having first been fired upon; save for a quirk of fate operating in his favor, he should have faced odds of two deadly antagonists instead of facing one. What else then than his prompt and honorable discharge? And to top all, the popular verdict was that the killing off of Jess Tatum was so much good riddance of so much sorry rubbish; a pity, though, Harve had escaped his just deserts.

Helpless for the time being, and in the estimation of his fellows even more thoroughly discredited than he had been before, Harve Tatum here vanishes out of our recital. So, too, does Jeffrey Stackpole, heretofore mentioned once by name, for within a week he was dead of the same heart attack which had kept him out of the affair at Cache Creek. The rest of the narrative largely appertains to the one conspicuous survivor, this Dudley Stackpole already described.

Tradition ever afterwards had it that on the night of the killing he slept—if he slept at all—in the full-lighted room of a house which was all aglare with lights from cellar to roof line. From its every opening the house blazed as for a celebration. At the first, so the tale of it ran, people were of two different minds to account for this. This one rather thought Stackpole feared punitive reprisals under cover of night by vengeful kinsmen of the Tatums, they being, root and branch, sprout and limb, a belligerent and an ill-conditioned breed. That one suggested that maybe he took this method of letting all and sundry know he felt no regret for having gunned the life out of a dangerous brawler; that perhaps thereby he sought to advertise his satisfaction at the outcome of that day's affair. But this latter theory was not to be credited. For so sensitive and so well-disposed a man as Dudley Stackpole to joy in his own deadly act, however justifiable in the sight of law and man that act might have been—why, the bare notion of it was preposterous! The repute and the prior conduct of the man robbed the suggestion of all plausibility. And then soon, when night after night the lights still flared in his house, and when on top of this evidence accumulated to confirm a belief already crystallizing in the public mind, the town came to sense the truth, which was that Mr. Dudley Stackpole now feared the dark as a timid child might fear it. It was not authentically chronicled that he confessed his fears to any living creature. But his fellow townsmen knew the state of his mind as though he had shouted of it from the housetops. They had heard, most of them, of such cases before. They agreed among themselves that he shunned darkness because he feared that out of that darkness might return the vision of his deed, bloodied and shocking and hideous. And they were right. He did so fear, and he feared mightily, constantly and unendingly.

That fear, along with the behavior which became from that night thenceforward part and parcel of him, made Dudley Stackpole as one set over and put apart from his fellows. Neither by daytime nor by nighttime was he thereafter to know darkness. Never again was he to see the twilight fall or face the blackness which comes before the dawning or take his rest in the cloaking, kindly void and nothingness of the midnight. Before the dusk of evening came, in midafternoon sometimes, of stormy and briefened winter days, or in the full radiance of the sun's sinking in the summertime, he was within doors lighting the lights which would keep the darkness beyond his portals and hold at bay a gathering gloom into which from window or door he would not look and dared not look.

There were trees about his house, cottonwoods and sycamores and one noble elm branching like a lyre. He chopped them all down and had the roots grubbed out. The vines which covered his porch were shorn away. To these things many were witnesses. What transformations he worked within the walls were largely known by hearsay through the medium of Aunt Kassie, the old negress who served him as cook and chambermaid and was his only house servant. To half-fearsome, half-fascinated audiences of her own color, whose members in time communicated what she told to their white employers, she related how with his own hands, bringing a crude carpentry into play, her master ripped out certain dark closets and abolished a secluded and gloomy recess beneath a hall staircase, and how privily he called in men who strung his ceilings with electric lights, although already the building was piped for gas; and how, for final touches, he placed in various parts of his bedroom tallow dips and oil lamps to be lit before twilight and to burn all night, so that though the gas sometime should fail and the electric bulbs blink out there still would be abundant lighting about him. His became the house which harbored no single shadow save only the shadow of morbid dread which lived within its owner's bosom. An orthodox haunted house should by rights be deserted and dark. This house, haunted if ever one was, differed from the orthodox conception. It was tenanted and it shone with lights.

The man's abiding obsession—if we may call his besetment thus—changed in practically all essential regards the manners and the practices of his daily life. After the shooting he never returned to his mill. He could not bring himself to endure the ordeal of revisiting the scene of the killing. So the mill stood empty and silent, just as he left it that night when he rode to town with the sheriff, until after his brother's death; and then with all possible dispatch he sold it, its fixtures, contents and goodwill, for what the property would fetch at quick sale, and he gave up business. He had sufficient to stay him in his needs. The Stackpoles had the name of being a canny and a provident family, living quietly and saving of their substance. The homestead where he lived, which his father before him had built, was free of debt. He had funds in the bank and money out at interest. He had not been one to make close friends. Now those who had counted themselves his friends became rather his distant acquaintances, among whom he neither received nor bestowed confidences.

In the broader hours of daylight his ways were such as any man of reserved and diffident ways, having no fixed employment, might follow in a smallish community. He sat upon his porch and read in books. He worked in his flower beds. With flowers he had a cunning touch, almost like a woman's. He loved them, and they responded to his love and bloomed and bore for him. He walked downtown to the business district, always alone, a shy and unimpressive figure, and sat brooding and aloof in one of the tilted-back cane chairs under the portico of the old Richland House, facing the river. He took long solitary walks on

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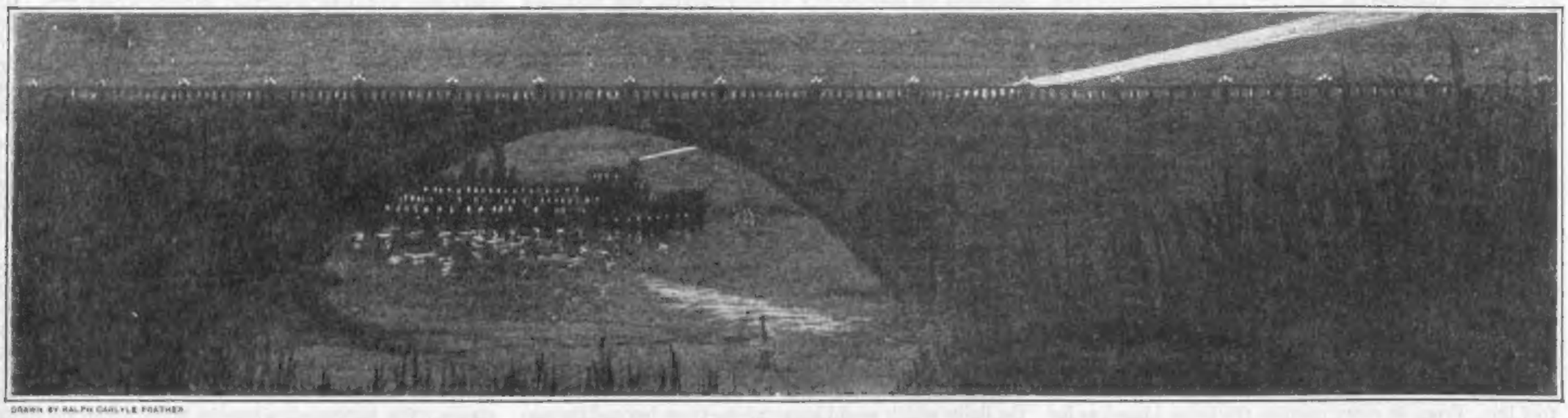
Into the Mill These Newcomers Carried the Two Tatums, Harve Still Senseless

THE DANGEROUS AGE



DRAWN BY RALPH CARLYLE FEATHER

By J. R. SPRAGUE

THE annual sales convention of the big manufacturing organization was drawing to its close. For three days the more than two hundred branch managers and salesmen had been in conference with the factory executives, threshing out their mutual problems and planning the policies for the coming year. The culminating feature of the convention was a banquet held in the ballroom of one of the city's big hotels.

The banquet started out as a merry affair. One of the branch managers, who had a barytone voice, sang a topical song, humorously bringing the names of some of his fellow workers into the chorus. A Western salesman told droll stories about the troubles he was up against with the tightwad buyers in his territory. The one serious number on the program was an address by an eminent business expert, who had been engaged to make an address which should put pep into the men just before they scattered to their work in the far corners of the country. He was an earnest-appearing man, and his speech carried added weight in contrast to the lightness of the other entertainers. His closing words were direct, incisive.

"Remember this, gentlemen," he said: "your real producing years are between the ages of twenty-five and fifty. You must get yourself fixed during that time if you do not want to have a dependent old age.

"I do not mean to say that a man cannot be a producer after he is fifty; some of the most active men in this organization are beyond that. But I do want to impress upon you that it is dangerous to make a business change after you are fifty. You can carry along something you have already got going, but you can't safely engage in anything new. Get safe before you are fifty!"

There was a thoughtful hush among the men grouped about the banquet tables as the speaker bowed and sat down. He had meant only to say something which would stimulate them to work harder in the interests of their company, but he had struck deeper than that. Some of the salesmen and branch managers were already past fifty. From the abstracted looks on their faces anyone could see that they had not all got themselves safe.

I noticed one man at a table near me who seemed particularly preoccupied. He was a pleasant-looking man of fifty-five, perhaps, with grayish hair and some crow's-feet about his eyes. His companions were calling him Bill. He shifted uneasily in his chair during the expert's remarks, looking intently at the tablecloth and moving his glass of water from one place to another. When the banquet was over he did not stick round with his fellow workers, but went directly to the check room, where he got his hat and coat, and left the hotel by himself.

The Story of Henderson

THE gray-haired man's actions did not escape the notice of the young branch manager whose guest I had been during the banquet. "I am afraid that business expert's talk hit Old Bill pretty hard," he said as we walked out of the ballroom; "I mean the remarks he made about a man's getting safe by the time he is fifty."

"Bill isn't safe, then?" I queried.

"No, he isn't," answered the young branch manager, "and I know he worries a lot about it. Bill has had a good deal of hard luck. He has been working for corporations all his life; and, through circumstances which he couldn't in the least help, he never got very far with any of them. One concern he worked for went out of business; another abolished all its branch offices and arranged with a few jobbing houses to take its entire output. He was obliged to quit the job he had before coming with us on account of the health of one of his children, which made it necessary to move out into the Western mountain country.

"And so you see," concluded the young branch manager, "Old Bill is up against it. He is in charge of one of our smaller offices, because he hasn't been with the company as long as a lot of the younger fellows. He is past fifty-five years old, and I don't believe he could scare up five thousand dollars to save his life."

"Does he seem to be slipping?" I asked. "Isn't he making good with the company?"

"Oh, I guess the company is well enough satisfied with his work," the branch manager replied; "but that isn't the question. You heard what the business expert said. Everyone knows that a man ought to have himself safely fixed by the time he is fifty. Bill is older than that, and he hasn't got himself safely fixed by a long shot. All in the world he has got to depend on is his job with this company, and he can't possibly save enough out of his salary to have enough to quit on when he has to stop work. Poor Old Bill is surely up against it."

"Maybe he could go into something else," I suggested. "He might start a business of his own and build up."

The young branch manager looked at me quickly to see if I meant it. When he answered it was with a faint breath of sarcasm.

"A man of Bill's age go into business for himself!" he exclaimed. "It can't be done. The best he can hope to do is to plug along at what he is doing and save what little he is able. But to break into something new—not a chance!"

I wondered if the young branch manager was right. I hoped not. We all get to be past fifty if we live long enough, and not all of us are able to fix ourselves in safe positions by that time. There are thousands of Old Bills in the world. What chances have they? Must they just plug along hopelessly, worried all the time at the prospect of eventually coming on their children or other relatives for support?

The question was still on my mind when, a week later, I chanced to be on a south-bound train going through Virginia. A twenty-hour trip was ahead, and the car was not crowded. During the whole forenoon my only companion in the Pullman smoking compartment was a gentleman who was obviously a traveling salesman. He was a nice-looking man, somewhere near sixty, I guessed, with the assured look of one who had made good in the world and is not scared of anything that may come up. He looked so capable, in fact, that I thought he might have something valuable to say on the subject of the men who have reached middle life without getting themselves safely placed.

"Suppose," I ventured to ask, "something should happen which would make it necessary for you to quit the road; do you think you could tackle a new profession and make a go of it?"

His answer was given quietly, but with a little air of very pardonable pride.

"I don't see why I couldn't," he said. "I changed my business less than four years ago, and I guess I could do it again."

With a little encouragement he told me the story. His name is not quite Henderson, but that is near enough. On the stretch between Lynchburg and Charlotte I heard how he had exploded the theory that a man cannot successfully tackle something new after he has passed the fifty-year mark.

From the time he was twenty-five years old until he became fifty-three Mr. Henderson was connected with an importing house in Lower Manhattan. When he started with the concern it was a rather small affair. He was assistant bookkeeper at first, then head bookkeeper. This gave him some knowledge of credits, and as the concern grew to the point where it needed a regular credit man Mr. Henderson graduated into the job. By the time he was thirty-five he was drawing a salary of six thousand dollars a year.

The head of the firm was Mr. Henderson's friend as well as employer. It was understood that he would be taken into the firm some day, but before that day arrived the owner died and the management came into the hands of his two sons, who felt that they did not want any part of the ownership to get out of the family. But Mr. Henderson seemed an indispensable part of the business, and so instead of making him a member of the firm they offered him an increased salary. By the time he was forty he was earning ten thousand dollars a year, which salary was continued as long as he was connected with the house.

Evidently he had been an exceptionally good credit man. The concern was an aggressive one, going after new accounts all the time, and it was Mr. Henderson's job to pick out the safe customers from the shaky ones. Competitors said he took long chances on extending credit to men who had poor financial ratings, but it was a matter of comment in the trade that Mr. Henderson's firm was seldom among those present when some concern failed and a list of the creditors was published in the trade papers.

Mr. Henderson's policy, he told me, was to play the man rather than the amount of money the man had. First of all, he satisfied himself that the man who wanted to buy goods on credit was willing to work. Then he inquired about the man's location, how strong competition he had and whether his expenses were in keeping with the business he was doing. If everything seemed all right along those lines, it didn't make much difference what his rating was in the credit agencies. It may have been a rather unconventional system, but it worked well, because his percentage of losses averaged smaller than any other concern in the line during a period of many years.

A Better Spender Than Saver

BUT Mr. Henderson's own fortunes did not keep up with the progress of the firm. Quite early he had managed to buy a home in a New Jersey suburb, and got it paid for; but outside of that he had accumulated very little. Looking back, he condemns himself for his failure to save some money, but at the time he seemed to be doing the right thing. He had quite a family, and lived well. When his two sons came of college age he sent them both through Harvard. He spent money rather freely himself too. In his work as a credit man he had to do considerable entertaining, and he usually paid the bills out of his own pocket. It would seem small, he said, to charge up the expense of theater tickets and dinners when he was having a good time out of it himself. It worried him sometimes to realize that he was not accumulating anything, but at such times he comforted himself with the thought that his job was good for as long as he cared to hold it; and, anyhow, after so many years the house was bound to look out for him. He admits now that he was a good business man for everybody but himself.

Things went along comfortably until about four years ago, when the ownership of his firm changed hands. The two sons of the original owner had amassed considerable of a fortune and decided to quit. It was a good time to sell out. The country was in the midst of the business boom that marked our entrance into the war, and Mr. Henderson's employers wisely decided that they would never have a better chance to turn their holdings into money. They found a buyer who was willing to pay a hundred cents on the dollar for their business, and so let it go.

Mr. Henderson had supposed he was an indispensable part of the business, inasmuch as he had helped so largely to build it up; but he learned differently. The new owner had bought a going business, not traditions or sentiment. Almost his first act was to lop off the expense of Mr. Henderson's ten-thousand-dollar salary. He figured that he could act as credit man himself. It was, in fact, no time for a credit man to regard himself as indispensable anywhere. It was a seller's market; business was rushing and merchandise scarce; there were too many cash buyers to bother much with those who wanted to talk credit terms.

With his long record of success, Mr. Henderson thought he would be able to connect up with some other concern, but there was little chance. No one needed a credit man. At first he had the idea that some big concern would hear that he was unemployed and send for him. In a month this idea was dissipated. A man who had been earning ten thousand dollars a year could hardly go from office to office asking for a job, but he began going into the city every day, and walked round the wholesale district hoping something might turn up. Those were gloomy times. In all the busy district there was no place where he could hang up his hat and feel at home. When he met acquaintances it was hard to act as though he was really going somewhere instead of merely showing himself in the hope that someone might see him and offer him something to do.

A Fortunate Encounter

IT SEEMED to Mr. Henderson that the bottom had dropped out of everything. He was worth practically nothing, aside from his home in the New Jersey suburb, and even that was an expensive place to keep up. His profession, in these flush times, had gone out of fashion. It looked as though credit men were to follow the family phaëton and the ten-twenty-thirty-cent drama into oblivion. He was almost fifty-four years old, and it seemed too late to learn a new trade. The thing he most dreaded seemed imminent. It appeared as though he and his wife would have to come on their children for support.

One day he was walking down Nassau Street in New York, trying as usual to look as though he was going somewhere. As is customary on that crowded little thoroughfare, the crowd was too much for the sidewalks, and so it was out in the middle of the street that he chanced to meet a man who had formerly been a traveler for the importing house which Mr. Henderson had served so long as credit man.

The salesman had heard he was no longer in his old position and asked what he was doing.

The two had been very good friends in past days, and almost before he knew it Mr. Henderson had told him of the fix he was in. It was the first time he had opened up to anyone, and it was relieving to talk about it. The salesman heard the story gravely, and suggested that they go to a near-by café to talk it over.

"I don't see where you have got to worry so much," the salesman said when he had heard the whole story. "A man like you can find plenty of things to do. Why don't you get a good line and go out on the road as salesman?"

The idea seemed rather absurd to Mr. Henderson. He had never sold anything in his life, he said, and no firm would take a chance on a man of his age who had never had experience. His friend waved aside these objections.

"You don't have to ask any firm for a job," he said, "and if I were you I wouldn't take one. What I have in mind is this: There are plenty of small manufacturers who cannot afford to pay the salary of a high-class man to represent them on the road, and it is worse than useless to send out a cheap man. As a consequence, they are limited to a small field near home where the manufacturer himself can go out a day or two a week to dispose of his product. At the same time a lot of such men are ambitious and will welcome a chance to enlarge their fields if they can do it without too great expense.

"Such manufacturers offer a good opportunity for a man like you. I would suggest that you get three or four small lines and take them out on a commission basis. The manufacturer won't be taking any chances, because if you don't sell anything it costs him nothing. But with several lines you are bound to do some business. All you risk is a few hundred dollars to finance yourself on your first trip."

The plan seemed feasible enough, but Mr. Henderson still expressed himself as skeptical of being anything of a salesman without having had experience. His friend then and there spoke his mind about the theory of salesmanship, rich from the observations of twenty years on the road.

"I hope you haven't got the idea about salesmanship that a lot of people have," he said. "There really isn't anything mysterious about selling things. You don't have to pull off any wonderful stunts or use applied psychology on prospective customers. If you did it wouldn't get you anywhere. There isn't any short cut to successful salesmanship any more than anywhere else.

"I have found," he continued, "that the main thing about selling goods on the road is being willing to do hard work and not lie down on the job when things are dull. There are lots of fair-weather salesmen who are crackerjacks as long as business is good, but let a depression come along and they lose their courage about as quick as a barnyard rooster that is matched against a thoroughbred gamecock. A man like that gets into a town in the morning and calls on about four people. All four turn him down. He comes to the conclusion that business in the town is rotten, and so takes the noon train out for the next place, hoping things will be better there. Maybe things were rotten in the first town; but like as not there was some concern right round the corner which had put off buying so long that its stock was low and it really needed goods. If the salesman had waited until the evening train and called on every prospect he would have got some business."

The traveling man changed from his consideration of salesmanship in general to the individual case of his friend, Mr. Henderson.

"Perhaps you think," he said, "that because you have been an office man all your life it will be impossible to change into a salesman, now that you are well past fifty years old. I can't see why you should worry about that. You know how to approach people in an agreeable way, neither truckling nor overbold. That, as I understand it, is about the only thing in salesmanship which might be called a trick of the trade. Almost any man will listen to your story if you don't rub him the wrong way at the start.

"For the rest, your age is in your favor instead of being against you. When you yourself go into a retail store to buy something, don't you feel a little more confidence in the article if a middle-aged salesman tells you it is guaranteed instead of being obliged to take the word of a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three? Of course you do. And it will be the same way when you take a line of merchandise out on the road. You will gain a hearing from buyers many times when a younger man couldn't, and your sales talk will have more weight than his."

Advice That Proved Sound

"I WOULD suggest just one thing," the traveling man concluded, "and that is, when you look for suitable lines to take out, select those which sell principally to the smaller dealers. I advise it for this reason: You want to build up a personal trade, one which will stick to you year after year. In the large concerns the buying is done mostly by salaried men who are liable to change at any time. You establish friendly relations with a man, and the first thing you know he has gone somewhere else and you have to begin all over again with his successor.

"But when you make a customer of a small dealer you have usually got him for keeps, just so the merchandise you sell him proves satisfactory. You will have to work harder to sell a certain volume among a lot of small dealers than if you were calling on the big ones exclusively, but I know you won't mind a little extra work. And aside from the money part, you will find it pleasanter to build up a trade with the small dealers. You establish personal friendships. They are glad to have you come to town, and you are glad to be there. Selling goods on the road is not an unpleasant occupation when you have good friends scattered all along the line."

Mr. Henderson accepted his friend's advice, and at fifty-four became a traveling man. He says he likes it. He is his own boss, because he sells entirely on commission and pays his own expenses. The worst feature is that he is away from home so much, but even that isn't so bad when figured out accurately. He and his wife have calculated that they actually spend more time together now, counting the

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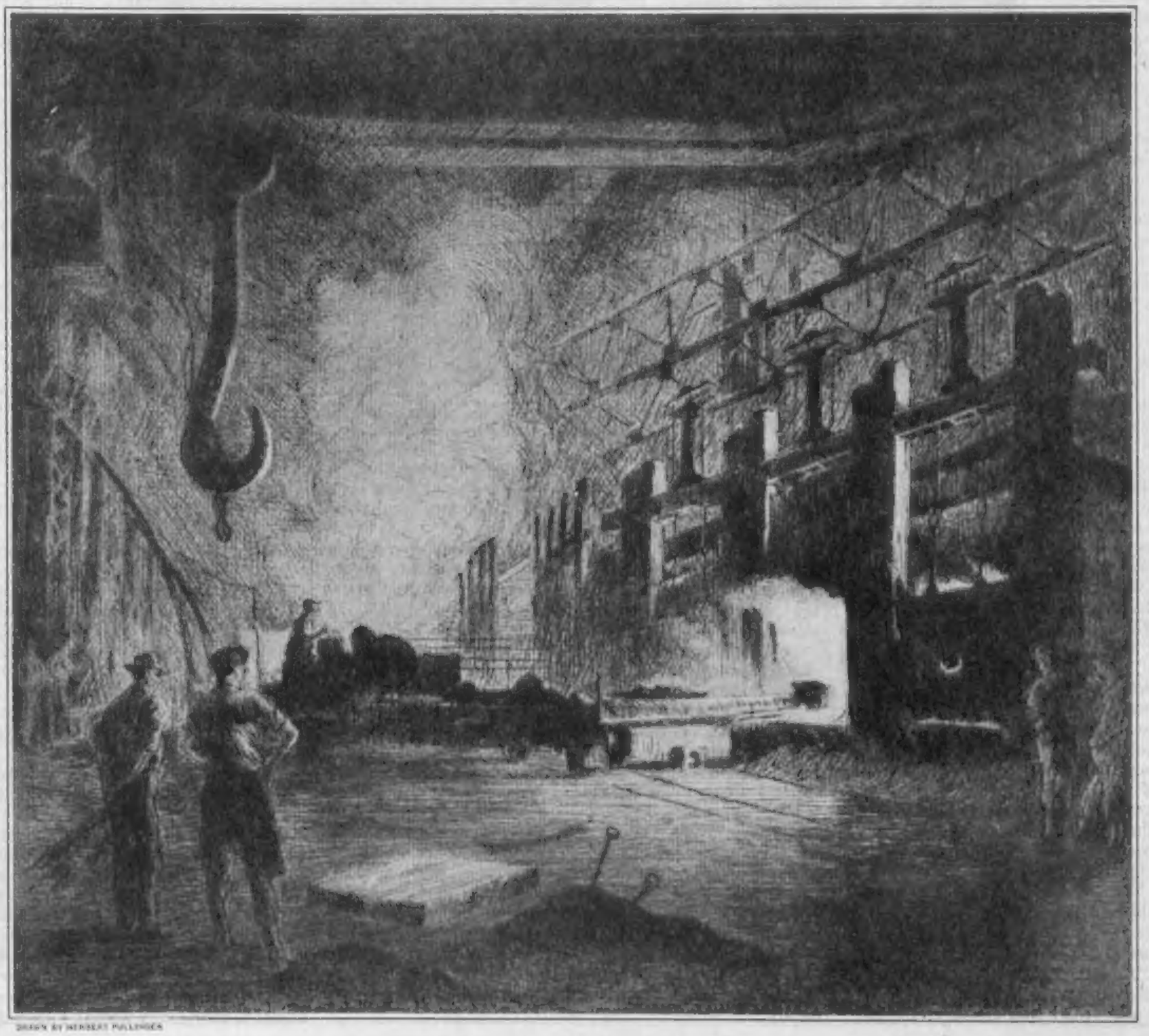


DRAWN BY HERBERT PULLINGER

DREAMLIGHT

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

WHEN I knew him at college Mortimer Hurd was a shy little fellow who concealed himself behind large spectacles and who was not widely popular because it was rumored that he read and enjoyed poetry. To make matters worse, the poetry that he favored was not of the red-blooded, strong-heart type that deals with bad men in the West or bad women anywhere. It was rather the tender, fanciful stuff of a person called Keats or the absolutely incomprehensible flights of his running mate, one Shelley. For some unfathomable reason a fondness for Shelley and Keats was considered by undergraduates to mark a lack of virility. Swinburne was forgiven much—he was so passionate—and Oscar Wilde. A knowledge of Kipling's less serious verse was even a desirable asset; and Byron, we gathered, had been a devil with the women and could therefore be tolerated. But Shelley and Keats—we knew nothing about them and eyed anyone who did with deep mistrust.

Accordingly it was a black day for poor little Mortimer Hurd when, early in his freshman year, at the period when all right-minded men were devoting their entire faculties to football, he recited aloud and with gusto in Billy Wicks' room about ten lines of Endymion, beginning with "O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!" and ending amid a shocked and embarrassed silence with "one kiss brings honeydew from buried days."

From that time one saw little more of Mortimer Hurd. We simply didn't want that sort of fellow around; a fellow that was capable of getting up and reciting silly poetry at any hour and on any occasion. No, there are some things that can't be lightly forgiven.

Mortimer, to do him justice, did not seek to intrude as soon as he became aware that his appearance in a room constituted an intrusion; but it happened that he lived in my corridor, and so it was only to be expected that I should encounter him daily during the remainder of my course. Besides, I figured that I was more broad-minded, more catholic in my tastes than many of my friends; and in proof of this I remember that I once invited Mortimer into my room in order that I might recite Gunga Din to him. I fear, however, that he was not properly impressed; at any rate he retaliated with some rot of Shelley's about a skylark. That was like Mortimer—always thought the poem he happened to know was better than the one the next man had picked out.

Occasionally I looked in on him in his own room, and a very unusual room it was too. Except for a big desk and about five hundred books, there wasn't a thing in it. And what books! I and most of my friends had translations of Balzac and Maupassant and the Arabian Nights—unexpurgated—a few of the latest novels, perhaps, and maybe a textbook or two that were prescribed reading for our courses. But that little thin-faced, solemn-eyed Mortimer—well, he owned and, more unusual, he actually read Spenser's Faerie Queene and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in the original! Then, too, he had all sorts of Latin poets—Vergil and Ovid and Horace and some others of whom I had never even heard; and some French fellows, mostly modern, but, as I remember, including François Villon and Du Bellay. Apparently the amazing man read everything in the original and was distressed that he had not as yet thoroughly mastered either Greek or German.

Myrtle Sighed Loudly, Slipped Her Lithe Body Into a Green Silk Dressing Gown and Stepped Down From the Model's Stand

I have learned to like Mortimer since, but at the time he frightened me, I suppose, although I should have been most reluctant to admit it. And he was so meek withal, so harmless and unassuming.

If I saw little of him at college, I saw nothing of him after we were graduated—nothing of him, that is, for almost seven years. True, I heard somewhere and somehow that he was writing poetry, and I may have seen his name signed occasionally to verses in the magazines. But of course I never read the verses in the magazines except when I get a job to draw what is known as the decoration that accompanies them. Yes, that is part of my profession as illustrator. I do classical figures representing Labor or Commerce or Maternity, and they are used indiscriminately as decorations for poems that have nothing to do with Maternity or Commerce or Labor. Once I took my art seriously, but that was before I became successful.

One day—about seven years, as I have said, after I had left college—I received a note from Mortimer Hurd. It was written from some uncharted village in Vermont, and it announced the poet's proposed arrival in New York City. Also it contained a flattering but not unwelcome appreciation of my work and a request that Mortimer might be allowed to offer me a dinner on the following Wednesday. The details were left to me, since Mortimer Hurd knew nothing whatever of New York, although, as he explained, he was planning to reside there permanently.

I registered surprise for a moment, and then put aside the note and forgot all about it until Mortimer Hurd presented himself at my studio on the indicated evening. Fortunately I was in, and fortunately, perhaps, I was alone; but I doubt very much if Mortimer was pleased that I was alone. It seems that it was in his mind to meet as many as possible of New York's millions.

"Well," he said, holding out his hand with a shy, rather awkward gesture that I remembered was his in earlier days—"well, Gavin, here I am."

"Well, Mortimer," I replied, "here you are, to be sure, and I'm glad to see you. Take a chair while I hunt for the gin to make a cocktail. Then we can talk comfortably."

Of course the cocktail was intended to ease a situation that I foresaw might be a little strained. One does not meet a mere acquaintance after seven years and find that conversation flows freely.

"I haven't made any plans for the evening," I explained while I operated the shaker—"didn't know just what you wanted to do, Broadway, Greenwich Village or Fifth Avenue."

He shook his head, smiling. Smiling was one of the most attractive things he did.

"No matter—no matter at all. Eventually I want to meet people—all sorts and conditions of people; but to-night I'm delighted if you'll dine quietly with me alone. I can give you an idea then of why I'm here."

"I'm not inquisitive, Mortimer," I said, "and plenty of people come to New York for no reason at all. However, I imagine you're not one of those. I imagine you have a reason, and a good one, for everything you do."

He continued to smile, quietly, musingly, but not very confidently.

"I have a reason, of course, and I think it's a good one. I'm afraid you'll think it's a ridiculous one."

"Well, here's to it in any case," I said, and we drank.

When we had drunk two apiece I began to think that Mortimer was not so bad a fellow; that perhaps we had misjudged him at college; that very possibly I was not making a sacrifice in devoting an evening to him. Obviously he was an unusual sort of man and one from whom unusual ideas might well emanate. But when we were seated opposite each other at a small table in a small Sixth Avenue restaurant, and he revealed to me his reason for coming to New York, I confess that I reversed my lenient judgment, at least for the moment.

"You came to get in touch with writers, I suppose; poets, like yourself—and editors?" I suggested.

"No," he answered slowly. "No, I came to fall in love."

I repeated his last sentence, putting a few exclamation marks after it. He had put none.

"Yes," said he. "Why not? Isn't it a laudable aim?"

"Usually," said I, "it isn't an aim—it's an unfortunate accident."

"That is cynicism, and you must admit, Gavin, rather cheap cynicism too. Please don't take offense because I'm so frank. I have to be frank if I'm going to make you understand, and I want very much to make you understand. In fact I count on you to introduce me to someone with whom it will be possible for me to fall in love. There is no one at all adequate up in Vermont where I've been living, but there must be one here in New York, one among all your millions. So I've come to scour New York. It's my object to meet every woman I possibly can while I'm here."

"Well!" I gasped. "Well! You're an amazing person, Mortimer. You are beyond all doubt a very amazing person. Why in the name of the son of Venus do you want to go to all this trouble simply in order to do such a banal thing as to fall in love? Marriage? Children? A home and a hearth? Carpet slippers by the fire? I thought you were a poet."

"I am a poet," he answered calmly but with conviction. "That's why I know that love is the only thing worth while in the world. Oh, I've thought it all over very sanely and soberly, and the only logical conclusion is that if one goes through life without having loved—well, one has simply gone through life and nothing more. Men—and women, too, for that matter—are doing a great many things to-day, aren't they? A great many things that primitive man and woman could not do. They are building great ships, which they propel by turbines; they are building aëroplanes, which they propel by gasoline motors; they are building locomotives, which they propel by steam or by electricity. Primitive man would be amazed at the sight of such progress, and he would be amazed at the houses we live in, the skyscrapers we work in, the clothes we dress in, even the food we eat. All that is the result of advanced civilization. But, Gavin, there is one thing that we do no better than primitive man; one thing, at least, that would not amaze him. He would look in on us and he would say to himself: 'Ah, behold, these strange creatures that have left our crude methods so far behind, that startle us with their improvements, their luxuries, their conveniences—behold, in one thing they have made no advance! They love even as we have loved. They are motivated by the same inexplicable spark.'"

"So primitive man," I ventured, "would say that, would he?"

"Yes, or words to that effect—and he would be right. Fame, money, art—all these are transitory. All these change with the fashions of the years. All these mean different things to different centuries. But love is immutable; it is God-given; it is like one of the elements—air, fire, earth or water."

"Civilization," said I, "has managed to do a good deal even to the elements."

"Of course," he agreed. "Civilization can taint almost anything it touches. It can muddy the water, but the water remains water. It can muddy love, but love remains love. And the possibility of loving ideally is the greatest gift the good fairies bestowed upon us at birth. Unfortunately most of us don't estimate that gift at its full value; we content ourselves with the gilt instead of the gold."

"Just a minute!" I interrupted. "What do you mean when you say 'loving ideally'?"

"Ah, now you have asked me a question that I can't answer in a minute. But you can be sure that what I mean by loving ideally is not what the world in general means by it; not what the man in the street means by it; and certainly not what the professional moralists mean by it."

"Can't you give me a hint?" I urged.

He hesitated, squinting up his eyes behind his big spectacles and nodding his head slowly while his nervous fingers disarranged the cutlery beside his plate.

"Yes," he said finally, "perhaps I can give you a hint. To my mind, the prime requisite for ideal love is that a man and woman should have the same sense of values; that they should naturally and instinctively agree on the relative importance of all things in life, concrete things or abstract things. I don't mean that they should agree on the things themselves, but I do mean that they should agree on the importance of those things. You see the distinction? A Republican might marry a Democrat and both agree that politics wasn't worthy of a minute's consideration. That would be all right. But if a Republican married a Republican and they disagreed utterly as to the importance of politics—why, that would be all wrong. In the same way a Christian man might marry a Buddhist lady, each so fanatical that the one thought the other's soul was lost; and that still would be all right, because they would agree that religion was a most important thing, and each would be pleased that the other thought so. But I could go on all evening citing examples. Perhaps you get the point?"

"Perhaps I do," I said dubiously.

"Well," said he, "even if you don't, I am asking only that you will be kind enough to present me to a few of your friends here in New York, just to start me off. With that as an entering wedge, I shall endeavor to meet as many other women as possible, and somewhere among them all I hope to find the woman I'm looking for."

"Yes," I agreed, "I'll do that for you of course. Come around to tea at my studio to-morrow about five o'clock and I'll promise you a varied selection to look over. We have a very wide assortment of goods here in New York. The ones I'm most interested in myself, I may as well warn you, are either not quite in society or not quite out of it. Consequently they are willing to drink tea in the same room."

"I'm extremely obliged to you, Gavin," he said warmly. "I'm extremely obliged. You are doing me a great, great favor."

"I'm not so sure," I said, but allowed him to pay the check.

II

THE next day at noon I laid down my palette and brushes and said to Myrtle: "You may rest now. I'm through for the morning, and this afternoon I'm entertaining lavishly at tea, so I shan't do any more work to-day."

Myrtle sighed loudly, stretched up her arms over her head, straightened out her legs tentatively, slipped her lithe body into a green silk dressing gown and stepped down from the model's stand. She was eighteen and had red hair and a very white skin. I suppose she was pretty; but since the subject I was at work on was to be entitled Innocence, I was using her only for the figure. Her face was far too piquant for my purpose.

She crossed the room and, curling her legs up under her, sat down in my large morris chair, whence she could survey my canvas.

"My left arm looks funny," she said, covering a yawn with the back of her small hand. "The left arm—no, the right arm. The one with the old lily in it."

"Myrtle," I said, "what in your opinion is the prime requisite for ideal love?"

"What?" she asked.

I repeated the question.

"Well," she said, "what's the answer?"

(Continued on Page 89)

"It is Called," Crooned Cynthia—"It is Called Dreamlight"

An Apartment House Anthology

By DOROTHY PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Ground Floor

MR. AND MRS. CUZZENS much prefer living on the ground floor, they often say. Sometimes, when Mrs. Cuzzens is really warmed up to it, she puts the thing even stronger, and announces to the world that she would turn down flat all offers to live on an upper floor, in this or any other apartment house in New York City, even if you were to become desperate at her firmness and present her with an apartment rent free.

In the first place Mrs. Cuzzens is never wholly at her ease in an elevator. One of her liveliest anecdotes concerns an aunt of hers on her mother's side who was once a passenger in an elevator which stopped short midway between floors, and doggedly refused to move either up or down. Fortunately it all ended happily. Cries for help eventually caught the attention of the janitor—it seemed little short of providential that he had always had quite a turn for messing around with machinery—and he succeeded in regulating the power so that Mrs. Cuzzens' aunt reached her destination practically as good as new. But the episode made a terrific impression on Mrs. Cuzzens.

Of course it is rather dark on the ground floor, but Mr. and Mrs. Cuzzens regard that as one of the big assets of their apartment. Mrs. Cuzzens had a pretty nasty example of the effects of an oversunshiny place happen right in her own family. Her sister-in-law—not, Mrs. Cuzzens is careful to specify, the wife of the brother in the insurance business, but the wife of the brother who is on the road for a big tire concern, and is doing very well at it—hung some French-blue draperies at her living-room windows. And in less than a year the sunlight turned those curtains from their original color to an unwholesome shade of greenish yellow. Why, the change was so marked that many people, seeing them in this state, almost refused to believe that they had ever been blue. Mrs. Cuzzens' sister-in-law, as is perfectly understandable, was pretty badly broken up about it. Naturally Mrs. Cuzzens would hate to have a thing like that happen in her own home.

There is another advantage to living on the ground floor. The rent there is appreciably smaller than it is on the stories above, although Mr. and Mrs. Cuzzens seldom if ever work this into the conversation. Well, it is easy to overlook it, in the press of more important reasons for occupying their apartment.

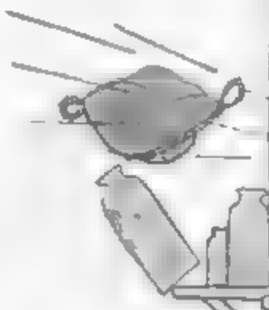
A Mean Eye for Freak News

Mrs. Cuzzens has a fund, to date inexhaustible, of clean yet stimulating anecdotes, of which the one about the elevator and the one about the curtains are representative. She specializes in the unique. Hers is probably the largest collection in the country of stories of curious experiences, most of them undergone by members of her intimate circle. She is generous almost to a fault in relating them too. About any topic that happens to come up will be virtually certain to remind her of the funny thing that once happened to her Aunt Anna or the queer experience her Cousin Beulah had that time in Springfield.

Her repertory of anecdotes undoubtedly had much to do with attracting Mr. Cuzzens to her, for Mr. Cuzzens leans heavily to the out-of-the-ordinary himself. In his after-dinner reading of the newspaper he cheats a bit on the front-page items, just murmuring the headlines over, and gathering from them a rough idea—if you could really speak of Mr. Cuzzens as harboring a rough idea—of what is going on in the way of the conventional hold-ups and graft inquiries. But he casts a mean eye over the oddities in the day's news. He never misses the little paragraph about the man in Winsted, Connecticut, who intrusts a family of orphaned eggs to the care of a motherly cat, with gratifying results to one and all; or the report of the birth on an ocean liner, to a couple prominent in steerage circles, of a daughter, named Aquitania Wczlascki in commemoration of the event.

These specialties of Mr. and Mrs. Cuzzens work in together very prettily. They provide many an evening of instructive and harmless entertainment, while so far as expense goes, the only overhead is three cents for an evening paper.

Mr. Cuzzens puts on the slippers he got last birthday, and Mrs. Cuzzens unhooks a bit here and there as the evening wears on and she can feel reasonably sure that no one will drop in. As they sit about the grained-oak table in the glow of the built-in chandelier Mr. Cuzzens will read aloud some such fascinating bit of current history as the announcement of the birth, in Zanesville, Ohio, of a calf with two heads, both doing well. Mrs. Cuzzens will cap it with the description, guaranteed authentic, of a cat her mother's cousin once possessed which had a double set of claws on each foot.



Clever Mr. Cuzzens

When the excitement of this has died down Mr. Cuzzens will find an item reporting that a famous movie star has taken a load off the public's mind by having her eyelashes insured for one hundred thousand dollars. That will naturally lead his wife to tell the one about the heavy life insurance her Uncle David carried, and the perfectly terrible red tape his bereaved family had to go through before they could collect.

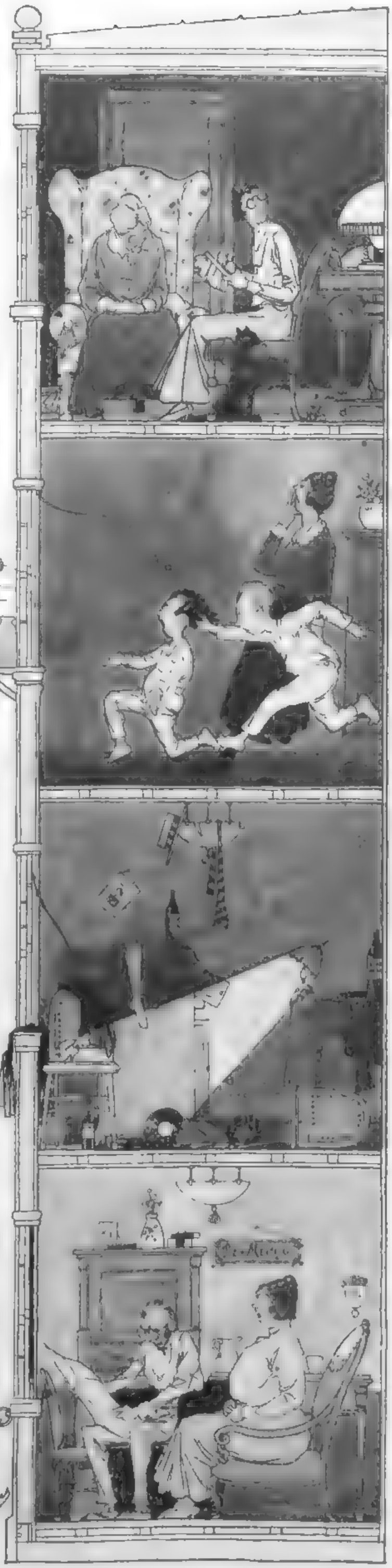
After twenty minutes or so passed in their both listening attentively to Mrs. Cuzzens' recital, Mr. Cuzzens' eye, sharpened by years of training, will fall on an obscure paragraph telling how an apple tree near Providence was struck by lightning, which baked all the fruit. Mrs. Cuzzens will come right back with the story of how her little nephew once choked on a bit of the core of a baked apple, and the doctor said it might have been fatal if he had got there half an hour later.

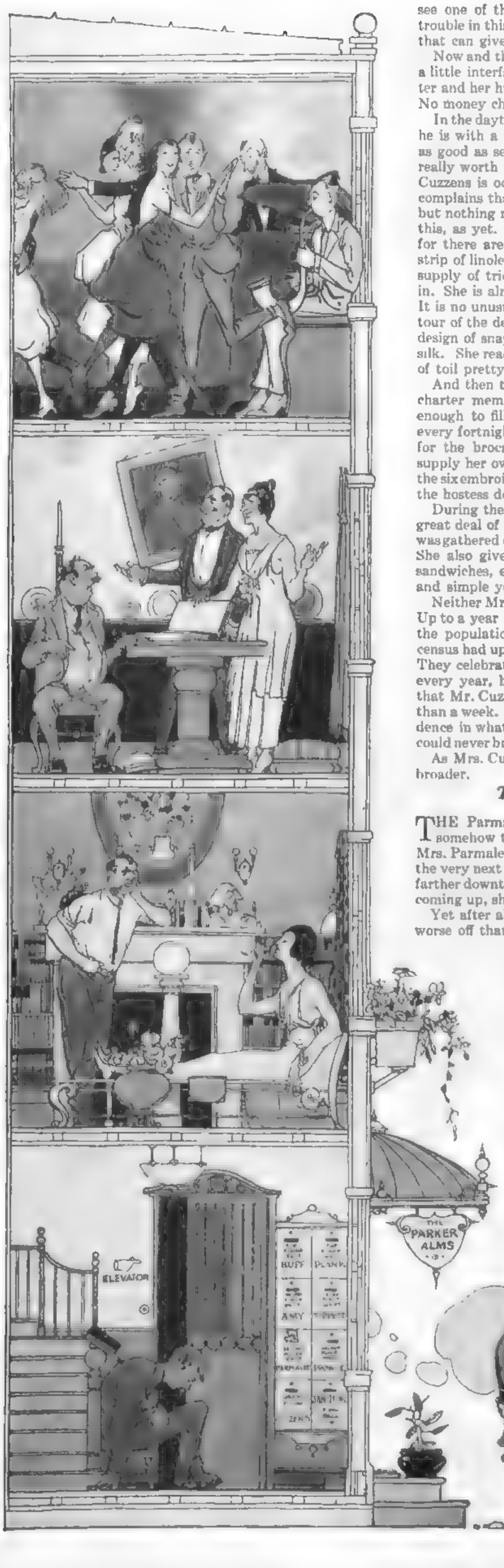
And so it goes, back and forth, all evening long.

But the Cuzzenses have their light side too. They often make a night of it at the movies. In fact Mr. Cuzzens, who is apt to be pretty slangy at times, says that he and the little woman are regular movie fans. Mr. Cuzzens loses himself so completely in the display that he reads each subtitle aloud. If it seems to him worthy, and if the operator leaves it on long enough, he reads it through twice. Both he and his wife take deeply to heart the news pictures, showing a grain elevator destroyed by fire in Florence, Georgia; or the living head of Uncle Sam formed by a group of Los Angeles school children.

Any trick effects on the screen leave Mrs. Cuzzens bewildered. She can never figure out how, for example, they make a man seem to walk up the side of a house. However, Mr. Cuzzens is awfully clever at all that sort of thing—more than one person has told him he should have gone in for mechanical work—and he explains the process on the way home.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Cuzzens patronize the drama. There is a theater near them to which come plays almost direct from their run lower down on Broadway. The casts are only slightly changed; just substitutions in five or six of the leading rôles. Both the Cuzzenses prefer comedies of the wholesome type, setting themselves on record as going to the theater to be amused. They say that they wouldn't go around the corner to





see one of those unpleasant plays, for there is enough trouble in this world, anyway. And after all, who is there that can give them any argument on that one?

Now and then they devote an evening to cards, playing a little interfamily game with Mr. Cuzzens' married sister and her husband. The sport is kept absolutely clean. No money changes hands.

In the daytime, while Mr. Cuzzens is busy at his office—he is with a firm that makes bathroom scales, and it's as good as settled that they are going to do something really worth while for him the first of the year—Mrs. Cuzzens is occupied with her own activities. She often complains that the days aren't half long enough for her, but nothing really satisfactory has been done to remedy this, as yet. Much of her time is devoted to shopping, for there are always button molds to be matched, or a strip of linoleum for the washtubs to be priced, or a fresh supply of trick paper for the pantry shelves to be laid in. She is almost overconscientious about her shopping. It is no unusual thing for her to spend an entire day in a tour of the department stores, searching for a particular design of snap fastener or the exact match of a spool of silk. She reaches home at the end of one of these days of toil pretty well done up, but still game.

And then there are her social duties. She is one of the charter members of a bridge club which numbers just enough to fill two tables comfortably. The club meets every fortnight, giving the players a chance to compete for the brocade-covered candy box—the winner must supply her own candy, which is no more than fair—or the six embroidered, guest-room-size handkerchiefs, which the hostess donates in the interest of sport.

During these functions Mrs. Cuzzens takes part in a great deal of tense conversation about the way the skirt was gathered over the hips and came down longer in front. She also gives, and receives, ideas on novel fillings for sandwiches, effective patterns for home-knit sweaters, and simple yet snappy dishes for Sunday-night supper.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cuzzens is a native of New York. Up to a year or so after their marriage they helped swell the population of a town in Illinois which at the last census had upward of one hundred thousand inhabitants. They celebrate Old Home Week by a visit to the folks every year, but they congratulate themselves heartily that Mr. Cuzzens' business prevents their staying more than a week. For they agree that after eight years' residence in what Mr. Cuzzens aptly calls the big city they could never bring themselves to live in a small town again.

As Mrs. Cuzzens puts it, life in New York is so much broader.

The Second Floor East

THE Parmalees are always intending to move, but somehow they never get around to it. Several times Mrs. Parmalee has come out flat with the statement that the very next day she is going to look for an apartment farther downtown. But what with one thing and another coming up, she never seems to be able to make it.

Yet after all, as they argue, they might be a whole lot worse off than staying right where they are. Of course they are pretty far uptown, away from the theaters and restaurants; but everybody in their crowd, including themselves, has a car. So, to use Mr. Parmalee's very words, they should worry! It has often been remarked of Mr. Parmalee that it is not so much what he says as the way he says it.

Again, Mrs. Parmalee points out that it doesn't really matter much where they live, for they are hardly ever home, anyway. To which Mr. Parmalee retorts, just like a flash, that she has said a forkful!

And when you come right down to it, Mrs. Parmalee has seldom said a truer thing. It is indeed a cold night for the Parmalees when they have nothing to gather around but their own gas logs. The evening begins to hang heavy along around half past seven, and from then on things get no better rapidly.

The Parmalees are not ones to lose themselves in reading. Just let Mr. Parmalee see who won the first race, and give him a look at the financial page to ascertain whether Crucible Steel is plucking at the coverlet, and he is perfectly willing to call it a day as far as the pursuit of literature is concerned. As for Mrs. Parmalee, she masters the really novel murders and the better-class divorce cases, while for her heavier reading she depends on the current installment of the serial running in one of the more highly sexed magazines. That done with, she is through for the month.

Conversation could not be spoken of as a feature of the evening, either. Mr. Parmalee has been called, over and over again, a perfect scream when he is out on a party. But at home he doesn't really extend himself. A couple of half-hearted assents to his wife's comments on the shortcomings of the janitor and the unhealthful effects of such changeable weather—and that's, as someone has phrased it, that.

Life in the Parmalee Set

So you can see for yourself about the only thing left in the way of parlor entertainment is to come to the mat. The Parmalees' battles are not mere family events; they come more under the head of community affairs. The entire apartment house takes an interest, almost a pride in them. Take them when they get going really strong and you won't miss a syllable, even as far off as the top-floor apartment on the other side of the house. On a clear night with the wind in the right direction the people living three houses down have been able to enjoy every word of it.

The bouts almost invariably end in a draw. Mr. Parmalee, it is true, has a somewhat broader command of language than his wife, but she has perfected a short contemptuous laugh which is the full equivalent of a nasty crack. It leaves Mr. Parmalee practically flat, with nothing more inspired to offer than an "Is that so?" or a "Yeah, you're perfect—you are!"

But these sporting events take place only rarely. The Parmalees have little time to indulge in home pleasures. Theirs is a full and sociable life. Mr. Parmalee is in what he jocosely calls the automobile game, and most of his friends are engaged in the same pursuit. And as their wives are Mrs. Parmalee's intimates, you can just imagine how nice and clubby that makes everything.

Their social day begins around five o'clock, when the dozen or so members of their set meet at one or another's apartment, for cocktails. The Parmalee coterie has been seriously inconvenienced since prohibition went into what has been called effect. It means that they can no longer meet at a hotel or a restaurant, as they used to in the old days. It is badly out of their way to gather at someone's house, for it often involves their having to go all the way downtown again for dinner. But they have to make the best of it, just like you or me.

And it is comforting to know that the gentlemen still manage, as a rule, to pick up a little something here and there before they are met by what Mr. Parmalee calls, with screaming effect, their better seven-eighths. The ladies, collectively, are usually referred to, by their husbands and by one another, as the girls—which is something of an understatement.

Up to the time of meeting, Mrs. Parmalee, like the rest of the girls, has put in a crowded afternoon at a matinée, the hairdresser's or the manicure's; a blinding polish on the finger nails is highly thought of by both the male and female members of the Parmalees' set. There is usually a great deal of trying on to be done, also, which does much toward taking up Mrs. Parmalee's time and Mr. Parmalee's money. He likes to see his wife dressed as elaborately as the wives of his friends. He is pretty fairly reasonable about the price of her clothes, just so long as they look as if they cost a lot. Neither

(Continued on Page 66)

Contribution Neggle-ance

"Gents, I Know What Dominite Will Do! For Gad Sakes, Get Under"

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

DAN CATES was making awkward shift at cooking his humble dinner. He was minus his left forearm, and his right hand consisted of a thumb and two fingers. His domicile was a small log house that was tucked away in the woods near the end of a wing of the big new Coraltic Gorge dam which flooded several thousands of acres with reserve water for the uses of the Nahmakanta Pulp Company.

Cates was saturnine, elderly and thin; his legs were grotesquely crooked; while he leaned over his stove he resembled a string bean propped on a wishbone. After the crews had completed the dam and had scattered, Cates stayed behind as solitary custodian of the equipment and left-over supplies. It was a lonesome place for a man who had always been in the thick of crews and events, as a dynamite boss, until he had been knocked out by his accident on the Coraltic job.

A timber cruiser with a knapsack on his back and calipers under his arm, arriving at the camp on his way along the river trail, leaned against the jamb of the open door and passed the time o' day with Cates.

"You being mayor of all you survey, you're going to have the chance to order out the band and have it play Hail to the Chief this afternoon," said the cruiser.

"I hain't feeling no relish for music these days." Though Cates was querulous he added a touch of humor. "If you're hankering for a tune you can hitch a cobweb acrost them calipers and fiddle with your finger."

"Don't you know that the crowned heads and the lords of Argyle, as you might say, are headed this way?"

"So the Coraltic Morning Trybune said," returned Cates, waving a fork to indicate the deserted settlement.

"On the level, do you know that the president of the Nahmakanta is up from New York with a couple of directors and the company attorney?"

"A fire warden told me two days ago that they was stopping down to the big hotel on a fishing trip."

"He told you right! They're hiking up here to-day to see how the big dam looks, now that it's full of water."

"I reckoned they'd be coming," stated Cates without enthusiasm.

"Show more interest," adjured the cruiser. "Doesn't your left hand itch? That's a sign ——" He jerked up short and shook his head ruefully. "Excuse me, Dan! But I haven't got used to you being as you are. What I wanted to say was that the paymaster is along with 'em, on his way down to the mills. He'll hand you yours of course as he passes."

"It won't lighten his load for the rest of his tramp," remarked Cates, pushing the spider back to a cooler place on the stove. "This is only a dollar-a-day job—a dollar and my keep."

"Dan, they ought to have done something handsomer than this for you! That's the talk among the boys all up and down the river. But you know what's the cuss of working for a corporation. No gizzard when it comes to generosity. I'll take back what I said about getting out the band. They don't deserve any fancy reception from you."

"Maybe not, but I'm reckoning on doing a little something to make their stay interesting."

"Then I won't hang around underfoot to bother you about getting ready," stated the cruiser, chuckling over the humor of the idea.

"No bother; I'm all ready for 'em," stated Cates.

But the man went on his way; he declared that he did not want to have the magnates catch him loafing on his job.

Cates filled his tin plate with food and sat down in the doorway, the plate on his knees, his pannikin of tea beside him. From the door he was able to gaze into the vista of the farthest turn among the trees. His ears could not inform him of the expected big guns of the Nahmakanta; the grumble of falling water that creamed over the apron of the great dam dominated all other sounds.

He took his time about eating, but he had finished and was smoking his pipe when the party came in sight. The corporation paymaster was ahead, serving as guide; he made monthly trips through the region, visiting the choppings and the mills, and knew his way about. He carried a rifle, and his money bag was slung from his shoulder.

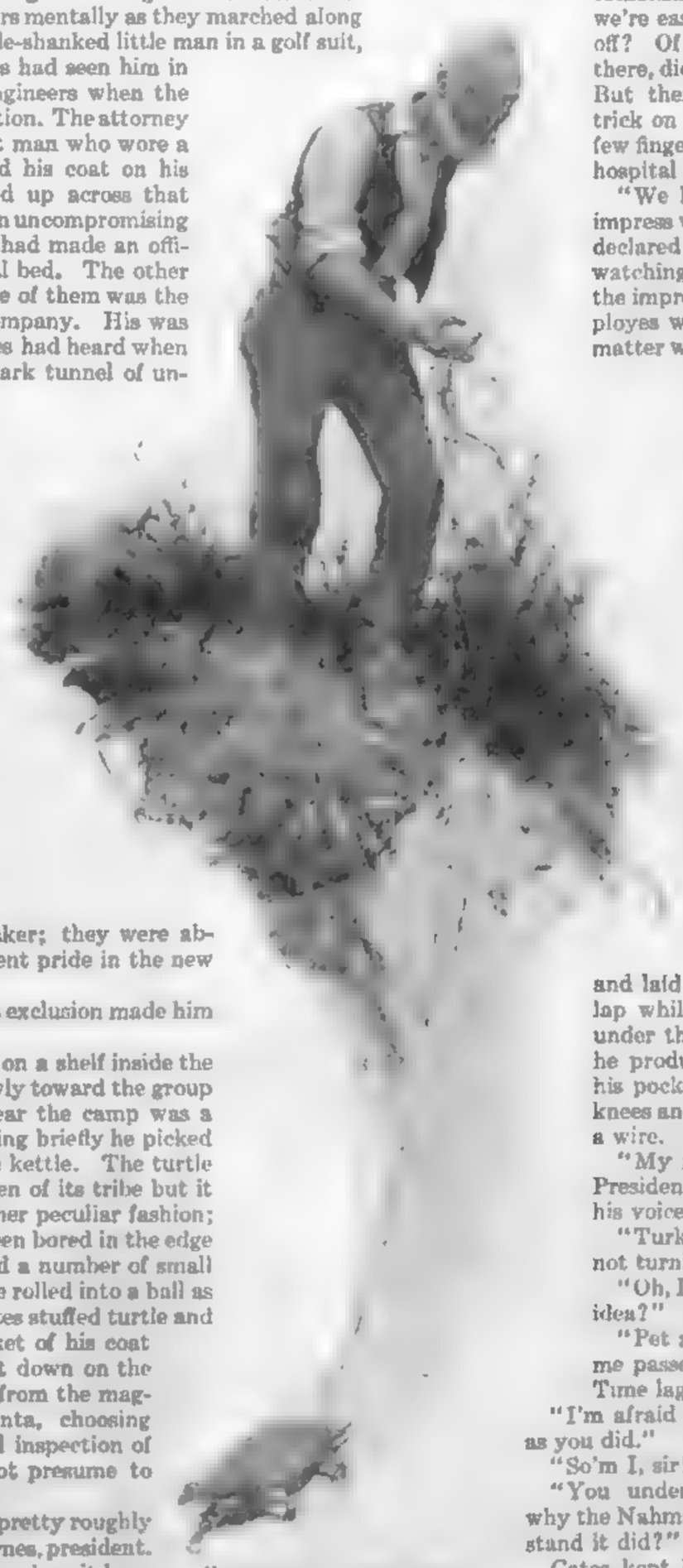
Cates tagged the others mentally as they marched along in single file. The spindle-shanked little man in a golf suit, he was president; Cates had seen him in the company of the engineers when the dam was under construction. The attorney was recognizable—a fat man who wore a red sweater and carried his coat on his arm. Cates had looked up across that swelling abdomen into an uncompromising face when the attorney had made an official visit to the hospital bed. The other men were directors; one of them was the field manager of the company. His was the first voice that Cates had heard when he emerged from the dark tunnel of unconsciousness after the accident. The voice was saying that Cates was a damned fool. Cates harbored no resentment on account of that criticism; he had applied the same epithet to himself every day since he had been able to take an unprejudiced view of the thing.

The visitors paid no attention to Cates. They went to a position where they could view the tumbling waters of the sluiceway and sat down on the river shore and lighted cigars. Their backs were toward the caretaker; they were absorbed in their complacent pride in the new dam.

Cates sighed as if this exclusion made him lonesome.

He rose, put his pipe on a shelf inside the door and sauntered slowly toward the group on the river bank. Near the camp was a rusty iron kettle. Halting briefly he picked a mud turtle out of the kettle. The turtle was an ordinary specimen of its tribe but it was rigged out in a rather peculiar fashion; into holes which had been bored in the edge of its shell were fastened a number of small cords and the cords were rolled into a ball as big as a man's fist. Cates stuffed turtle and cords into the side pocket of his coat and strolled on. He sat down on the bank a few yards apart from the magnates of the Nahmakanta, choosing his location after careful inspection of the ground. He did not presume to look in their direction.

"That chap has been pretty roughly trimmed up," stated Barnes, president. "Was he in our employ when it happened?"



"Him and Me Passes the Time Together Sociable"

"Yes; he was a dynamite boss," said Drake, attorney. "We settled with him, of course?"

"Case was settled—he signed off—we're clean in the matter. But it was one of those contributory-negligence cases that corporations must fight as a matter of straight business principle, President Barnes. As the workmen's compensation act stands, we must invoke its protection for ourselves just as the laborer does. Let a precedent be established or give 'em a chance to think we're easy marks, and where do we get off? Of course a fellow like Cates, there, didn't hurt himself intentionally. But there are sneaks who'll put the trick on a corporation in order to sell a few fingers or one eye. We paid Cates' hospital bills; couldn't do any more."

"We have a thousand or so men to impress with the idea of being careful," declared the field manager. "They were watching the Cates case like hawks. If the impression gets abroad that our employes will be put on Easy Street, no matter what happens, it means a slack-up in caution. I have noticed how the talk about Cates has worked to our great advantage. I might call it a good investment."

"On that basis we could afford to be liberal with him," chuckled the other director. "But we mustn't establish a precedent, as you have said."

"I have been liberal enough," said the manager. "He has a soft job as caretaker. You can see that he's sitting and enjoying the beauties of Nature and admiring our new dam."

They surveyed the old man's thin, bent back. He was paying no heed to the murmur of the conversation, which the sound of the waters made indistinct. He pulled the turtle out of his pocket and laid the creature on its back in his lap while he stuffed the ball of cord under the stub of his left arm. Then he produced a tin tobacco box from his pocket and nipped it between his knees and began to do something with a wire.

"My man, what's that?" inquired President Barnes patronizingly, raising his voice.

"Turkle," returned Cates mildly, not turning his head.

"Oh, I can see that! But what's the idea?"

"Pet and playfellow, sir. Him and me passes the time together sociable. Time lags up here."

"I'm afraid it must. Sorry you got hurt as you did."

"So'm I, sir!"

"You understand perfectly, don't you, why the Nahmakanta was obliged to take the stand it did?"

Cates kept his eye on the wire which he was twisting. "The squire there explained

when he come to me in the hosspittle. 'Contribution neggle-ance,' he said it was."

"I made it clear to you," proclaimed Drake. "The men in our employ needed an object lesson. There have been fewer accidents since your case has been discussed up and down the river. It's bad for you, but it's good for others. However, I hope you don't feel that you're a persecuted martyr."

"I ain't pious enough to be a martyr."

He picked up the turtle and pinched it in company with the tobacco box between his thin knees; he stuck an end of the wire through a hole in the shell, bent the wire back and twisted it. "I reckon you've give me a better name than Cephas for the turkle; I've been calling him Cephas. Now I'll call him Martyr."

"I don't follow your reasoning exactly, but you're welcome to the use of the name, if I've suggested anything," said Drake.

"Much obliged for all favors, sir."

"While we're passing them around I'll do my part," averred the paymaster humorously. He unlocked his bag and pulled out a book and a packet of money. He walked across to Cates. "Here's your month's pay." He counted off the bills and at Cates' request stuffed the money into the side pocket of the man's coat.

The bag was strapped to the paymaster's shoulders and the official had not closed the yawning mouth, which swung close under the old man's nose. The bag was full of money.

"I've always held till this day and date that Coraltic Gorge is about the grandest sight I've had a chance to lay my eyes on in this world," said Cates. "But now I've got a grander sight to talk about. And it smells good, too, doesn't it?"

He gazed up wistfully at the paymaster, who was holding the book for the caretaker to sign. Cates did the best he could with his mutilated hand.

Evidently sympathy was stirred in the paymaster and he endeavored to express it in some manner. He gave Cates a cigar and held a lighted match while the old man sucked to get the cigar to going properly.

"Didn't you consider that you were well qualified to handle dynamite?" demanded the president.

"Yes, sir."

"Then how did you allow yourself to be caught by carelessness?"

"Well, you see, sir, daminite is notional stuff," affirmed the old man, puffing placidly at his cigar and continuing to do something to the wire and the tobacco box. "It was in the spring when she got me—early spring. Right over acrost the river, there, where you see that sort of den in the rocks. Mighty cold mornings that time o' year! All the cry was, 'Bang hell out o' the bottom o' the river before the rise o' water busts the coffer dams.' We was blasting deep and desp'rit, I can tell you, sir!

"But I say again, daminite is notional stuff. Has tropickle idees! Wants to be warm and comfy before it starts in on the day's work. Lags back all sulky unless some polite attention is paid to it—unless it is all nice and toasty. So I had a fire every morning in that den, and I used to set the sticks around the fire in a row and talk to 'em whilst they warmed.

"'Boys,' I'd say, 'remember that ye're on the job for the Nahmakanta comp'ny jest the same as I be. When all the cry is a holler for us to keep ahead of the freshets you've got to admit that a slack worker ought to be ashamed of himself. Now it's for you to get out and under,' I'd say, 'and you hain't got no excuse for complaining that you're cold and feel logy and can't do your best.' Then I'd poke a leetle more heat to the fire and stand 'em closter."

"It was a senseless performance," said the president.

"But I was indulging the stuff, just as I always had humored it," insisted Cates. "According to the rule, it needs force and fire, both together, to set off daminite. That's why they have detonating caps, sir. But once again I say it's notional stuff. Picked up a stick one morning, and it was spiteful about something or thought it wasn't getting a square deal from the Nahmakanta; though I had never had any fault to find with the way I'd been used by the company, I'll say that much!

"When I come to my senses I heard Manager Durkis there saying that I was a damn fool. And afterwards I heard all about contribution neggle-ance. Oh, yes, sir! I reckon that me and the daminite did get a leetle speck too ambitious!"

His hand was no longer engaged with the turtle, the box and the wire. The visitors were on his left; Cates' right hand was hidden from them.

"They Don't Deserve Any Fancy Reception From You."
"Maybe Not, But I'm Reckoning on Doing a Little Something to Make Their Stay Interesting"

There was a considerable period of silence, as if they were finding it difficult to comment gracefully on the man's laconic statement in regard to his devotion to the company which employed him.

In default of anything better to say the president asked where the turtle was.

"Oh, Martyr is sarntering around here somewheres, looking for a bug maybe. Never can tell what kind of a titbit can be picked up if you look sharp enough for it."

"You seemed to be rigging him up with some sort of a contrivance," suggested the field manager.

"Yes, with a tobacco box," stated the paymaster, who had had an opportunity for close inspection.

"He puts his bugs in the box, sir."

"That doesn't sound reasonable; it's impossible!"

"Did you ever own a pet, trained turkle?"

"No."

"I do," stated Cates.

"Look here—getting away from foolishness," blurted the field manager—"I'm reminded of one special reason why I am up here to-day. Cates, I'm afraid you have been attending more closely to turtles than to business. It is reported that a quantity of our left-over dynamite is missing."

"Yes, sir. I reported it."

"How much?"

"The whole stock."

"Well, how much is that?"

"For a guess, sir, I should say around five hundred pounds."

"I must confess that you're taking the loss in pretty cool style, my man."

"Well, o' course, one way of looking at it, speaking strictly for myself, seeing that this here has happened to me"—he waved his stump of an arm—"if all the daminite in the world should go off on a vacation and never come back I wouldn't be lonesome for the want of it. I ain't dry-nussing daminite these days or waiting and tending on it or rocking it to sleep with a pennyr'yal hymn. No, sir, gents! However, speaking as a hired man of the Nahmakanta, I extend sympathy to the company here represented by the high muckamucks. I hate to see you lose money!"

"You must not expect us to keep you on this job unless you can be more wide-awake and efficient."

"I suppose not," admitted Cates meekly.

"Let's see! Our men have a cooperative-pension arrangement, haven't they?" queried the president. He was questioning the attorney as the one best qualified to answer.

"There's a pension system, supported by dues. I looked Cates' status up of course. I was told that he could not be coaxed into the thing. And we could not afford to establish a precedent by giving him a pension on our own account."

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Barnes. "A corporation, as an entity, must toe the crack, no matter how much the individuals in the corporation may wish to deal leniently." He addressed Cates. "How much money did you have laid by when you got hurt?"

"The pay that was coming to me that month. I hadn't spent it because I hadn't got it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you, living up here in these woods, squandered every cent? How could you spend the money?"

"I've been a more or less scandalous critter all my life. Sorry, but it has sort o' been in my blood. Got that way by going off on whaling v'yages in my younger days. No excuse for doing like that—not the least bit. Ain't asking for any favors on that account—don't deserve 'em. Only thing I can say now is that I shan't ever go to town any more."

"I hope you will hold to that good resolve," said the president.

"I've got good reasons now for not going; shall have more and better reasons later."

"Under those circumstances your pay ought to do very nicely for you."

"It's enough for me, as things stand, sir. I might come to enjoy living alone, after having mixed and messed with men all my life, if it wasn't for horror of conscience. It's conscience that keeps me from enjoying the beauties of Nature here and relishing the sight of that grand new dam. That ought to be entertainment enough for anybody—seeing that new dam. How much did it cost?"

"Oh, around a hundred thousand," stated the field director.

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TIGHT ROPE

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOUNG Buford settled down in his seat by the car window and opened a loose-leaf memorandum book to a page headed "Trip to Gregory—1 week." The list below contained such items as "Call on Mr. Raleigh, F. N. B."; "1 theater"; "1 lecture;" "1 m. p. show"; "1 church"; "Library"; "Art exhibition." Following these came "Purchases"—subdivided into "Personal wants" and "Shopping for mother." Characteristically he had left little to chance or self-determination. If he had matured any such plan his list would doubtless have contained in its proper place the item "Get married," and, to make the records complete, the name of the bride.

The facing page was purely economic in its nature. It contained a debit item, $100. In the credit column he now entered with a silver pencil "R. R. fare, $2.40." All these items would later be transcribed in his personal-expense book—a bookkeeper's idea of recreation, as a postman, when off duty, goes out to take a walk.

Having arrived in the city he passed under the arch inscribed Greater Gregory Greets You, ate lunch at the Gregorian, left his bag and proceeded methodically to check off the first item on the list.

The Ticket Said 8:15, the Watch Said 10:15. There Seemed to be No Way to Reconcile These Conflicting Statements, So He Filed Them Both Away

President Raleigh, of the First National, greeted him paternally and with such queries as: "Well, James, how's the good mother? How's Newtown? How's business?"

Mother was well, Newtown about the same, mortgage loans lively and crops promising.

Mr. Raleigh would have been hurt if the son of his old friend had not made this call, but the proprieties did not require that they make an afternoon of it. Presently he began to fidget with the papers on his desk.

"Well, I've got to run along," said Buford.

"Drop in and see us often while you are in town. Got plenty of money? City life comes high these days."

By a conspiracy all business men regarded Gregory as in the hundred-thousand class, even though the ridiculous census could find only eighty-seven thousand.

"I'll be all right, thanks. The Gregorian does seem a little steep. Maybe if I knew of some quiet boarding house it might be more homelike."

"Good idea." As an advocate of thrift the president did not laugh at the notion of leaving home to find a homelike place. "Oh, Richardson!" He thus conjured a secretary out of thin air—a thin secretary. "You know Mr. Buford? Farmers' Loan, of Newtown. Mr. Buford's looking for a nice boarding house for a week or so. Help him find something, won't you? Well—good luck, James."

"Come into my pen, Mr. Buford. I'll call up Mrs. Rathburn's, where I used to live when I was a bachelor. She only takes men—you won't mind that?"

"No, I'd like it." Buford was glad to be relieved of feminine social complications.

Apparently a room was engaged at Mrs. Rathburn's with mirth and laughter and such remarks as: "Oh, hello, Twinkletoes. This is Ted Richardson. . . . She's just fine. When are you coming to see us? . . . Yep, he's got two teeth. . . . Well, some people say so, but I think he's the image of Marie. . . . Listen. How's the Ritz-Carlton fixed for rooms? . . . No, no. Mr. Buford, friend of Mr. Raleigh's. . . . Oh, 'bout a week." Richardson chuckled. "Yes, regular Apollonaris. . . . All right. Shall I hold the wire?

"Landlady's daughter, Hazel. She's a sketch. Wanted to know if you were good-looking.

"Hello. Yes, Hazel. . . . Fine! I'll bring him up.

"I'll take you over after the shop closes. That be all right?"

It all seemed commonplace enough, the formerly fashionable residence district, now half converted to business pursuits, dingy old houses with small scrawny grass plots, houses bearing signs—Dentist, For Sale, Hair Dressing and Table Board. The colored maid wiping her hands upon her apron was addressed by Richardson as Sopranna. Mrs. Rathburn proved to be of ample dimensions, with faded blond hair and the inevitable Southern accent.

Buford contemplated his room with the slightly chipped water pitcher and the child-and-dog picture entitled Can't 'oo Talk?

"Anyway, it's clean and quiet. I won't be in my room much except when I am asleep."

It still seemed commonplace enough when the men had assembled for dinner—their spirits muffled by the presence of a stranger—up to the moment when the service door was kicked open and a whirlwind came in. After that anything might happen—and most things did.

A phenomenon like this cannot be explained, so it is called personality. There was something dynamic about the girl. Too small, too thin, too white, eyes too big for her face, hands too small for her tray. A girl of an indeterminate age, seventeen to twenty-seven.

"Hey, Hazel," said Buford's neighbor, "we're shy a glass of water here."

"All right; I'll do the Volstead act in just a second. Mr. Buford—that's right, isn't it?—meet Mr. Turpin, the man who won the war."

The girl performed the social and waitress act in one continuous motion.

"Glad to meet you—both," said Buford. "What outfit were you with? They made me drive a truck."

He was only vaguely aware that his neighbor had got only as far as Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and he mechanically acknowledged the introduction to adjacent soup fanciers.

"Her engine," he thought, "is too big for her chassis."

The daughter of the house of Rathburn put a vast amount of horse power into the business of serving dinner and steered the lumbering Sopranna with one hand. When the maid dropped a dish everybody seemed relieved and pleased.

"The dinner wouldn't be legal," Turpin explained, "if Sopranna didn't break something."

After dinner Hazel's social position was greatly improved; as she took off her white apron she seemed also to take off several years. The center of population now shifted to the parlor piano, and Buford stepped in for a moment before leaving for his theater.

Later he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, drew forth the ticket which he had foresightedly bought in the afternoon, and blinked at it stupidly. He next blinked at his watch. The ticket said 8:15, the watch said 10:15. There seemed to be no way to reconcile these conflicting statements, so he filed them both away. But his looking at his watch broke up the party.

"Guess I'll take a little walk before I turn in," he said to Hazel in a voice husky with unwonted singing. Perhaps something ought to be done about a latchkey.

"Alone in the great city?"

"I thought maybe you ——"

"Well, all right. Let's go. Wait till I tell mamma."

He had not "thought maybe" at all, but he thought it now—distinctly.

It was a beautiful summer night, a glorious town. He had just discovered that life was made for laughter and song, and not, as he had supposed up to this evening, for debit and credit. Life was made for jazz and jest and joy, for dancing and mimicry. And all these desirable qualities were, by one of Nature's streaks of economy, wrapped up in one small package!

Buford was still under the spell of the evening's entertainment; he had never encountered a more alluring performance. Hazel Rathburn was what is not too common in this serious world, a born comedienne; her chatter, her dancing, her piano playing were all comedy. Her engine—to pursue his metaphor—was run on jokes, and when her tank ran dry she ran on her reputation. She had an instinct for syncopation that is rare among mere white people; in fact she seemed to have made a special study of the colored race.

She must at some time have encountered a tarantula, the bite of which, according to legend, causes incurable dancing. This small package now did a reminiscent one-step as they progressed down the street, attracting the notice of a policeman, who reprimanded her for her unseemly conduct as follows: "Fine evenin', Hazel."

When they had satisfied themselves as to the health of the Connolly family they went on.

"I gather that your name is Hazel," said Buford.

"I bet you're a deteckative." It wasn't such a brilliant remark, but it achieved its purpose. "Yes, my folks took a good look at me and said 'She's a nut, all right'; and so they called me Hazel. You better do it, too, and have it over with."

Buford laughed as heartily as if that had been a good joke; perhaps he laughed because he was young or happy or something.

"What do you do when you are at home?" she asked while they were waiting for the colored waiter to bring Neapolitan ice cream in a French restaurant run by a Greek.

"I'm a bookkeeper."

This was the literal truth. She had not asked him about his future and he did not have to say that when he was thirty he would take the controlling interest and presidency of the Farmers' Loan Bank of Newtown, which he had inherited from his father.

"I am, too, kinda. If it wasn't for me I guess mamma's ledger would be written in red ink."

"I bet they keep you busy, all right."

"Yes, I work like a—like Sopranna." The soft pedal was out of deference to the approaching waiter. "Only

difference, nothing happens to me on pay day. Saturday's just Saturday for me." She chuckled. "You could make a song out of that:

"Saturday's just Saturday for little—hashful—Hazel."

She rendered this line so nobly that the bearer of ice cream had difficulty in keeping his official poise.

"They treat you all right—the boarders? They're friendly and all that, but they don't get fresh or anything?"

"I'll say they don't!" She doubled up her little fist in a terrifying way. "The fresh ones are not with us any more."

"I didn't know. Of course I live in the country, you might say."

The girl made a great point of looking at his feet.

"Well, I don't see any milk on your shoes, at that."

"I'm not a farmer exactly," replied the too literal Buford.

"I just love the country—pigs and flowers and everything"

She launched into elaborate praise of things bucolic. She was not soulful or sentimental about it. Many of her lessons on rural life had been learned at the vaudeville night school, where whiskered ruralists clog-dance to Turkey in the Straw. The city song sparrow was pouring out her soul with a pronounced Gregory accent, and Buford thought she was kidding. Then and there Hazel began to pay the penalty for being a confirmed joker.

"We'd better be fox-trotting along now, Mr. Buford," she said.

"All right; but my friends call me James."

"Home, James," said Hazel.

When he was back in his room untying his necktie Buford examined himself in the wavy mirror and ran over certain phrases in his mind. "Alone in the great city. I don't really look like a rube. She was just trying to get my goat. Well, she can have it." There was a fatuous grin on his face as he untied his shoes. "No milk on 'em. I bet she'll be a scream to-morrow at the ball game."

She was. She knew baseball as she knew jazz, and no fewer than three members of the Greggies found time to make calls upon Hazel. Ordinarily Buford would have been flattered at meeting these second-magnitude baseball stars, but to-day he had an illogical feeling that they were clogging up the atmosphere. A ball player's place was on the diamond.

Consequently he was delighted when Hazel said to one Murdock, who had been having a rather trying afternoon in left field: "I can give you a job peeling potatoes, Tim. I bet you'd be good at that."

Murdock laughed obediently, but his smooth-shaven neck was red as he turned away.

The ball game had not been on Buford's list for the week, nor had the dance in Fireman's Hall to which Hazel went disguised as a house afire and dared all the grinning Alerts to put her out. She made two movies grow where only one grew on the program. In fact the schedule was pretty well shot to pieces. Buford did not attend any improving lectures, he neglected his pocket bookkeeping, cashed several checks at the First National, bought flowers and forgot the change—all conduct unbecoming a banker. On the other hand, mother's shopping was done so well that when the packages arrived at Newtown and the goods and price tags were examined Mrs. Buford raised her eyebrows. Either James had developed an unmanly knowledge of dry goods, or else—oh, yes, he had written something about the landlady's daughter. So that was all it was.

At just about this time in the history of the human race Sopranna was openly referring to the new boarder as Miss Hazel's beau. And Buford was referring to himself as the most fortunate member of the said human race.

In these days of progressive intimacy he had learned much about Hazel. She was twenty-two now; her father had been dead about ten years. Her parents had come from farther south, but they never had been people of means.

"Mamma likes to feel that we have seen better days; you know how mothers are." This was on Saturday forenoon and they were alone with the piano. "As far as I can remember they weren't much better. Father was sweet and kind and he never distressed himself much about work. Maybe father would have been better off under the Eighteenth Amendment—and that'll be all about father. Anyway, I drew high school out of it. This was dad's last request, and mamma made good. So there's something in my low, retreating forehead after all. There I go again, Jim-jams. Tum-te-tum ——

"She isn't very tall,
And her head is rather small,
But there's something in her low, retreating forehead—
after—all.
She waits upon the table,
As well as she is able,
But Saturday's just Saturday for little hashful Mabel.

"I had to change my name to make it rime. That all right, Mr. Bu'ful?"

"You're going to change it more than that."

"Mrs. Jim-jams Bu'ful. Watch out! Somebody's coming."

The said somebody giggled with an African accent and glided away like a crawler tractor. Sopranna was more accomplished as a dish dropper than as an eavesdropper.

The discerning reader can see that things had been moving along quite rapidly, but Hazel saw it first and thus pronounced judgment: "You have speed, James, but no control."

Buford was to go home on Sunday afternoon as per schedule and—in Hazel's somehow jarring phrase—"break the news to mother." Saturday night was by common consent a sort of hail and farewell at the boarding house. Hazel's gang took their rapture rather seriously and made doleful sounds. Mr. Turpin, who would have won the war if it had been held in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, offered gloomy congratulations.

"Yes, I'm going to marry this inky-handed son of toil. Hazel is going back to the bushes."

"It will be dark and lonely here without you," said a well-preserved sentimentalist who had to comb his hair with a thought to economy.

"You mean your little gas light is going out."

When all had rid their systems of the proper regrets Hazel summed it up for them:

"James, it looks as though your bill for heartbreakage would be pretty stiff. Well, let's chase a little gloom."

She landed on the piano in a violent chord and launched into one of her jazziest and best, but the gymnastic fingers did not seem to be working well.

"No rags to-day," she said and presently she was slithering along in a sentimental Viennese waltz—which broke down in the middle. Hazel tapped a key inquiringly. "That's all there is; there isn't any more." Her eyes were shining auspiciously. "Well, b-boys, we had a good time while it lasted. Mebbe you better b-beat it."

Buford shook hands with all of them as they filed out. As a triumphant lover he was not a vast success. But he gave a good imitation of one who had been caught robbing a bank.

"I guess they were all nice to you," he said.

"Look at me—all lit up like a Christmas tree." Hazel indicated her collection of jewelry. "They're all represented here."

"Oh! I wondered about that," Buford admitted.

"You didn't think I had wished all this junk on myself?" She rattled her ornaments like a Spanish dancer. "I had to hang it all on for the farewell party, didn't I? I feel like a—a removal sale."

"Are you sorry to leave these friends?"

"'Course I'm sorry," was the dampening reply. "I wouldn't do it for anybody on earth—except you." So everything was all right again.

At the station next day Hazel made this farewell address: "I'll be waiting for you. And I'm some waitress."

"You aren't a regular waitress," said Buford, perhaps a shade too seriously.

"Well, pretty regular."

"Pretty is right."

"Good recovery," said Hazel.

Newtown is only fifty miles from the city as the aëroplane flies and $2.40 as the money flies, but it is cut off from Gregory by two train connections that lack the element

(Continued on Page 36)

"I Just Give Me the Old Left Wing. I'm Not Scared or Anything, But I Just Can't Make My Knees Behave"

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE FOURTH OF JULY

By WILL PAYNE

THIS year I looked over a Fourth of July celebration in a town situated a couple of hours by motor from Lexington and Bunker Hill. The celebration appeared to consist mainly of groups of people sitting on a grassy hillside enjoying the breeze, bananas, pop corn and neighborly chat. You might have passed by blindfolded without knowing it was there. I had spent several previous Fourths in a Middle Western country town where some citizens celebrated by going fishing and some by going to sleep. Whatever commotion occurred was made by the sparrows and blue jays.

The Fourth of July that I was brought up on began promptly at dawn, with every contrivance for making a loud noise that juvenile ingenuity and fifty cents could bring into the field. By breakfast time my right shoulder was sore from the infernal kick of Ed Riner's old army musket, but my enthusiasm was just getting under way. As the day progressed bandaged fingers and toes appeared, an odor of liniment mingled with the smell of burned powder. The din continued until the last rocket sputtered against the starry sky.

But the great noise of the day occurred as follows: A large booth of new pine boards, decked with flags and bunting, was erected on the courthouse grounds. In front of it benches, chairs and stools were ranged. There, at the appointed hour, most of the local population gathered. A band played patriotic airs, not quite in time maybe, but with vigor. A minister arose and laid before Deity the proposition that this was the best government ever known on earth. The mayor stepped forward and introduced the orator of the day, mentioning that our government was the sum of the earthly wisdom. Whatever title or text the orator of the day might announce, his theme was sure to be that the Government of the United States was the final and perfect instrument for social happiness. In respectable families, hearing that the American Government is a perfect instrument for social happiness was as much a part of a child's upbringing as hearing that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

A Change of Attitude

THAT was so for a hundred years. In the bitter struggle of the Civil War both sides vehemently appealed to the Constitution for justification of their course, as pious men of different creeds appeal to the Bible. Whatever men might say about the opposite political party or about individual politicians—and they said plenty—for a hundred years the Government itself was just about all right. For a century, excepting the Civil War amendments, no serious attempt was made even to amend the Constitution. Government as it stood was just about all right.

After some preliminary experiments, and while still of comparatively tender age, I began my business career by calling, say, on a dentist, or plumber, or hardware merchant who didn't really wish to see me, so that I had to waylay him in order to get an opportunity to address him substantially thus:

"Sir, yesterday afternoon your wife drew your bank balance, pawned the family silver, locked the children in the coal cellar and eloped with the milkman. Please state your emotions and reflections in that connection so that I may write up an amusing piece about it for the Daily News."

We called that practicing the trade, or profession, of journalism. I have been pursuing that trade, or profession, ever since. In some of its aspects it lacks dignity; but it does, I think, encourage an inquisitive turn of mind and a habit of observing.

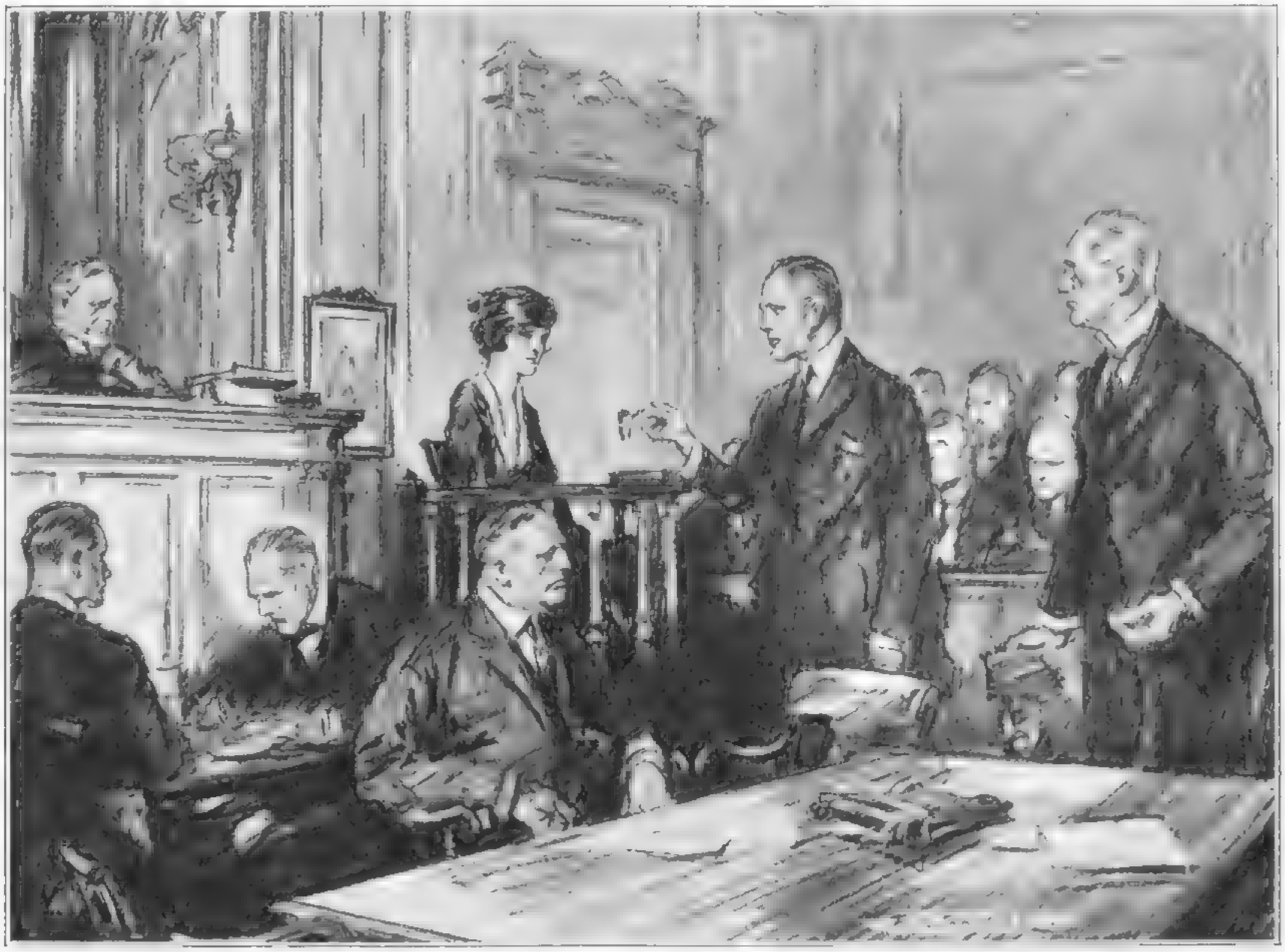
By the time I got myself launched in this business a change in the general attitude toward the Government was beginning—slowly. If you go among workingmen now and mention the Government they will immediately think of the Government Shipping Board's labor policy, of wage reductions recently ordered by the Government War Labor Board, and of like grievances.

Just before the Fourth of July a convention, representing 4,000,000 union workingmen, was held at Denver.

(Continued on Page 73)

"BUSTED!"

MANSLAUGHTER



"Would It Refresh Your Memory, Miss Thorne, to Look at This Bracelet Which I Hold in My Hand?"

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

DRUMMOND died late in the evening. An account of the accident was in the headlines of the morning papers. Unfortunately for Lydia, he was a conspicuous local figure. He had had the early popularity of a good-looking, dissipated boy, and then he had been one of the men who had not waited for the draft but had volunteered and gone into the Regular Army, and had come home from France unwounded, with a heroic record. Moreover, there had been a long boy-and-girl love affair between him and Alma Wooley, the daughter of the hardware merchant. Mr. Wooley, who was a native Long Islander, hard and wise, had been opposed to the engagement until, after the war, the return of Drummond as a hero made opposition impossible. It was at this point that O'Bannon had come to the rescue, securing the position of traffic policeman for the young man. The marriage was to have taken place in June.

Before Drummond died he recovered consciousness long enough to recognize the pale girl at his bedside and to make an ante-mortem statement as to the circumstances of the accident.

Eleanor heard of the accident in the evening, but did not know of Drummond's death until early the following morning. She called up O'Bannon, but he had already left his house. At the office she was asked if Mr. Foster would do. Mr. Foster would not do. With her clear mind and recently acquired knowledge of criminal law, she knew the situation was serious. She called up Fanny Piers and found she was spending the day in town. Noel came to the telephone. He was very casual.

"Yes, poor Lydia," he said; "uncomfortable sort of thing to have happen to you."

"Rather more than uncomfortable," answered Eleanor. "Do you know if she's been arrested?"

Piers laughed over the telephone. Of course she hadn't been. Really, his tone seemed to say, Eleanor allowed her socialistic ideas to run away with her judgment. Poor Lydia hadn't meant any harm—it was the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. Oh, they might try her—as a matter of form. But what could they do to her?

"Well," said Eleanor, "people have been known to go to prison for killing someone on the highway."

Piers agreed as if her point was irrelevant.

"Oh, yes, some of these careless chauffeurs. But a thing like this is always arranged. You'll see. You couldn't get a grand jury to indict a girl like Lydia. It will be arranged."

"Arranged," thought Eleanor as she hung up the receiver, "only at the expense of Dan O'Bannon's honor or career."

She did not want that, and yet she did want to help Lydia. She felt deeply concerned for the girl, more aware than usual of her warm, honest affection for her. She often thought of Lydia as she had appeared on her first day at school. The head mistress had brought her into the study and introduced her to the teacher in charge. All the girls had looked up and stared at the small, black-eyed new pupil with bobbed hair and slim legs in black silk stockings, one of which she was cleverly twisting about the other. She was shy and monosyllabic, utterly unused to children of her own age; and yet even then she had shown a certain capacity for comradeship, for under the elbows of the two tall teachers she had directed a slow, shy smile at the girls as much as to say, "Wait till we get together! We'll fix them!"

She was very well turned out, for Miss Bennett had just taken charge, but not so well equipped mentally, the long succession of her governesses having each spent more time in destroying the teachings of her predecessors than in making progress on her own account. Much to Lydia's chagrin, she was put in a class of children younger than she.

This was shortly before Christmas. Before the second term she had managed to get herself transferred into a class of her contemporaries. She had never studied before, because in old times it had seemed to her the highest achievement lay in thwarting her governesses. But the instant it became desirable to attain knowledge she found no difficulty in attaining it. It had amused her studying late into the night when Miss Bennett thought she was asleep.

In the same way she had decided to make a friend of Eleanor, who was a class above her and prominent in school life. There had been nothing sentimental about the friendship. She had admired Eleanor's clear mind and moral courage then, just as she admired them now.

It was of that little girl twisting one leg about the other that Eleanor thought now with a warm affection that the later Lydia had not destroyed. She ordered her car and drove into town to the Thorne house. At the door Morson betrayed just the proper solemnity—the proper additional solemnity—for he was never gay.

Yes, Miss Thorne was in, but he could not be sure that she could see Miss Bellington at the moment. Mr. Wiley was in the drawing-room.

"Mr. Wiley?" said Eleanor, trying to remember.

"The lawyer, madam."

Eleanor hesitated.

"Tell her I'm here," she said, and presently Morson came back and conducted her to the drawing-room.

Lydia's drawing-room was brilliant with vermilion lacquer, jade, rock crystal, a Chinese painting or two and huge cushioned armchairs and sofas. Here she and Miss Bennett and Mr. Wiley were sitting—at least Mr. Wiley

and Miss Bennett were sitting, and Lydia was standing, playing with a jade dog from the mantelpiece, pressing its cold surface against her cheek.

As Eleanor entered, Lydia, with hardly a sound, did a thing she had occasionally seen her do before—she suddenly seemed to radiate greeting and love and gratitude. Miss Bennett introduced Mr. Wiley.

Wiley had established his position early in life—early for a lawyer; so now at fifty-eight he had thirty years of crowded practice behind him. In the nineties, a young man of thirty, his slim frock-coated figure, his narrow, fine features and dark, heavy mustache were familiar in most important court cases, and in the published accounts of them his name always had a prominent place. His enemies at one time had been contemptuous of his legal profundity and had said that he was more of an actor than a lawyer; but if so juries seemed to be more swayed by art than law, for Wiley had a wonderful record of successes. He was a man of scrupulous financial integrity—universally desired as a trustee—an honorable gentleman, a leader at the bar. It was hard to see how Lydia could be in better hands. He might not have been willing to undertake her case but for the fact that he had been her father's lawyer and was her trustee. He had a thorough familiarity, attained through years of conflict over finances, with all the problems of his client's disposition. He knew, for instance, that she would be absolutely truthful with him, a knowledge a lawyer so rarely has in regard to his clients. He knew, too, that she might carry this quality into the witness chair and might ruin her own case with the jury. He was a man accustomed to being listened to, and he was being listened to now.

Eleanor sat down, saying she was sorry if she interrupted them. She didn't. Wiley drew her in and made her feel one of the conference.

"I had really finished what I was saying," he added.

"I only wanted to know if the situation were serious," said Eleanor.

"Serious, Miss Bellington?" Wiley looked at her seriously. "To kill a human being while violating the law?"

"Mr. Wiley considers it entirely a question of how the case is managed," said Lydia. There was not a trace of amusement in her tone or her expression.

"To be absolutely candid," Wiley continued, "and Lydia tells me she wants the facts, I should say that if juries were normal, impartial, unemotional people Lydia would be found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree—on her own story. Fortunately, however, the collective intelligence of a jury is low; and skillfully managed, the case of a beautiful young orphan may be made very appealing, very pathetic."

"Pathos has never been my strong point," observed Lydia.

"The great danger is her own attitude," said Miss Bennett to Eleanor. "She doesn't seem to care whether she's convicted or not."

Lydia moved her shoulders with a gesture that confirmed Miss Bennett's impression, and then suddenly turned.

"I don't believe you want me for a few minutes, Mr. Wiley. I want to speak to Eleanor."

She dragged her friend away with her to her own little sitting room upstairs. Here her calm disappeared.

"Aren't lawyers terrible, Eleanor? Here I am—I've killed a man! Why shouldn't I go to prison? I'm not quixotic. I didn't want to be convicted, but Wiley shocks me, assuming that I can't be because I'm a woman and rich and he can play on the jury."

"I should not say that he assumed that you were safe, Lydia."

"Oh, yes, he does! Don't be like Benny. She sees me in stripes at once. What Wiley means is that as long as I am fortunate enough to have the benefit of his services I'm perfectly safe, not because I did not mean to kill Drummond, but because he, Wiley, will make the jury cry over me. Isn't that disgusting?"

"Yes, it is," said Eleanor.

"Oh, Eleanor, you are such a comfort!" said Lydia, and began to cry. Eleanor had never seen her cry before. She did it very gently, without sobs, and after a few minutes controlled herself again, and tucked away her handkerchief and said, "Do you think everyone would hate to have a car that had killed someone? I shall never drive again, and yet I couldn't sell it—couldn't take money for it. Will you accept it, Eleanor? You wouldn't have to drive the way I did, you know."

Eleanor, pleading the shortness of her sight, declined the car.

"You ought to go back and talk to Mr. Wiley, my dear."

Lydia shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't care much what happens to me," she said.

Eleanor hesitated. She saw suddenly that what she was about to say was the principal object of her visit.

"Lydia, I hope that you will come out all right, but you don't know Dan O'Bannon as I do, and ——"

"You think he will want to convict me?"

"Not you personally, of course. But he believes in the law. He wants to believe in its honesty and equality. He suffered last month, I know, in convicting a delivery-wagon driver, and his offense wasn't half as flagrant as yours. Oh, Lydia, have some imagination! Don't you see that his own honor and democracy will make him feel it more his duty to convict you than all the less conspicuous criminals put together?"

A strange change had taken place in Lydia during this speech. At the beginning of it she had been shrunk into a corner of a deep chair; but as Eleanor spoke life seemed to be breathed into her, until she sat erect, grew tense, and finally rose to her feet.

"You mean there would be publicity, political advantage, in sending a person in my position to prison?"

"Don't be perverse, Lydia. I mean that, more than most men, he will see his duty is to treat you as he would any criminal. You make it difficult for me to tell you something that I must tell you. Mr. O'Bannon feels, I'm afraid, a certain amount of antagonism toward you."

A staring, insolent silence was Lydia's answer.

Eleanor went on: "Do you remember after dinner at the Piers' you told me about the policeman you had bribed? You asked me not to tell, but I'm sorry—I can't tell you how sorry—that I did tell. I told Dan. I would give a good deal if I hadn't, but ——"

"My dear," Lydia laughed, but without friendliness, "don't distress yourself. What difference does it make? I nearly told him myself."

"It makes a great deal of difference. It made him furious against you. He felt you were debauching a young man trying to do his duty."

"What a prig you make that man out, Eleanor! But what of it?"

"I got an impression, Lydia—I don't know how—that it turned him against you; that he will be less inclined to be pitiful."

"Pitiful!" cried Lydia. "Since when have I asked Dan O'Bannon for pity? Let him do his duty, and my lawyers will do theirs; and let me tell you, Eleanor, you and he will be disappointed in the results."

Eleanor said firmly, "I think you must take back that 'you,' Lydia."

Lydia shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you say your friend wants to convict me, and you want your friend to succeed, I suppose. That is success for him, getting people sent to prison, isn't it?" She began this in one of her most irritating tones; and then she suddenly repented and, putting her hand on Eleanor's shoulder, she added, "Eleanor, I'm all on edge. Thank you a lot for coming. I think I will go back and tell what you've said to old Wiley."

Eleanor waited to telephone to Fanny Piers and Mrs. Pulsifer, knowing it would be wise to create a little favorable public opinion. As she went downstairs the drawing-room door opened and Miss Bennett came softly out, shutting the door carefully behind her.

"Thank heaven for you, Eleanor!" she said. "You have certainly worked a miracle." Eleanor looked uncomprehending, and she went on: "At first she was so naughty to poor Mr. Wiley—would hardly discuss the case at all; but now since you've talked to her she is quite different. She has even consented to send for Governor Albee—the obvious thing, with his friendship and political power."

Eleanor's shoulders were rather high anyhow, and when she drew them together she looked like a wooden soldier. She did it now as she said with distaste, "But is this a question of politics?"

"My dear, you know the district attorney is a political officer, and they say this young man is extremely ambitious. Certainly he would listen—he'd have to—to a man at the head of the party like Albee. I feel much easier in my mind. The governor can do anything, and now that Lydia has come to her senses she is determined to go into court with the best case possible, and you know how clever she is. Thank you, Eleanor, for all you have done for us."

Like many workers of miracles, Eleanor went away surprised at her own powers. The idea of O'Bannon being coerced or rewarded into letting Lydia off gave her exquisite pain. She felt like warning him to do his duty, even if it meant Lydia's being found guilty. Yet she sincerely wanted Lydia saved—meant to go as far as she could to save her. She knew with what a perfect surface of honesty such things could be done; how a district attorney, while from the public's point of view prosecuting a case with the utmost vigor, might leave open some wonderful technical escape for the defense. It could be done without O'Bannon losing an atom of public respect. But she, Eleanor, would know; would know as she saw him conducting the case; would know when a year or so later, after everyone else had forgotten, he would receive his reward—some political appointment or perhaps a financial chairmanship. Albee had great powers in business as well as politics. In her own mind she formulated the words, "I have the utmost confidence in O'Bannon." But she knew, too, how all people of passionate, quick temperaments are sometimes swept by their own desires, and how easily most lawyers could find rational grounds for taking the position they desired to take. It would be so natural for any man under the plea of pity for a young woman like Lydia to allow himself to be subtly corrupted into letting her off.

Eleanor's own position was not simple. She faced it clearly. She was for Lydia, whatever happened, as far as her conduct went; but in spite of herself her sympathies swung to and fro. When women like Fanny Piers and May Swayne said, with a certain relish they couldn't keep out of their tones and reluctant dimples at the corners of their mouths, "Isn't this too dreadful about poor Lydia?" then she was whole-heartedly Lydia's. But when she detected in all her friends—except Bobby, who was frankly frightened—the belief that they were beyond the law, that nothing could happen to any member of their protected group, then she felt she would enjoy nothing so much as seeing one of them prove an exception to the general immunity.

Lydia was held for the grand jury in ten thousand dollars' bail. This had been considered a foregone conclusion and did not particularly distress or alarm Eleanor. What did alarm her was her inability to get in touch with O'Bannon. In all the months of their quick, intimate friendship this had never happened before. Press of business had never kept him entirely away. Now she could not even get him to come to the telephone.

At last one afternoon, seeing his runabout still standing in the street beneath the windows of his office, she went in—past the side door of Mr. Wooley's hardware shop, up the wide, worn, dark stairs and opened the glass door that bore in big black letters the words, "District Attorney of Princess County." It was almost six o'clock. The clerks and stenographer had gone home. The bare, ugly rooms, lit here and there by swinging desk lights, were empty except for Dan himself, who, with his hat and coat on, was standing as if some disagreeable thought had caught and petrified him just as he was in the act of going home too. Eleanor's light foot had not sounded on the stairs. He knew of her coming only as she opened the door, and she saw that he definitely did not want to see her.

She was not the only person who was attempting to see him on Lydia's behalf. Bobby Dorset had made several efforts, and finally caught him between the courthouse and his office. Bobby took the tone that the whole thing was fantastic; that O'Bannon was too much of a gentleman to send any girl to prison, irritating the man he had come to placate by something frivolous and unreal in his manner—the only manner Bobby knew.

And then as Lydia's case grew darker Albee came. O'Bannon was in his study at home, the low-ceilinged room opening off the dining room. It had a great flat baize-covered desk, and low open shelves running round the walls, containing not only law books, but novels and early favorites—Henty and Lorna Doone and many records of travel and adventure.

Here he was sitting, supposed to be at work on the Thorne case, about nine o'clock in the evening. Certainly his mind was occupied with it and the papers were laid out before him. He was going over and over the same treadmill that his mind had been chained to ever since he had stood by Drummond's bedside with Alma Wooley clinging, weeping, to his hand.

Lydia Thorne had committed a crime, and his duty was to present the case against the criminal. Sometimes of course a district attorney was justified in taking into consideration extenuating circumstances which could not always be brought out in court. But in this case there were no extenuating circumstances. Every circumstance he knew was against her. Her character was harsh and arrogant. She had already violated the law in bribing Drummond. First she had corrupted the poor boy, and then she had killed him. She deserved punishment more than most of the criminals who came into his court, and his duty was to present the case against her. He repeated it over and over to himself. Why, he was half a crook to consider this case as different from any other case—and if she did get off she wouldn't be grateful. She'd just assume that there had not been and never could be any question of convicting a woman like herself. He remembered her bending to look at him under the candle shades of the Piers' dinner table and announcing her disbelief in the equal administration of the laws. But yet, if she should come to him—if she would only come to him, pleading for herself as she had once for a few minutes pleaded for Evans —— He could almost see her there in the circle of his reading light, close to him—could almost smell the perfume of violets.

"I hope to God she doesn't come," he said to himself, and desired it more than anything in life.

At that very moment the doorbell rang. O'Bannon's heart began to beat till it hurt him. If she were there he must see her, and if he saw her he must again take her in his arms, and if—it was his duty to present the case against her.

There was a knock on his door, and his mother entered ushering in Governor Albee. Great and wise men came from East and West to see her son, her manner seemed to say.

"Well, O'Bannon," said the governor, "I haven't seen you since—let me see—the 1916 convention, wasn't it?"

The younger man pulled himself together. He was not a politician for nothing, and he had control, almost automatically, of a simple, friendly manner.

"But I've seen you, governor," he answered. "I went in the other day to hear your cross-examination on that privileged-communication point. I learned a lot. We're all infants compared with you when it comes to that sort of thing."

"Oh"—Albee gave one of his straight-armed waves of the hand—"everyone tells me you have your own method of getting the facts. I hear very fine things of you, O'Bannon. There's an impression that Princess County will soon be looking for another district attorney."

Mrs. O'Bannon stole reluctantly away, closing the door behind her. The two men went on flattering each other, as each might have flattered a woman. Both were now aware that a serious situation was before them. They began to talk of the great party to which they belonged. The governor mentioned his personal responsibility—by which he meant his personal power—as a national committeeman. He spoke of an interview the next day with the leader of the party in New York—the purveyor of great positions.

"He's going to put the chairmanship of this new commission up to me. It's not so much financially—seventy-five hundred—but the opportunity, the reputation a fellow might make. It needs a big man, and yet a young one. I'm for putting in a young man."

That was all. The governor began after that to speak of his coming campaign for the Senate, but O'Bannon knew now exactly why he had come. He had come to offer him a bribe. It was not the first time he had been offered a bribe. He remembered a family of Italians who had come to him frankly with all their savings in a sincere belief that that was the only way to save a son and brother. They had gone away utterly unable to understand why their offering had been refused, but with a confused impression that district attorneys in America came too high for them. He had not felt any anger against their simple effort at corruption—only pity; but a sudden furious anger swept him against Albee, so smooth, so self-satisfied. Unanalytic, like most hot-blooded people—who in the tumult of their emotions are too much occupied to analyze and when the tumult ceases are unable to believe it ever existed—O'Bannon did not understand the sequence of his emotions. For an instant he was angry, and then he felt a sort of desperate relief. At least the question of his attitude in the case was settled. Now he must prosecute to the utmost of his ability. One couldn't let a sleek, crooked old politician go through the world thinking that he had bribed you—one couldn't be bribed.

He leaned his brow on his hand, shielding his whole face from the light, while he drew patterns on the blotting paper with a dry pen. The governor broke off with an appearance of spontaneity.

"But I mustn't run on like this about my own affairs," he said. "I came, as perhaps you guessed, about this unfortunate affair of poor Miss Thorne. I don't know if you know her personally"

He paused. He really could not remember. He believed Lydia had mentioned having seen the man somewhere.

"I've met her once or twice," said O'Bannon.

"Well, if you've seen her you know that she's a rare and beautiful creature; but if you don't know her you don't know how sensitive she is; sheltered and proud; doesn't show her deep, human feelings."

A slight movement of the district attorney's hand brought his mouth and chin into the area of illumination. Their expression was not agreeable.

"No," he said, "I must own I did not get all that."

"This whole thing is almost killing her," Albee went on. "Really I believe that if she has to go into court—well, of course she must go into court, poor child, and hear it all gone over and over before a jury. Imagine how anyone—how you or I would feel if we had killed a man, and then add a young woman's natural sensitiveness and pity. You can guess what she is going through. I've sat with her for hours. It's pitiful—simply pitiful. Anything you can do, O'Bannon, that will make it easier for her I shall take as a personal favor, a favor I shall never forget, believe me."

The governor smiled his human, all-embracing smile, almost like a priest. There was a moment's silence while the idea was sinking in.

Then the younger man asked with great deliberation, "Just what is your interest in this case, Mr. Albee?"

Perfectly calm himself, Albee noted with some amusement the strain in the other's tone. He had expected the question—a natural one. It was natural the fellow should wish to be assured that the favor he was about to do was a real one, a substantial one, something that would be remembered. He would be taking a certain chance, considering the newspaper interest and all the local resentment over the case. Reelection might be rendered impossible. Albee thought to himself that Lydia would forgive a slight exaggeration of the bond between them if that exaggeration served to set her free.

"Well, that's rather an intimate question, Mister District Attorney," he said. "To most people I should answer that she is a lady whom I esteem and admire; but to you in strictest confidence—I don't mind saying that I have every hope and expectation of making her my wife." And he added less solemnly, "What are you young fellows thinking of to let an old man like me get ahead of you, eh?" Bending forward he slapped the other man on the shoulder.

O'Bannon stood up as if a mighty hand had reached from the ceiling and pulled him upright. The action was all that was left of the primitive impulse to wring Albee's neck.

"There is nothing I can do to help Miss Thorne," he said. "You know enough about criminal procedure to know that. The case against her is very serious."

"Oh, very serious—in the newspapers," said the governor with another of his waves of the hand. "But you mustn't let your cases be tried in the newspapers. I always made it a rule never to let the newspapers influence me in a case."

"I have a better rule than that," said the other. "I don't let anything influence me except the facts in the case." He was still standing, and Albee now rose too.

"I see," he said, not quite so suavely as before. "You mean you go ahead your own way and don't mind making enemies."

"I sometimes like it," answered O'Bannon.

"Making them is all right." Albee looked right at him. "Taking the consequences of doing so isn't always so enjoyable. Good night."

When the sound of the governor's motor had died away O'Bannon went back to his desk. His mother had long ago gone upstairs, and the house was quiet. Disgust and anger were like a poison in his veins. So that vile, sleek old man

(Continued on Page 48)

Wiley and Albee Had Both Prepared Her for That. The Crime for Which She Was Indicted, However, Came as a Shock

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The New Internationalism

NO MAN knows how much lasting good may be accomplished by the international conference on the limitation of armament to be held in Washington a few months hence; and yet there are certain minimal results of the highest significance that may be regarded as reasonably certain. The cordiality with which the American invitation was accepted is evidence of a world-wide realization of the momentousness of the occasion; for no matter how the scope of the conference may be limited by the powers represented, all men know that the envoys who sit down at the table will have met together to hold an inquest on the military and economic state of the world and to say what steps their respective nations are prepared to take to save our civilization.

Among the minimal effects of the conference that may be expected with considerable confidence are a clear restatement and the common acceptance of a world issue as broad as humanity itself, an issue that overshadows every local or national or international difference and involves the destiny of the human race.

Disarm or die. That is the alternative that confronts all men who dare look ahead. Men who are not afraid to face facts know that just as Nature kills off the weak and the unfit, so war wipes out the strong and courageous and robs the race of its most vital blood. Long after the population has renewed itself the race remains impoverished.

Baron Takahashi, Japanese Minister of Finance, observed with truth that "we must be careful to avoid the possibility of such a convention proving futile or terminating in a disagreement. Such a result would lead to more friction and more rivalry and to greater armament expenditures." And yet disagreement is easily possible unless every envoy is instructed that agreement is so absolutely essential to his nation's future welfare that it will be cheaply bought at the price of concession.

The inevitable way to bog down into a futile impasse and adjourn in a stalemate is to approach the problems in the spirit that was so lamentably and irrepressibly present at Versailles. If the representatives of any nation, including our own, take their places at the council table as if it were a gaming table, resolved to win unfair advantage by the tricks and legerdemain of diplomacy, they will be the betrayers not of their own states alone but of an anguished world. If divergence of interest makes the score everyone is bound to lose. If community of interest is the game each and every participant wins and the world wins.

Every day the issues to be discussed by the conference become more clearly defined. The real line-up will not be between nations so much as between factions. The actual test of strength will be between war as a vested interest and peace as a vested right. Armament—to include in a single word every form of military activity and collateral requirement—is a stupendous industry that has fed or slain its millions in every country. Since time out of mind it has never been without a powerful influence upon government. Over against this force for war, with its vast anthology and folklore, its myths, legends and werewolf literature, with the aid of which it sells its wares to governments and creates uses for them, stands that great inert majority that wants peace, that welter of humanity that must do the fighting and the dying when militarism decrees that fighting and dying must be done. The creed of all these millions is the new internationalism that has lately come into visible being.

The old, abhorrent internationalism of communism is based upon a community of hatreds. It is a sinister brotherhood of man patterned after the brotherhood of Cain toward Abel. Its plane of cleavage is horizontal. It separates the lowest layer of humanity from the middle and the upper. It arrays the collarless against the collared, haphazard group against family, license against liberty, bestiality against decency. Five years of this fratricidal brotherhood have set back the destinies of Russia a full hundred years, and only generations of steady inbreeding of superior foreign stock can enable the remnants of the old Russia to make up her lost century. Militarism, in its essence, is as truly a form of internationalism as Bolshevism or communism, but it is more menacing than either, for history proves that it is more enduring.

But now there is springing up a new internationalism, opposed to militarism and utterly unlike communism. Its plane of cleavage is not horizontal but vertical. It is not negative but positive. Its community of interest is not hatred but good will, a willingness to live and let live. Its ranks include high and low without distinction. Neither wealth nor poverty is its shibboleth. Its adherents are those who are determined to give the world a chance to heal its wounds and live. Its followers wear no class badge of education or of ignorance, of high estate or low, of creed or color, caste or race.

Unorganized, unofficered, almost inarticulate, scarcely aware of their own existence as units in a great entity, these new internationalists are the men and women who are working to make an end of war. They are not pacifists within the wartime meaning of the word.

One crystallizing touch of unification and organization, such as may come any day, would endow them with the power and momentum of an avalanche. By a strange paradox their very obscurity and individual weakness give strength to them in the mass, for they pervade even the remotest backwaters of society. Already they are beginning to make their voices heard, and the world listens with ready sympathy because they utter the world's desire. Every day they break out in a new spot with their demands for lasting peace. The press of the continents is full of their activities. Yesterday we perhaps read a cabled paragraph in the newspapers about the peace meeting of the board of trade in some provincial town in France. Day before yesterday it was perhaps the silk merchants of Yokohama who held a similar meeting. Last night the high-school debating team and the speakers in a local lodge threshed the matter out, and in both cases disarmament won. Clergymen preach about it, women's clubs discuss it. This sort of thing is going on all over the world. Twenty years ago peace was the hobby of rich philanthropists; to-day it is the heart's desire of the multitude. The inescapable alternative, disarm or die, is no longer a phrase but a reality. And this is but the beginning. Gradually, but with increasing volume, the idea of peace is getting the kind of publicity that counts.

Such is the mighty but still static force that militarism is straining every faculty to resist. No envoy to the conference will be an absolutely free agent except so far as concerns his own good faith and courage. Even those of the highest rank and station will be, in a very real sense, serious and dignified marionettes actuated by the invisible cords that lead to their own seats of government. The cabinet ministers who pull the cords will be in their turn set in motion by the millions of unseen threads, slender as those that bound Gulliver, that trace back to the hands of their constituencies.

There will be two sets of these invisible strands—one on which the militarists will tug with might and skill and practiced teamwork, and one that will tassel out into the hands of that great unschooled majority which will pull for the whole world's salvage. On the net result of these tugs of peace and war will the fate of the conference hang. What Senator Borah said to his own countrymen should be advertised to the ends of the earth before the conference meets: "This is the people's salvation and it is, therefore, the people's fight." And it is a fight that can be won.

Not one of the obstacles that stand in the way of a momentously happy outcome of the conference is insurmountable. Japan, for example, has sometimes appeared not unwilling to raise difficulties; and yet, when that nation's peculiar position is taken into account, strong reasons can be urged upon us and upon other powers for making that position less strained. Japan is like a young samurai, poor, but very proud, engaged in a game of chance in which the stakes are perilously high; yet, high as they are, the young player would lose his last yen with exquisite suavity before he would propose that the stakes be lowered and a limit set.

The Japanese are the most reticent people on the face of the globe. Silence is often golden, and a still tongue is a great gift; and yet the over-reticent are likely to be misjudged and misunderstood. Inscrutability, which is accounted as part of the equipment of every successful gamester or diplomatist, is essential when dissimulation is necessary; but when frankness and simplicity are most needed that same impassivity is not a help but a hindrance. The blankest countenance does not go unread. It is merely misread, and often to its owner's damage. Japan is not unacquainted with that experience. Excessive silence has sometimes led to the misreading of her mind, and she has been charged with being overbearing when at heart she was merely troubled and perplexed.

Consider her situation. In years gone by Nippon was confronted by a White Peril to the west of her far more real than any Yellow Peril that we have ever dreaded. Overpopulated, ill-endowed with natural resources and laboring under grievous taxation, she is frankly land hungry. When she overran the bounds of her island empire she plotted out and occupied her circles of influence on the Asiatic mainland in imitation of the European nations that had preceded her. It is clear that she hopes to break the Chinese dragon to harness; but always in the back of her head burns the thought that one day the too lightly harnessed dragon may kick himself free and annihilate her. She dreads the not impossible day when she may lose not only colonies but have to defend her very homeland as well. If the coming conference, or the negotiations that are to antedate it, can evoke a frank statement of Japan's perplexities that have their roots in the Asiatic mainland, and if her apprehensions over them can be cleared up, she will be in a position in which she can discuss without constraint the problems that have their seat to the east of her.

France faces the future with a brave and smiling face. Her courage is undaunted, yet her wounds are all but mortal. Great Britain, as a political entity, is living upon sheer grit and upon her amazing Anglo-Saxon aptitude for weathering storms. Spendthrift America is still solvent, but great as her resources are they are not so stupendous that a war cannot absorb and dissipate them.

Look where we will it would seem as if the new internationalists came into being in the very nick of time. They were even born with a golden argument in their mouths. That argument is Germany. The pill that was thrust down her throat at Versailles in the expectation that it would keep her weak for fifty years has indubitably saved her economic life. Month by month as she waxes stronger it is borne in upon a startled world that the one splendid and enduring achievement of the Congress of Versailles was the accidental discovery of an infallible cure for war-sick nations. That cure is Disarmament.

Industrial Democracy and Human Nature—By Albert W. Atwood

EVER since the beginning of the European war, and especially from the time we entered the conflict, the people of this country have been treated to a tremendous amount of talk regarding industrial democracy. Generally speaking, the phrase has had no exact or precise meaning to most of those who have read or heard it. But its use has implied usually or, indeed, has often been accompanied by the proclamation of the dawn of a new day, supposed to involve far-reaching, vast and perhaps portentous changes, not only in the industrial structure but also in the very civilization itself of this country.

It would be difficult at this time to find another subject which raises such important questions as industrial democracy. Are we dealing with a mere smooth-sounding, mouth-filling phrase, one of the numerous word products of the temporary, abnormal and feverish frenzy of wartime inflation? Did panic-stricken employers, unable to secure production demanded by the forced draft of war, fall into a wild stampede to adopt every will-o'-the-wisp offered by self-styled and self-seeking experts? Or are we dealing with a general and permanent trend, a movement of long continuance, wide application, rising force, continuity, and partaking of the character of evolution and organic growth?

What does industrial democracy mean anyway? It seems to mean what the person using the expression intends it to mean, and few, indeed, are the persons willing to admit that they don't know what it means.

At one extreme it appears to stand for a clever effort on the part of the employer to beat the union. Or, to express the idea differently, here is a scheme which, by creating a sufficiently elaborate machinery or organization on paper, together with the election of wage earners to a lot of positions on councils or other supposedly governing bodies, gives these workers a feeling that they are running the business when in fact they are not.

Mr. Gompers refers to this rather brusquely as "the patronizing act of patting the workers on the back," as an "empty honor," and a "sop to the workers." Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, is no less outspoken. At a recent annual meeting of the stockholders of that company he said:

> According to our information, all the modern . . . plans were adopted under conditions or in times of emergency, and on the real if not disclosed ground that they were the lesser of two evils; that they would perhaps prevent the unionization of the plants in question. Indeed, the labor unions themselves openly objected to and argued against these plans for these reasons.

Why not frankly face all the possibilities, including the less pleasant? Many employers, rather rightly or wrongly, are opposed to dealing with the unions as such, especially the national or international unions, and either have fought for the open shop or against the closed union shop. During the war organized labor won enormous victories. President Wilson invited its leaders into the highest places. Unionism swept on and on. Now the best way to combat something which you do not like is to set up something else in its place, an ingenious substitute if possible, and hope that each will kill off the other.

One Phrase With Many Meanings

NOR is this quite the worst of it. It is a fair question whether in the long run real harm will not be done by the enthusiastic announcement to the world on the part of large business organizations that at last they have found a plan which will enable the workers to rule at least fifty-fifty with the management, when, as a matter of fact, it will not take the workers themselves very long to see through such deceptive child's play and camouflage.

Such at least is one possible way of looking at industrial democracy. At the other extreme is the even more unpleasant fact that it is advocated by the wrecking crew, by those who are working either in the open or underneath for the introduction of communism, Bolshevism and the proletarian dictatorship, and who welcome any movement, no matter how apparently mild, which they believe will help to break down capitalism. Or yet again industrial democracy may not mean anything specific at all, but only a vague generalization which sounds well and avoids the hard labor of thinking through specific and complicated labor questions. Or, finally, it may mean a progressive but sane and orderly attempt to improve industrial relations which should be given a far less ambitious name.

However varied the meanings read into this phrase by different people, the words standing by themselves can have only one meaning, and that is control of industry, to a large measure at least, by the workers or laborers therein. Indeed, this is exactly what many people—not the employers, however—understand by industrial democracy, with the further refinement that by workers is usually meant the manual workers of the more unskilled variety.

But in spite of many hundreds of attempts to apply various forms of so-called industrial democracy in this country in the last few years, in spite of a powerful agitation to democratize the railroads, in spite of even greater agitation for the control of industry

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WHY THE DOG IS NERVOUS

THE MANIKIN MAKERS

XXII

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ALONZO THANE, sitting in the top-floor room in his house in New York, surrounded by his books celebrating the lives and times of men of action, waited for Hugh Sylvester, his confidential man. His table was heaped with telegrams, letters and newspaper clippings. He had several sheets of paper before him, covered with tabulations, and a number of political almanacs and maps. Presently his servant announced Sylvester.

"Send him up," ordered Thane.

When Sylvester came into the room Thane said, with the manner of command instead of invitation: "Sit down, Sylvester. Sit over here."

It was evident to Sylvester that his chief was in a bad humor and he prepared himself for a bad quarter of an hour.

"Now, then," continued Thane sharply, after Sylvester had taken the indicated chair, "why didn't we get those Bastable delegates?"

"We did get them."

"I mean why didn't we get them with Romney at the head of them and owning them, instead of Bastable?"

"It wasn't in the cards. Bastable has been in control of that state for thirty years, and you can't go in and upset a power like that in a few weeks."

"That's an excuse, not a reason. Was it a question of money?"

"Not at all. We had plenty of money."

"Why didn't you use it, then?"

"We did use it. We bought anything and everything there was to buy."

"Except one."

"What one?"

"Bastable."

"You haven't money enough to buy Bastable."

"Rot! I've got money enough to buy anybody. Every man has his price." Thane almost shouted his controlling doctrine.

"If that is true it is time for you to go out and do some shopping yourself."

"I don't understand you."

"There's only one main transaction needed to settle this the way you want it. You say every man has his price. Well, what is Cato Enderly's price?"

Thane's pale face reddened at this. "That's different," he exclaimed, his anger showing in his voice. "Enderly isn't for sale."

"Neither was Bastable," Sylvester answered calmly.

"I don't believe it!" stormed Thane, rising from his seat and pounding on his desk with his clenched fist. "Romney didn't try. Afraid to, I suppose, the poor coward. I tell you, Sylvester, this sort of halfway business has got to stop! I'm going to beat Norton and I'm going to beat Enderly, and I don't care how much it costs or what has to be done. I don't want any more of these delegations that are Melander on the outside and nobody knows who on the inside. I want delegations that will do what Thane will tell them to do. Thane—understand?"

"Going to take it yourself?" asked Sylvester, entirely at ease beneath the tirade of his chief.

"No, I am not going to take it myself, but I am going to name the man who will take it."

"Not Melander, I hope."

"Not Melander, you hope! You know it won't be Melander. What would I do with that lunatic in the White House? But not any man of Cato Enderly's—not in a thousand years. What I want, and intend to have, is a deadlock between Norton and Melander, and then I'll show those pikers what money can do. I'll show them!"

Thane stood scowling at Sylvester, who lighted a cigarette and looked at him tolerantly.

"All right," he said. "I understand that. Now if you will sit down I will explain this to you in about two minutes. Romney balled it up by making it a fight against Bastable instead of keeping it a fight between Norton and Melander. At the same time, Melander was going so strong out there that Bastable had to join in with him. So Bastable made it a personal question over getting the delegates, and was strong enough to hold a majority of the convention. Then he recognized the Melander strength by having the delegates instructed for Melander."

The Full Force of This Declaration Hit Him. He Swayed a Bit, and the Message Dropped From His Hand to the Floor

"That was a hell of an instruction!" cried Thane.

"It was as good as he could get. Besides, what's the matter with it?"

"What's the matter with it? Everything's the matter with it. It doesn't tie Bastable down to Melander."

"What do you want him tied down to Melander for?" asked Sylvester, with an assumption of surprise. "You are not going to nominate Melander. If Bastable is footloose you will be able to do business with him at the convention that you couldn't do if he was sewed up to Melander until the end of the show. You can see that, can't you?"

Thane looked at Sylvester searchingly. "Did you see it?" he asked.

"No matter whether I did or not. I see it now. If, as you say, you can buy Bastable, that will be the time to do the buying and the market will be open, not closed."

"I'll get him, all right," said Thane with an arrogance that made Sylvester smile a little; "and I'll get Enderly too. I'm not in this for my health."

"Good! I wish you luck. That seems to close the Bastable business. Now let's talk on the general situation."

They went into a long discussion, going over the campaign, state by state.

When it was finished and Sylvester rose to leave, Thane said: "No matter what you say I'm not satisfied with that Bastable outcome. I want real delegations, not bogus ones. Don't let it happen that way again."

Nevertheless, it did happen that way again, or substantially that way, three times. Enderly's leaders in three other of the six states selected for the working of the Pondevero plan, turned in results similar to those Bastable secured, modified as was necessary by local necessities and conditions, but satisfactory to Enderly. The plan failed in two states, where Melander's managers outgeneraled and outvoted Enderly's leaders, and elected delegations that were not controlled by Enderly's men.

Norton and Melander continued their speaking campaigns, and each won delegates in additional states, with Norton securing most of these selected. Enderly was well satisfied with the way things were going, and was making his preparations for the convention. He had dismissed Constable from his mind, as Constable had given no outward evidence of interest in anything but his senatorial duties. His bill for the regulation of corporations was before the Senate, and Constable had advocated it eloquently and had secured other senators to support him, but the organization senators, though tolerant and kindly disposed, showed no intention of pressing it to a vote. Enderly saw little of Constable, and had the most casual conversations with him when they did meet.

One afternoon in the middle of May, after the great bulk of the delegates had been chosen, Enderly received a telegram from Pliny Peters, who continued with Norton, which consisted of one word: "Copper." Pliny Peters, having a taste for the vernacular, had selected that word as his code designation for Constable, utilizing the slang term for the common-noun meaning of Constable's name—constable—copper. Pliny thought this was a fine code touch, but communication between Norton and Constable was so far outside Enderly's busy thought that he had forgotten the code arrangement.

"Copper?" he puzzled. "What the devil does he mean? I sold my Amalgamated long ago. Copper—copper —— Oh, by George, now I remember! He means Constable. So the Honorable Arthur is communing with the candidate, is he? Well, we'll see about that."

He sent off a message to Peters asking for particulars, and late next afternoon a messenger arrived with a full report from Great Neck, where Norton was resting preparatory to a few last appearances in late-convention sections. Peters said that Senator Constable arrived in the morning, evidently by private appointment, and spent the entire day closeted with Norton. He had no access to the two men, and was unable to learn what they had talked about, but had no doubt it was about the campaign, because they had sent for polls, delegate estimates and much similar information. Also, they had asked for the Congressional Record of certain dates, and the records of those dates were ones that had printed reports of various speeches made on the Constable Bill, by Constable himself, and others. Constable had stayed overnight on the day the messenger to Enderly was dispatched. That was all Peters could discover.

"Lobbying a little with the candidate for his bill," Enderly said to himself after he had read the Peters report. "Well, that won't hurt. Norton can't do anything about it until after he is elected, and then probably we'll all be for it."

Constable went immediately from Great Neck to his own state, which was one of the latest to select delegates. Both Melander and Norton had campaigned there, but it was conceded that the delegation would be headed by Constable, and that the political complexion of it would be decided by Constable. Melander made somewhat of a fight, but Constable easily defeated him, and was placed at the head of the delegation, which was made up exclusively of Constable men, and uninstructed.

A day or two after Constable returned to Washington he met Enderly on the Capitol steps.

"Hello, senator," he said. "How are you? Busy, I suppose. Haven't seen you in a long time. How is the campaign coming on?"

"How do you do, Arthur?" Enderly responded as they shook hands. "I'm well, and busier than you can imagine. I see you got your delegation, all right."

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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"Oh, yes. No difficulty about that."

"Who are you going to vote them for?"

"What is that," laughed Constable; "an inquiry or a proposition?"

"Mere idle curiosity. Hope you'll be on the band wagon with us; that's all."

"I will if the band plays my sort of tunes."

"Well," said Enderly, "that's rather forcing your musical taste on the rest of us. How does that stirring quickstep, Ewen Norton, 'Tis of Thee, strike you?"

"Depends on the key it is in," Constable answered.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Enderly. "You are dictatorial. Well, the band wagon will drive around and there will be a seat for you if you want it. Seen Norton lately?"

"Yes," said Constable. "I spent a day with him not long ago. He's developed a lot, hasn't he? We'll make a real progressive out of him yet."

"We will?" asked Enderly. "Who's we?"

"Why, you and Hollister and Pondevero and me and all the rest of us."

"Have you joined our happy company? I'm glad to hear it. Welcome to the fold!"

"Don't be in too much of a hurry. Better keep me on probation for a while."

"As you will," said Enderly as he moved away, "but don't hang off too long. The membership list is likely to close at any time."

Norton's final speeches had been as progressive as Enderly, even in his most expansive moments, had desired; more so in one or two instances. Enderly, counting delegate noses, was sure that Norton could be nominated, and he went to Great Neck to make equally sure that he wanted to nominate him, although he was well aware that even if he did decide adversely, at the last moment, the task would be a gigantic one because of the Norton sentiment that had been created and the Norton delegates that had been secured not only on the foundation of that sentiment but at Enderly's own orders and requests.

Enderly found Norton confident, although he knew that he had not the actual number of pledged votes required to nominate him.

"What do your final figures show?" he asked Enderly.

"It looks promising," Enderly told him.

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket, handed it to Norton, and from it Norton read this tabulation:

Total number of votes	940
Necessary to choice	471
Norton	405
Melander	340
Driggs	68
Meech	30
Unpledged	97

You lack 66 votes of a majority," Enderly explained to him, "and Melander lacks 131. Now if Melander could get all the unpledged votes he still would lack a majority. So he would if he could get the combined Driggs and Meech vote. He can't do either immediately. Hence his tactics will be to deadlock the convention, hold his votes and work for enough additional votes to make up his required 131. We need but 66 more, and we have just as good facilities for getting our 66 as Melander has for getting his 131; probably better. Therefore I say that it looks promising. For example, Constable has 12 votes from his state that ought to come to us on the first ballot; and there may be others. In any event, we start in the commanding position, and I am sure we shall hold it. There will be a lot of preliminary skirmishing before the convention gets down to a ballot, but I have no doubt we shall hold our own, and eventually win with you."

Enderly went into a detailed analysis of the vote, but did not say anything about the 54 from Bastable, and the others of similar certainty, that were in ambush. He felt it better to keep Norton on the anxious seat than to assure him of his nomination. Candidates on the anxious seat are much more amenable than candidates who are on the throne of certainty.

Norton was quiet and interested. He made some suggestions, and asked a few questions. Enderly left him with a final statement of the difficulties and the labors still involved, said he was moving on to the convention city in a few days, cautioned him to say nothing further to the press, and told him that he fully expected to telegraph him his congratulations on the fourth or fifth day of the convention.

"How did you find the candidate?" asked Hollister when Enderly was back in Washington.

"Apparently tractable; quiet and serene; asked no disconcerting questions, and seems impressed with the solemnity of his position."

"What about those latest speeches of his?"

"Oh, those are all right," Enderly answered easily. "We'll fix all that in the platform. He has been playing politics, that's all; supplying the popular demand."

"Hope so," said Hollister. "It certainly would jar me to wake up on the morning after Brother Norton has been nominated and find out that he believed all this rot he has been preaching; and you, too, Cato, seeing that you are responsible for a lot of it."

"No fear, Henry; no fear. That gentleman will proceed to his destination along the route that we shall pick out for him."

Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero and their clerks and secretaries started for the convention on the following day. Their plans were to be there ten days ahead of the opening of the convention, in order to watch all developments, arrange for all convention preliminaries and details, and to expedite such contests as there might be. Enderly was awakened in his drawing-room on the first morning out by the Pullman conductor, who handed him several telegrams.

The first of these was from Pliny Peters and read: "Copper."

"Constable is at it again, eh?" commented Enderly. "Well, he'll have to work fast, for he is due at the convention himself in a few days."

He and Hollister had breakfast together, some hours after the early rising Pondevero. "Constable is over with Norton again," he said.

"Well, well," commented Hollister. "Persistent cuss, isn't he? What do you suppose he's after?"

"Anything he can get, I imagine," Enderly replied.

XXIII

THE hotel lobbies in the convention city filled as the date of the convention approached, with a yammering, jostling, sweating crowd of delegates and alternates, spectators, hangers-on, minor officials, politicians looking for places to edge in—all the bluffing, blustering, ballyhooing, bebadged humanity that infests hotel lobbies and drinking places and sidewalks adjacent to the headquarters hotels at convention time. The lobby strategists settled everything forty times a day, but upstairs, in the rooms set apart for the managers of the various candidates and for the leaders of the party, there was cold, expert, unemotional and mercenary politics played. Enderly and his men were concerned with holding what they had, and intensively worked at that important task, while the others, notably the Melander leaders, concerned over what they must have, reached in every direction and sought with every lure for additional support.

The national committee ground away at the contests, for Melander's managers had set up contesting delegations in several states. The orders from Enderly to the committee were to hear each case fully, give everybody a chance to present evidence, make speeches and file protests, and then to seat the Enderly men; and these orders were scrupulously obeyed. The Melander managers issued screaming manifestoes that charged every known political malfeasance, and some new ones invented by the manifesto makers to fit the situation to the Enderly supporters, but those casehardened politicians went about their business methodically. They worked slowly, but surely. There was not a slip nor a halt in the program.

The details of convention procedure were carefully arranged. Enderly had decided on the Hon. Horace Harden Griswold for temporary chairman, a statesman with a vibrant voice and a ductile disposition, who was schooled in resonant oratory that assayed, when put into the crucible of print, more safe and sane platitudes to the cubic yard than the oratory of any other leader in

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"I'm Going to Beat Norton and I'm Going to Beat Enderly, and I Don't Care How Much It Costs, or What Has to be Done"

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the party, but that sounded in delivery like the profound and final word of party authority.

The job of the Hon. H. H. Griswold was to keynote the convention, the campaign and the candidate, and his ambition was to remain in the limelight as long as possible. He had worked arduously over his speech, and was well satisfied with it, but Enderly took no chances. At an opportune time he called Griswold in before a critical jury of his friends and associates, and compelled that eloquent statesman to sound his keynote before these, sitting as solemnly in a half circle before him as the executive committee of a convention of undertakers; and these saw to it that the keynote was on the prescribed key in every syllable, and that the copies of his speech that went officially to the press were as edited by them, in case verbose Griswold should be tempted to any amplifications during his hour in the spotlight. The Melander men had chosen Romney as their candidate for temporary chairman. The first clash of the two forces would come almost as soon as the convention opened and would be on this temporary chairmanship.

Enderly made careful lists of the men he would have on the committee on permanent organization, the committee on credentials and the committee on resolutions; especially the resolutions committee, because this committee would issue the platform that Enderly had carefully prepared as an antidote for the progressivism of his candidate. His plan was to nominate Norton, but not the Norton who had gone to some lengths of radicalism in the preconvention campaign. The Norton Enderly intended to nominate was to be nominated on and bound to a platform that was to be as safe and sane as the keynote speech of the Hon. H. H. Griswold. Enderly knew there would be a fight over this, because states with real and not ambushed Melander delegations would put men on the resolutions committee who would represent the Melander idea.

However, Enderly had a safe majority. He was in control of thirty states, and he would have thirty Enderly men on that committee to combat eighteen Melander men.

Enderly was on the lookout for Thane, and his scouts soon discovered that Thane was in town. He had taken a large furnished house in the residence district, about a mile from the hotel center, and was living there with Sylvester, who in turn had rooms for his negotiations in the principal hotel, with a private telephone leading to Thane's house, which had been installed some time before the convention vanguard arrived. Enderly had ample and almost instant information of Thane's projects, because Sylvester was forced to confer with the Melander leaders from all states, and because, further, several of those Melander leaders were Enderly lieutenants. Enderly verified his conception of the Thane tactics, which were not to nominate Melander, but first to prevent the nomination of Norton by deadlocking the convention between Norton and Melander, and then to use any means that were required to swing support to his real candidate, who was Meech, with whom Thane had made private and effective arrangements.

Enderly's final instructions to his men were to take their time, to allow every Melander shouter to have his full say, not to apply gag rule and to let the thing work out with the simulation of fair play all around. He did not intend to leave a loophole for protest after the convention, of gagging or suppression, and methodically arranged every detail for an apparent hand-to-hand fight out in the open, with the stronger man to win, and, he hoped, little resultant soreness to follow into the campaign.

The opening session of the convention was at noon on Wednesday. Enderly planned to get at the balloting on Friday, at a night session, and to close with the nomination of the vice-presidential candidate on Saturday. There were flags, crowds, bands, cheerers, and all the usual skillfully manufactured enthusiasms and spontaneities that mark every national convention. Promptly at noon the convention was called to order by the national chairman, and a bishop made a prayer. Then, after the reading of the call and the other preliminaries, it was announced that the Hon. Horace Harden Griswold had been selected by the national committee as temporary chairman for the convention. There was instant and vociferous storm of protest over this, and the substitution of the Hon. Charles J. Romney for Griswold was moved and seconded.

"Let them talk," Enderly told the national chairman, who still had the gavel.

The debate ran for hours. Orator after orator got on the rostrum and urged Griswold as the one hope of the party; and orator after orator set forth the necessity for Romney lest the republic should perish from the earth. Finally the vote came. The Melander men, including the ambushed Norton men in it, voted solidly for Romney; and so did the Meech men, and a few of the uninstructed delegates. Romney had 432 votes and Griswold 508 when the division came. The Driggs men voted for Griswold, and Enderly was gratified to note that Constable also cast the vote of his delegation for Griswold.

The result was announced, and thereupon the Hon. Horace Harden Griswold keynoted resonantly and was sufficiently applauded. After the routine committees were appointed the convention adjourned until noon the next day. Constable went on the resolutions committee, which was to have the framing of the platform.

"No hurry now," Enderly cautioned McHatton, who was slated for chairman of the resolutions committee. "Let them talk their heads off and take a vote on every proposition made, no matter how fantastic it is, but beat them all; and when they have done their darnedest adopt the platform you have in your inside pocket and report it to the convention."

"How long do you want us to stay out?" asked McHatton.

"Let it run," Enderly answered. "Let them have every facility for that free and untrammeled expression they are always yawping about, and then trammel them according to specifications. I don't care if you don't get in until Friday."

Reports from the meeting of the resolutions committee were that after the various organization planks had been proposed and argued for a time Senator Constable had submitted an entirely new and most progressive platform, and moved its substitution for the platform drafted. He had considerable support, and the committee was tied up in a snarl that there seemed to be no hope of unraveling for many hours.

"Constable's off," Enderly said to Hollister. "He's the man we've got to fight in this platform business."

"What's he doing?"

"Oh, he has submitted a platform that includes about every ism the progressives have advocated for five years, and they've gone to the mat on it."

"Well, we can stop that any time we want to."

"Certainly; but let them squabble. If we can tire them out in there we won't have to listen to them so long when they make their minority report to the convention."

The resolutions committee continued in turbulent session most of the night, and went at it at noon the next day. Meantime the convention reassembled, heard the report of the committee on permanent organization and upheld its recommendation of Senator Elisha Ingham for permanent chairman, a skilled, adroit, courageous and entirely amenable Enderly organization man, who knew what was wanted of him by Enderly and how to bring about what was required. The credentials-committee report took some time, and several orators who had been blanketed on the day before were turned loose on the crowds to vociferate on the glories of the republic and its mainstay, the party of which the sturdy and honest representatives were there in convention assembled.

Finally it was announced that the committee on resolutions was not ready to report, and adjournment was taken until noon the next day.

By this time Enderly had complete knowledge of Thane's plan, which was to continue with Melander for a few ballots, and then gradually to throw the Melander delegates to Meech. This was good politics, because Meech was an organization man in good standing, although opposed to Enderly, and had many friends among the Norton delegates. These friends, if deadlocked on Norton, might be brought over to Meech as a way out of the impasse, because Meech was regular in his affiliations, but progressive enough to suit all but the extreme radicals. Meech had sixty votes he could add to the votes Thane controlled, and Thane was devoting all his energies to picking up enough more to give Meech the required 471 after Melander had been eliminated.

McHatton, pale, hollow-eyed, dead for sleep, came to see Enderly on Friday morning.

"How much longer, boss?" he asked.

"Close it up this afternoon," said Enderly. "We've been tolerant enough with them. Jam through our platform. I suppose there will be a minority report."

"Sure; Constable is getting ready to make one."

"Well, we'll handle that in the convention, and then we'll go right to the main portion of the entertainment. Bring in your report about seven o'clock. That will give us time to get the nominating speeches out of the way during the afternoon."

When the convention opened at noon on Friday Chairman McHatton, of the resolutions committee, announced that his committee was not ready to report, and a motion was made, seconded and carried that the convention proceed to placing of candidates in nomination, with the stipulation, however, as arranged by Enderly, that there should be no balloting until after the report of the committee on resolutions—the platform—had been adopted.

Wherefore various eulogists of Norton, Melander, Driggs and Meech came to the platform and redundantly and raucously told of the perfections of the men they named, and of how it was impossible to win with any other. The galleries spent the afternoon cheering, waving flags, hooting, singing and otherwise creating bedlam for their favorites, and the delegates sat stolidly through it all, wondering how soon it would be over, and figuring on the trains home they could get.

There were hours of this, hours of oratory, clamor and half hysteria that amused the crowds, bored the delegates and passed the time. About eight o'clock it was announced that the committee on resolutions was ready to report. Enderly, who had gone out to get a sandwich, hurried back and gave Ingham his final instructions.

"Let them debate it," he said. "Give them free rein."

"How long?" asked Ingham.

"As long as they have any talk left in their systems. Don't hurry. We don't want to nominate until after midnight, anyhow, because a lot of the delegates are superstitious about Friday being bad luck. After we adopt our platform go right at the balloting. We'll stay here until daybreak if necessary. We're going to nominate before we leave the hall."

McHatton, as chairman of the resolutions committee, read the Enderly platform, which was a craftily prepared document. It was excessively long, with the widest party appeal couched in the language of safety, sanity and judicious conservatism, but it had some progressive leaven in it. It was as all-sheltering as a circus tent, but there was no paragraph in it that allowed any misapprehensions as to the ownership by the organization of both the circus and the tent. The Enderly men cheered for ten minutes. McHatton, a vigorous and skilled debater and speaker, advocated his majority platform with a rattling speech. Then Constable presented a minority report from the committee, and moved substitution of that report, which constituted a platform, for the platform McHatton presented.

Constable replied to McHatton's arguments and discussed his platform in detail. He insisted that the party, to be true to itself and in step with the spirit of the times, must insure the representative character of the Government by alterations in the fundamental laws that would provide direct primaries for the nomination of state and national candidates for office, preferential primaries for presidential candidates, the direct election of United States senators by the people, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum and recall. He presented a long list of advanced measures for social and industrial reform, which included many proposed national labor laws, all favoring labor, and he inserted the provisions of his own corporation-regulation bill. He urged nationalization of the natural resources of the country, demanded a tariff revision that would prevent protection to any industry that was unfair to labor or operating in restraint of trade, and a scientific tariff commission.

These were but high spots in his proposed platform. In general, though it was not so radical as the Melander program, it was extremely progressive, and denounced high finance, corporations, profiteering, existing banking monopolies and methods, and about everything else in which Enderly or his friends had personal, financial or political interest. The real Melander men cheered him wildly, and rose to Constable's support. The Enderly men rushed to the defense of McHatton, and the battle was on. It was a bitter, often personal, always exclamatory, knock-down-and-drag-out debate, and it raged and roared for hours. The night was hot. The convention hall steamed with humidity. Men came on the platform without coats, without collars, to shout for McHatton or to demand Constable's program. The spectators shed their coats, and the great hall was white and glaring and torrid in the electric lights.

The delegates tired soon, and by midnight the shouts of "Vote! Vote!" became insistent. Ingham allowed a few more speakers to rise up and rant, and then judiciously worked the situation around to a division. The roll was called at half past two. Enderly's platform was adopted by 487 votes to 453 for the Constable substitute.

"Gosh!" said Hollister. "That's tighter than I thought it would be. This outfit is pretty progressive."

"Glad it wasn't a walk-over," Enderly answered. "Now we can proceed to harpoon Mr. Alonzo Thane with a light and happy spirit and with hearts free from guile, because we certainly have been kind to them so far."

Romney made a valiant effort to secure a recess until noon, but the Enderly men crushed it. "Vote!" they shouted. "Take a ballot!" "Let's finish the job!" It was nearly four o'clock before the insistent Romney and his supporters were disposed of. The crowds had thinned somewhat, but there were thousands remaining, a sweaty sea of hot, tired, impatient and noisy people surrounding an island of equally hot, impatient and tired delegates. Any man who rose then was howled down. "Vote!" the crowds cried, "Vote! Vote! Vote!" and stamped with their feet and clapped their hands in vast and vociferous rhythm.

"Balloting for the nomination for President is now in order," cried Ingham, and was wildly cheered. "The clerk will call the roll."

"Alabama!" called the clerk, and the leader of the Alabama delegation rose and announced: "Alabama casts 14 votes for the Hon. Ewen Norton."

Every Norton partisan in the hall jumped to his feet and yelled, and the Melander partisans did their yelling when

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GRAND OPERATICS

Rosa Ponselle

By EDWARD H. SMITH

AN AFTERNOON performance at the old Victoria in New York eleven years ago. Hammerstein, the protean impresario, sat in an obscure corner wrapped in an aura of majestic and mocking dejection—interested in everything, disillusioned about everyone. A friend found him and burdened the manager's ears:

"There's a tenor in the next number you ought to listen to. He was a wagon driver or something of the sort out in Muncie, Indiana, and he's been yelling his head off in the chorus of a burlycue show. But he's got a voice, Oscar—he's got a voice. Take a look at him when he comes on. Schumann-Heink liked him years ago and said he could sing."

Hammerstein grunted and lapsed into dark speculations. Plans of theaters, operatic plots and counterplots, the great venture at the Manhattan, his dream of conquests in London, a thousand details of his far-flung ambitions were simmering in the manager's thought. But a man with a voice! That was a really important matter. Probably this fellow amounted to nothing. That was the way. Still, once in a million times one might hope to make a discovery. Well, what was delaying the lout?

A nowise prepossessing singer came forward and began to chant a popular song in a rich untrained tenor. Hammerstein yawned aloud and smiled pitifully at his own credulity. The tenor took a few high notes with ease and clarity. The impresario sat up. He applauded. The man sang again. Hammerstein went back stage.

"Where is that tenor singer?" he demanded with his odd accent and his bustly air of command.

A rather frightened young person was brought into the managerial presence. Hammerstein inspected him long and carefully, with a deeply serious mien and a twinkle in his eye.

"You've got it here, my boy," said he, tapping the singer on the throat. "But have you got it here?" And he thumped the performer's head with unnecessary energy.

The abashed tenor could only mumble that he hoped so.

"Come and sing for me next week," commanded the operatic baron. "Come to my audition. Maybe you can be taught something."

The singer did as commanded. Hammerstein immediately supplied him with money for his living and sent him to a teacher. In a very short time Orville Harrold appeared triumphantly in New York and in London, one of Oscar's discoveries. He had been plucked out of the ruinous obscurity of a vaudeville show and lifted to the operatic stars.

Few who know singers or operatic history need to be told anything of this artist's subsequent success and continued professional progress.

What Hammerstein did and said that day at the Victoria visualizes the great hunger of all impresarios. To find singers who have it in the throat and in the head—that is the great shining grail, the ineffable vision.

The World-Wide Search for Talent

THE thousands of ambitious musicians who have vainly stormed the doors of the operatic managers will find it hard to believe, yet there is nothing the impresario wants so much, dreams of so constantly, watches for so intently as the apparition of a genuine talent. Come whence it will and in whatever form, this is the darling ghost in every manager's hope closet. It cannot be otherwise. If an operatic leader chances to discover a singer with the real flair and the true golden voice he is a made man.

Whether it is wealth or celebrity he seeks, there is no difference. He is by that one stroke made potentially rich and famous. He is certain to share in the singer's triumphs, and he is a fool manager if he does not receive a share of the profits.

Not only is the impresario constantly watchful for promising young artists, but he has scattered in all parts of the world paid and unpaid assistants and legates commissioned to seek and find voices and talents. Let but some person in whom an opera chief has confidence step up and whisper that he or she has a promising artist at hand, and there is immediate mobility. Any of the greater impresarios will send his agents across seas and continents to sign a contract with a singer of sufficiently definite promise. Most managers will drop any other business and go flying after the new artist. Millions may be minted from the notes concealed in one fine throat, and the man who finds it and invites the world to hear it is certain of a seat among the elect.

Not only that. There are many thousands of well-meaning volunteers in the field of artistic discovery. Never a day passes in the life of the opera rajah without the visits of a few of these self-appointed discerners of approaching lyric splendor. They come from all directions and stations, pounding the drums for singers of every imaginable capacity and lack thereof. They are critics, teachers, persons of wealth or position, writers, friends of the manager and—most numerous of all—friends and relatives of the candidates. They make the days of the opera master delirious and his nights confounded. But they are part of his business, and he hears them all with what patience he can muster.

Here again the curse is mediocrity, the great drag anchor that retards the flight of every galleon cargoed with human aspiration. In the armies of singers recommended to the various impresarios every year there may be one or two fine talents and a few dozen acceptables. The rest are all men and women of only ordinary ability, indifferent promise or no virtue at all. The phenomenal voice, the cloud-mounting artist, appears only a few times in a generation. He or she has to be weeded out of millions of applicants.

Naturally, since the manager's day is of twenty-four implacable hours like that of other men, he has to take some precautions in the matter of approach to his sanctum. He cannot hear every singer who may wish to show his voice any more than the business magnate may hope to interview every man who comes toward him with a scheme. Intermediaries must do some of the weeding out, and it is for this reason that many have the impression that approach to managers is difficult—and so it is for those who have nothing to show. But for the singer of genuine promise nothing is more simple. Her music teacher, if he has any standing, can arrange the matter for her without difficulty. Any influential friend or any person having critical standing may do as much.

The uninformed student having operatic ambitions may wonder what system is followed in these matters. The same general plan is in use by all the leading managers in this country and abroad. It consists of regular and special hearings, or auditions, as they are termed. The hopeful student or singer approaches the impresario or his representative in person or through friends and asks to be heard. If his or her claim to hearing is worth considering an invitation to the audition will be forthcoming and the artist is thereafter brought to the presence of the operatic monarch. The voice and acting ability are displayed, and the listening judge usually, though not in all cases, expresses his opinion. Whether he may—in case that opinion is favorable—employ the singer is a quite different matter. Much depends upon his need of a voice of the sort exhibited, and still more on the degree of impression made.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Signor Gatti-Casazza holds these auditions at irregular intervals, depending upon the number of singers to be heard. They are held in the great opera house before a very small and carefully chosen audience. The body of the house is but dimly lighted, whereas the stage is in full effulgence and the appearing singer is placed under conditions precisely like those prevailing at a rehearsal. A pianist accompanies in place of the orchestra.

An Audition at the Metropolitan

BACK stage, waiting their turns to be heard, are the various applicants, generally accompanied by their teachers or coaches or members of their families. In the darkened auditorium sits Signor Gatti-Casazza surrounded by several of his conductors and other officials of the opera, by directors of the company and interested patrons and by such other persons as may be asked. On occasion, some of the trusted critics are present, but this is usually not permitted.

There are always the humors of such situations and the laughter-provoking misadventures. The costumes, the airs, the absurd mannerisms of some of the singers provoke most of the auditors to mirth, yet the occasion is altogether a solemn one. I fancy Signor Gatti-Casazza finds nothing very amusing about it, for the responsibility which rests upon him at such a time is no light one. There is always the possibility of mistake, of oversight, of a blasting misjudgment. The man who sits there and decides for and against the ambitions of men and women cannot be casual or careless.

To the singer this is naturally one of the great moments. Let us say that a young woman has been studying for ten years, and is come at last to her chance at a Metropolitan hearing. Everything rests on the issue. If that little group out in front is sufficiently impressed, fame and fortune are before her. If it remains indifferent or voices its disapproval, she is a failure and the dreams of her life are in ruin—temporarily, at any rate. True, the word at this opera house is not final. A singer may try again, and go elsewhere for a hearing. She may come again before the same group and show to better advantage. Nevertheless, this is the Olympus of opera in America, and to succeed here is the attainment of heart's desire; to fail is to suffer a great defeat.

Consequently the judgments given are seldom final in their import. As soon as a singer has been heard Signor Gatti-Casazza notes his impression or whispers it to his secretary, who makes a note of it opposite the number of the singer. Later he compares notes with his confrères and thus arrives at a decision. If a singer has made a great stir she is told so, and the offer of a contract is likely. If the impression made was less striking she is told that she shows quality and promise. There is no present room for her, but she is to feel encouraged. Frequently she may be helped to an opportunity elsewhere. If the singer shows no ability or promise the verdict is likely to be noncommittal. The most usual judgment is "Go and study more."

At these auditions there are frequently a dozen candidates. They are each permitted one aria of their own choice. If the listeners are interested they may ask for a second selection. The aspirants wait in the wings or the dressing rooms in feverish conditions of suspense, impatience, terror and hope. This is one occasion when stage fright is excusable, and liberal allowance is made for the nervousness of the singer, yet he or she who can step out with an air of confidence and courage and carry off the

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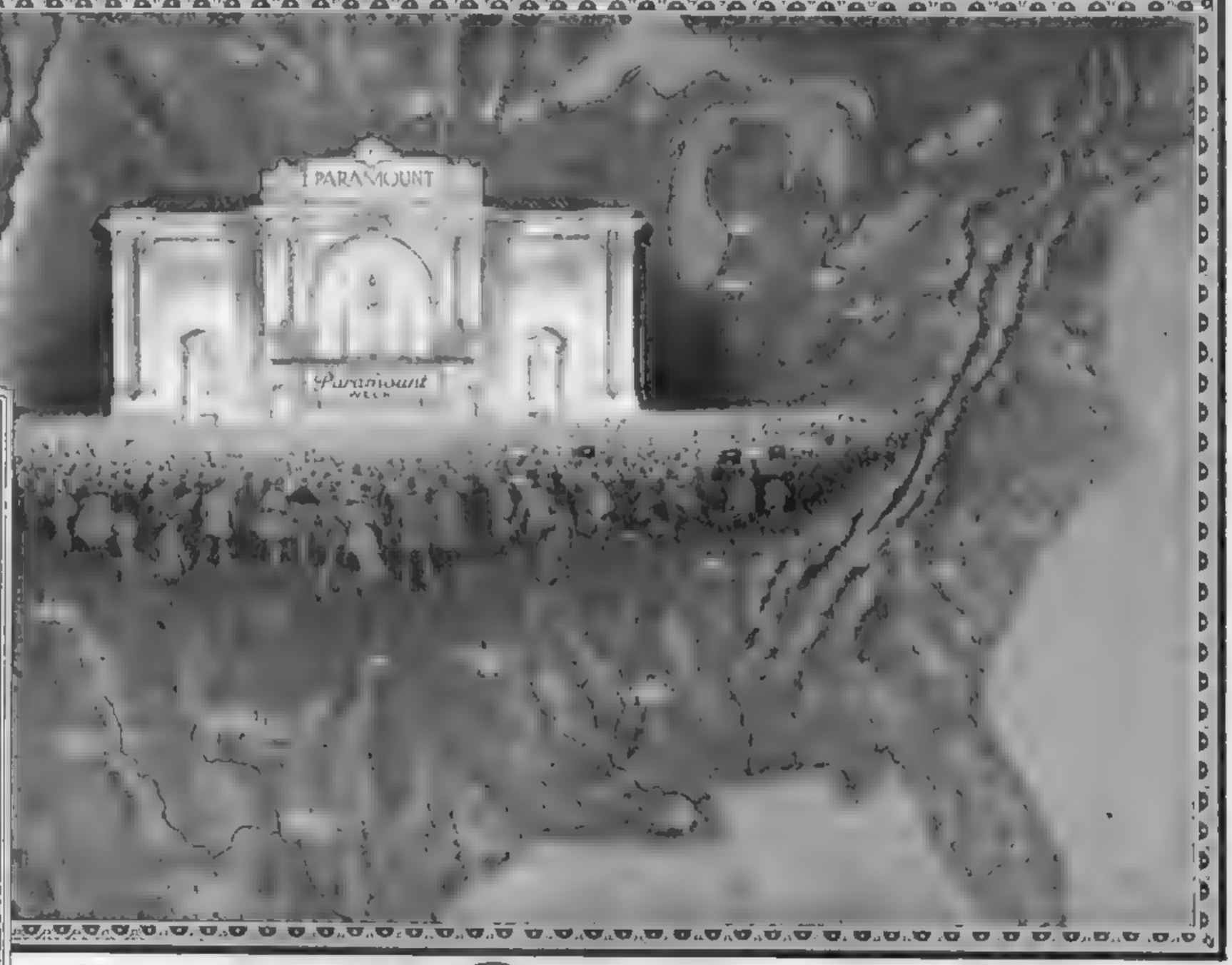

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Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
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"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell from
E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel
A Paul Powell production.

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
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A story with an unforgetable punch.

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A Donald Crisp British production from the
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Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
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Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
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Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
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Suggested by Schnitzler's play
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NEW YORK

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thing with a good theatrical face cannot but have the advantage. One after the other the young men and women come forward and sing as best they know how. Then they draw back and either leave the opera house at once or make their way into the auditorium to hear the other singers. Some wait and besiege the impresario for his opinion. Others show better taste in leaving such matters to friends. Finally the afternoon's work is done. The lights expire with soundless haste. The listeners trudge off to their offices. The porters begin to order the house for the evening performance.

Perhaps a new star has gone up over the eastern horizon. Peradventure a voice of beautiful promise has been heard. If so, the habitué will be informed of it at once by the manner and mien of the auditors. But more than likely there has been nothing heard or seen worth the time spent. In all likelihood it has been just another routine audition, with never a glint of light on any eminence of talent—mediocrity upon mediocrity, boredom and the waste of the spirit.

Cleofonte Campanini conducted his auditions in much the same way, and many a bitter hour these voice trials brought him. The struggling singer's disappointments always touched him, and he was probably too accessible to the unknown artist in distress. No one can have been more indefatigable in the pursuit of voices. One day a year or two before his death Campanini was visiting the studio of a New York teacher of voice. It was nothing more than a personal call on a man he knew well, yet he was seeking voice as always. While he sat talking he heard a woman practicing in the studio of another teacher across an areaway. The impresario forgot what he was chatting about and listened closely to the singing. After a few minutes he jumped up in visible excitement and wanted to be taken to the studio of the rival teacher. He was persuaded against this rash course, but insisted on discovering the name of the soprano and immediately had her invited to an audition. She sang for him and he straightway employed her. That was how Dorothy Jardon, one time New York Winter Garden girl, came to the Chicago company.

When Miss Mary Garden took me to one of her recent auditions in New York a crowd of forty or fifty hopefuls clogged the wings and it was not difficult to recognize among them many of the rejected of other tryouts. Our first woman impresario took a place well toward the front of the house with her secretary at her side and her stage manager and conductors about her. She called each aspirant by name from a list in her secretary's hands, listened attentively, often with a show of delight, sometimes with nervous impatience and embarrassment. Each singer was thanked for his or her efforts, sometimes with what I understood to be a finely affected enthusiasm. Occasionally Miss Garden asked a singer to give a second selection. Sometimes she complimented a musician publicly. Out of the whole range of applicants, requiring five solid hours to hear at the rate of one for every ten minutes, approximately, the manager found only two possessing any authentic promise. In these lone cases she asked who the teachers had been, what the singer's experience was and where she might communicate with her.

Edouard de Reszke

The Impresario's Difficulties

MR. FORTUNE GALLO is one of the most besieged individuals in opera. Precisely because his company is the only permanent organization in the country standing between the great endowed houses and the candidate for operatic honors his doors are always haunted by vocalists desiring to be heard. During his New York season he holds regular weekly auditions, usually on Thursdays, and the crowds of hopefuls that gather are the cause of endless wonderment. It used to be a conviction with me that all the incompetents in the world, convinced of their unfitness for any of the ordinary pursuits of commonplace mankind, had turned to writing and were trying to be authors. But after watching operatic auditions I am converted. It seems to me now the disinherited are equally divided between song and the writing art.

The impossibles that haunt the hearings of impresarios tempt one to perilous superlatives of description. The women dowered with forty-odd years and a couple of hundred in dead weight, coming to be heard as little Micaela or fiery Carmen or nubile Marguerite; the grandmothers determined to impersonate the lithe Louise or the temptress Thais; the doddering grandfathers come to show themselves as young romantic heroes; the graybeards dreaming of triumphs as Parsifal and Lohengrin; the malformed protagonists of Siegfried, the five-foot tenors vaunting to play the majestic Moor, Otello—these will never quite pass out of pathetic remembrance. Yet they but begin the dismal roster.

The strain such people and the countless other hopeless ones put upon the spirit and strength of the impresario will not readily be understood. It is not a pleasant thing to look upon the bitter vanities, the cradle-slain aspirations of unhappy, mirthless and untalented people. It is not sweet to brood with illusionless eyes on the pitiful strivings of the misdirected and misbegotten. I have seen Campanini and Gallo come from such auditions strained and depressed beyond immediate relief. But their ordeal was but begun. To tell these miserables the truth? Or to lie to them with pleasant evasions and let them go on nursing their own destruction? Or to avoid them altogether? Which? We shall see hereafter that the choice is not lightly to be made.

Nothing plagues the musical manager so much as the bootlessness of honest opinion and sound advice. In most cases—generally the most flagrant—it is impossible to tell the truth. Singers come to be praised and accepted. If one tells them, with every earthly certainty of being correct, that they have no voices and no future, one simply earns their hostility and makes certain that they will go about hymning the incompetence of the very critic whose judgment they sought. But that again is not all. Adverse opinion may lead to consequences so tragical that every critic of voice shrinks from the damning verdict.

It seems to be a weakness that even the wise and disillusioned are unable to command—this childish need of favorable opinion or none. Not long ago a man who knows operatic people by the score, has heard all the stories and laughed at all the weaknesses of others, brought his daughter to Gallo for a hearing. The manager shrank from the obligation, but found no escape. He heard the girl. She had a sweet little voice about big enough to fill a very modest drawing-room. Ten miracles might never have made an operatic singer of her. Surely, thought the impresario, here is a man to whom I may tell the truth. More than that, I must not deceive him. He is my friend. Gallo gave the father an honest opinion—and they are friends no longer.

A large number of the disappointed singers have the same tale to tell. They have been unfairly treated; they failed to put up money; they did not hire a press agent; they were at a disadvantage on the day of audition; they are not foreigners, if that be the case, or they are not Americans, if the reverse be true; they had no influence to exert; the impresario is a fool and knows nothing of music, and so on *ad nauseam*. Well, these things are human. They are part of the operatic legend. They go to make up the life, its gayety and its defeat.

The stories of singers' entry into opera are endless, and form a good part of the body of operatic tradition. Heretofore I have recounted the discovery of Orville Harrold. These true stories ought to convince the most skeptical that the managerial eye is always open for genuine talent. However, another anecdote of similar nature may be told here for its heartening effect.

One of the most brightly successful of the younger singers at the Metropolitan is Rosa Ponselle. This young woman was born and reared in Meriden, Connecticut, as Rosa Ponzilla. Her father is an Italian ice and coal man, and her brother, who is said to possess a remarkable tenor voice, still handles these useful staples of refrigeration and heat, declining absolutely to be lured away to the opera. Rosa and her elder sister, Carmela, set out in their youth to sing in vaudeville, and were well known in the lesser circuits, where they sang popular ballads and an occasional operatic aria. Carmela took the notion several years ago to go to a better teacher and have her voice tried. She was recommended to a New York man who had been successful with other singers, and she went to him. He liked her voice and told her she might be made into an operatic soprano.

Choosing a Teacher

ROSA, the younger girl, thought little of the idea, and decided not to study. However, she often accompanied her sister to the teacher's studio and watched him at work. He finally tried her voice also, and almost immediately decided that she was the better equipped of the pair. She began to study, and worked faithfully. The teacher then resorted to Signor Gatti-Casazza and asked him to hear the young woman. An audition was arranged and the Metropolitan leader was visibly moved. He tried the young soprano in several rôles and shortly gave her a contract. Her leap to success and celebrity was accomplished almost overnight. She had the voice and the temperament. That is the sole answer to the riddle.

The first, and perhaps the most vital, problem to vex the student aiming at operatic careering is the matter of a teacher. The talent for making singers is perhaps one of the rarest of all. The man or woman who has been a first-rate artist has a natural advantage both in practical experience and in the respect inspired among students, yet it cannot be maintained that former vocalists are always the most successful instructors. Teaching is the natural haven the singer seeks when age has robbed him of his full voice, and there are thus large numbers of former stars among the operatic chiefs of instruction. But there are also many who never sang a note in public. Many teachers reach the utmost celebrity, and it is perhaps a fact that they deserve praise even more than the luminous pupils they turn out. Such teachers as Della Sedie, Marchesi, Lilli Lehmann and Jean de Reszke, to mention only some of the most celebrated, enjoyed international renown and educated numerous artists of the first rank.

But it is not possible for the rank and file of young people to get into the hands of the indubitable masters. Teachers of more humble station must be trusted first, and the student must make his or her way upward toward better and higher forms of teaching, as in the common schools. When it is understood that incompetent or mistaken teaching may spoil a voice or at best teach a student many faults that will thereafter have to be painfully unlearned, the importance of the instructor will be better appreciated. But this is only the surface of the matter. There are honest and dishonest vocal instructors. These men and women are human, and one finds among them all the types that grace and disgrace life as a whole. How then shall the student choose the right person and step at once into the true path?

There is no general answer to this question. All the beginner may do is to consult those who may be depended on for knowledge and disinterest. The student may further fortify himself with information on the abuses sometimes practiced among venal vocal teachers, and it is to enlighten the thousands of ambitious youngsters that I recount here certain yarns about teachers and teaching. It should be carefully noted that I intend no broad attack

(Continued on Page 33)

Oil+gas+dust+water=?

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But today's gasoline is less volatile than that formerly sold. It is more apt to be drawn in liquid form into the combustion chambers. From there it leaks past the piston rings into the crank-case. This thins out the oil.

As mileage mounts up, this oil-and-fuel mixture is often further adulterated. Carbon is added. Road dust enters through the carburetor. Water and rust may also be present.

Then what?

1. Premature wear of cylinders, piston rings, crank-shaft, crank-pin and piston-pin bearings.
2. Poor compression.
3. Increased fuel and oil consumption.
4. Excessive carbon deposits, causing pre-ignition and laboring of the engine.
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It will pay you today to begin to use the right oil—*in the right way*.

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Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

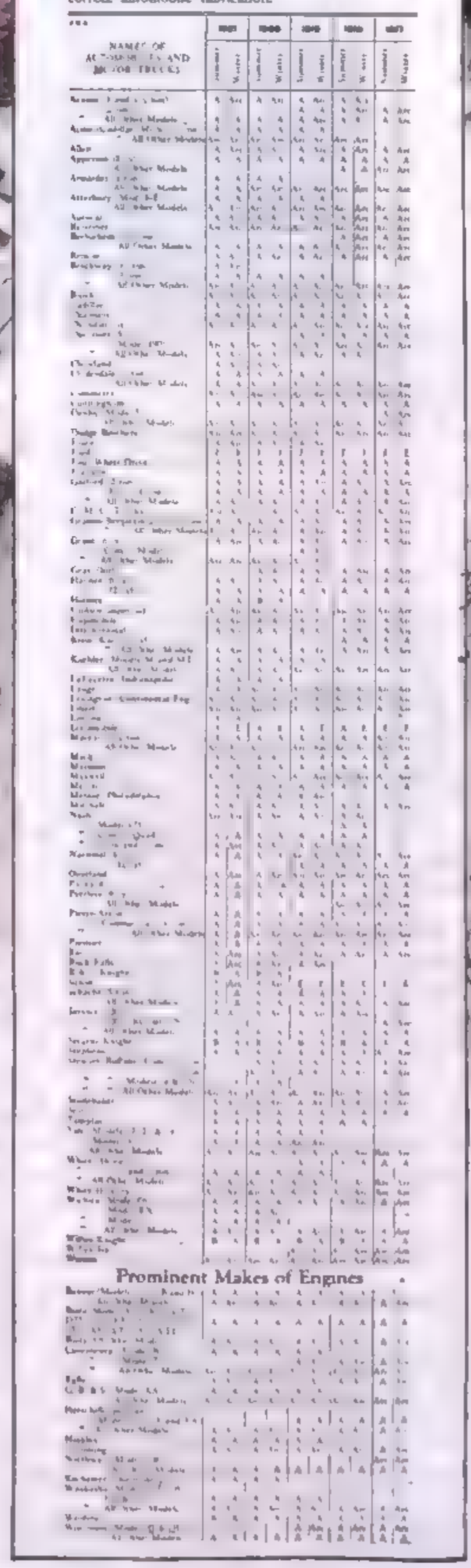
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Prominent Makes of Engines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Treasures Rare *they* Bore *to the* Doñas *of Old* Spain

UNDER fretted arches and along the moonlit galleries of the Alhambra the great ladies of the court of Philip V. were wont to promenade, adorned with rare fineries from the hands of famous craftsmen of the 16th century.

To these magnificent doñas of old Spain the masters of the ancient guilds of watchmakers brought their finest specimens.

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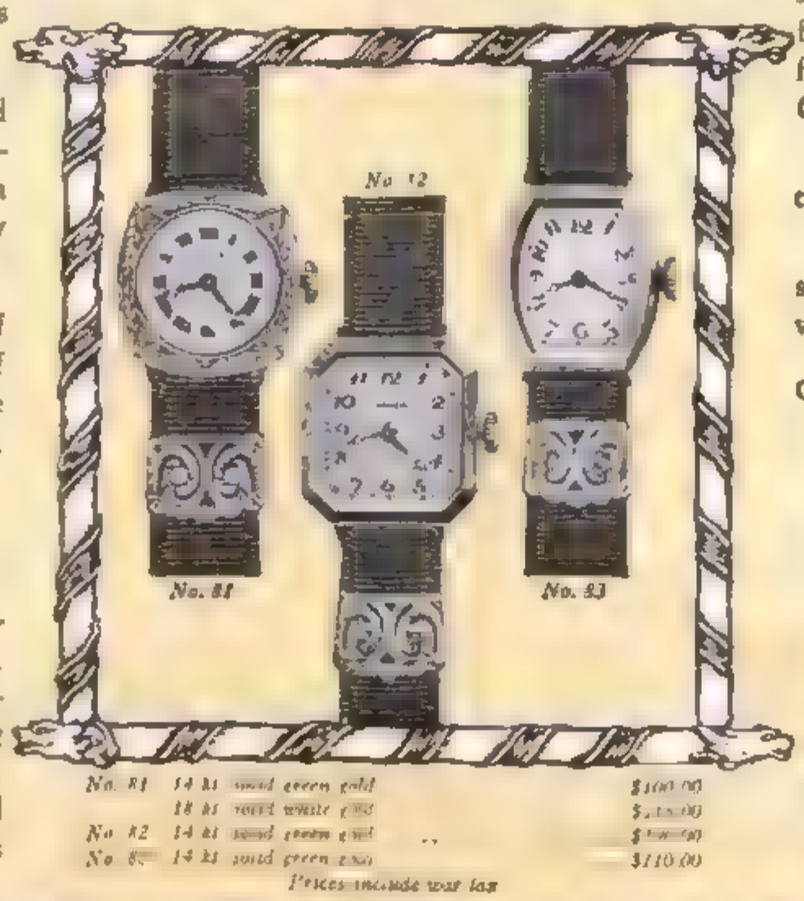
Gruen Wristlets are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained in the ancient guildhalls.

Where dwells the old guild artistry

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

See these new models

In the accompanying panel you may see beautiful examples of Gruen Guild craftsmanship. Model 81 in solid green or white gold, illustrating the Gruen art of hand-chasing, is unexcelled in elegance, in richness of detail. The simplicity and the beauty of line of Models 82 and 83 in solid green gold make them the perfect wristlets for any occasion—whether it be a dance or a game of golf.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GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 30)

upon instructors. It is to be remembered that there are many highly competent and strictly honorable men and women in the profession. It is certain that the teacher is as necessary as the singer himself. All I intend is a caution against the rogues, whose crimes are responsible for some of the bitterest defeats in operatic life.

In New York, not long ago, a musician went very early one morning to call on a rather well-known vocal teacher. He made the early visit premeditatedly, since he knew that the teacher would have the later hours of the day filled with appointments. Imagine his surprise when he found the instructor busy with a soprano at a few minutes before eight o'clock, an unheard-of hour in the musical world, where everyone goes to bed long after midnight and sleeps far into the morning. The musician took a chair in the anteroom and waited. His ear was immediately assailed by some of the most impossible singing from one of the most hopeless voices of his experience. He listened in wonderment. Surely this man, with his high standing and his high prices, was not teaching such amateurs. After half an hour the pupil left, and the teacher spent more than an hour with his caller. He had no further appointments until ten o'clock, the usual hour for beginning.

"Who was that lamentable singer?" the musician asked as he was leaving.

The instructor laughed gayly.

"Oh, that's a Miss Blank, a woman with money," he said, smirking. "She insists on studying. She can afford to pay. I may as well take her money as the next. She's hopeless, but"—and he leaned over confidentially—"I have her come early and get her out of the way. It would ruin my business if my real students caught me fooling with such a voice."

Problems of the Impresarios

HERE is one of the commonest of all practices among teachers. In this case no great harm was done. The woman did have money and leisure. She wanted a time-killing avocation and some sops to her vanity, and she was willing to pay. At the same time she was hugging a painful delusion, with her teacher's collusion. He was deceiving her and helping her to deceive herself. It is not always possible to choose one's course according to fixed rule. Every case must decide itself. Yet here is the beginning of a form of venality that reaches far. The cases in which poor and struggling boys and girls are treated in the same way, mulcted of what they cannot afford to give and finally broken of all hope are fairly numerous and pitiful.

In Chicago, a number of years ago, a young woman from the Corn Belt who had recently inherited a fortune went to a widely reputed instructor and placed herself under his charge for voice training. She paid down a fee of five hundred dollars, and the man continued to get money from her as frequently and as lavishly as he could. He took all the traffic would bear. But the girl was sensible enough to realize after a few weeks of experimenting that her voice was not remarkable and that no career was possible. But she was good for more than a hundred dollars a week, and the teacher decided he must not lose her. He accordingly suggested that she take up the violoncello, and she did. But she wearied of this also, and threatened to leave. He immediately changed his position once more and told her she must become an actress.

Now began a series of lessons in the dramatic art, at which the young woman made slow and unimportant progress. She abandoned this, too, and the golden-egged goose seemed lost. But the teacher now discovered that she had studied piano and had a fairly sound foundation in this art. He suggested that a career as accompanist to great singers was undeniably open to her. He knew, to be sure, that successful accompanists are born, and that this is one of the branches of the musical art which cannot be taught. No matter.

He persuaded her to turn accompanist and thereby held her and her purse a few weeks longer. But she eventually saw through this as well.

It was now suggested that artistic dancing was a vogue and that she might score in that field. Again she practiced for a short time, only to find that she was too heavy and that the process of reduction was too painful. At last there was nothing more to hold her and she prepared to go. In his extremity the teacher made ardent and insistent love to her, and she might also have been caught on this device had her fancy not been engaged elsewhere. She was finally got out of the charlatan's hands—after he had taken three or four thousand dollars of her money.

Mr. Gallo tells me that some years ago he engaged a soprano who was still working with a finishing teacher. She sang with his company while it was in New York, and sang in most promising fashion. But when it came to making the tour she at first accepted eagerly and then balked, breaking her contract. The manager was sorely puzzled until he discovered that his singer was wealthy and had been paying a teacher twenty-five dollars a lesson. This man, rather than lose a profitable pupil, had advised

Amelita Galli-Curci

the girl not to sing further in opera and to break her agreement. In other words, he caused an ambitious girl to sacrifice her operatic chance, the thing she had been working toward for eight years.

Unless the pupil is in the hands of a teacher of the highest repute or one whose probity is completely established and personally understood, there is no assurance. The problem is one that troubles impresarios at all times, for the misdeeds of the teachers react upon the managers in various and subtle ways.

There is no practical advice to give beyond the counsel of extreme caution; and this is always vain, for the fool girl who believes she has a voice will swallow every flattery of the mountebank and resent every word of truth from the honest man.

The phonograph steps in here as a most valuable teaching adjunct, highly useful to the more finished student. Such artists as Galli-Curci and Stracciari say that they were able to tell more about their voices after hearing phonographic records of their work than in all their previous practice and performance. They learned more from the machine, they say, than from all coaches. There is truth in this, for the singer hears his own voice imperfectly while his tones are echoing in his head. But if he can record it and listen to it later he is in the position of the critic hearing an alien voice.

"Every advanced student," says Fortune Gallo, "should have a few test records made to use in hunting for imperfections and to compare personal renditions with those made by operatic leaders. There is no end to the possibilities of the thing. I think a special instrument will yet be evolved for the studio to enable every singer to record and study progressive renditions. In the meantime a few test records are the best thing known."

I find that singers and other managers are generally in agreement on this point.

Why the Show Was Canceled

THE dishonesty and chicanery of the musical world is by no means limited to the teachers. The dubious impresarios are everywhere in all countries where opera is sung or other forms of music patronized. That is why singers are often so wary. That is why some demand cash in advance. It seems to be an acceptance that occasional easy money can be got by starting fly-by-night operatic organizations. This practice has given rise to certain prejudices against opera troupes, which formerly were more prevalent than now.

Last winter a practically unknown music master announced a performance and his show attracted a good-sized audience. The hour for the curtain came, but no show began. The audience waited and waited. It chafed and grew restless. Cheers and jeers and stamping of feet ran through the house, and were repeated every few minutes. Finally at half past nine the manager appeared and said the trunks containing the music had been delayed and would soon be on hand. Please have patience. The house waited again.

Meantime a harsh comedy had been playing back stage. First of all, the musicians demanded pay in advance. The impresario paid, and the orchestra manager left the house at once with the cash to make sure he would not be forced to return it in case the performance was called off. This obstacle had hardly been met when the chorus also demanded pay. The money was got from the box office. The signal for the curtain was about to be given when the star went to the badgered manager and demanded her fee. He managed to procure this, too, and was starting for the front of the house when another put her foot down and would not blow an alto note till paid. Checks were offered, but she was a woman of experience and declined to have anything but cash. There was no more to be got and the performance had to be canceled. The manager sent an agent before the curtain who explained evasively what the trouble was, and assured the audience that refund of money paid for tickets would be made the following day at the office of the Blank Music Bureau in the Blue Building.

When the officials of the Blank bureau arrived at their quarters next day they were astounded to find the corridors packed with opera patrons clamoring for their money. As the bureau had taken no part in the enterprise beyond engaging singers for the impresario, there was no cash forthcoming, and the opera goers trooped wearily and angrily away.

The evil public impression made by such incidents has some bearing upon the failure of opera to attain full popularity and respect among us. This impresario certainly intended no dishonesty against his audience. He would have given the performance if his musicians and singers had not demanded their pay in advance.

The attempts of men to swell themselves into fit tenants for the managerial shoes often lead to ludicrous contretemps. Recently a musician who wanted to be an impresario engaged singers for operatic work and announced a performance. The audience was little short of capacity and a prosperous tenure seemed assured. When the singers demanded their money in advance the manager prevailed upon them to go ahead with the performance, promising that he would pay after the second act, when the counting up had been done.

The Tenor Makes a Speech

AFTER the second curtain he assured his artists that the count had not been completed and asked them to go ahead. They complied once more, but when the third curtain had descended the leader was now here to be found. A conference of the singers was called and it was decided that the tenor, who had just sung to a tumultuous applause and five curtain calls, should go out and explain the situation to the house. He went forward as he was and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are probably surprised to have me step out here still in my costume. But all is not well, and I have been selected to tell you the truth. Our manager has been putting off paying us till now, promising the money at the end of each act. Now his agent tells us there is no money to pay, and that the whole house is paper, only eighty gallery and thirty-three orchestra seats paid for. The place is packed and we think our manager is lying to us. So I must ask all of you who paid actual money to stand. Will you be so kind?"

The entire audience stood, even the few who had been admitted free declining to confess it. A burst of laughter went through the place and a shout of applause followed.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen," continued the tenor, "that we are right and he is lying. You have paid him, but he has not paid us. I think you will not expect us to sing for nothing, so the performance stops right here."

These irresponsible and questionable managers have other ways of making a little lightly won money. They take advantage of the stupid vanity of women with poor voices and fine ambitions. Frequently such women have money. They are the natural gudgeons then of the faker. He organizes a little company with money advanced him by his ambitious dupe, assigns her some rôle and lets her sing with other performers of better ability. He greatly exaggerates the outlay, pockets the difference and goes on to his next scheme. These women have all had their day of haunting the auditions of the greater impresarios. They have tried again and again, always with negative results. Finally they fall into the hands of the sharpers who let them appear for a price. They hug the notion that once they have sung and got decent notices from some provincial newspapers they may go back to the great companies and make an impression. They do not realize that such plaudits only provoke the chieftains of the big companies to hoarse laughter.

In one of the larger Western cities is a wealthy man with a pudgy little wife well past any vestiges of rash youth. But she has both social and operatic ambitions, and tries to make her society urge bolster her opera cravings, and vice versa. She has several times put up sums ranging from five thousand to ten thousand dollars with one or another nameless manager. Thereafter she has been permitted to sing such trifling rôles as Santuzza in Cavalleria, Martha in Faust or Frasquita in Carmen. She has little voice and no stage ability, but she can pay for her vanity, and possibly she gets her money's worth out of the prestige her singing gives her with the uninformed among her people. The pity is that she believes herself an artist and yearns unhappily for forfeit triumphs.

If one is silly he may laugh at the antics of these people, but their hopeless ambitions and their hard-riding vanity are truly tragical matters. When one sees women with the

snow of the fifties and sixties already upon them still pursuing the bright Medusa of song, and realizes that these unhappy mortals have likely given their youth and their middle age to vain aspiration, denying themselves the common solaces granted to women, there is no mood for mirth. In the main, these women are poor creatures who found themselves past their first youth and, like so many, disappointed at love, beaten in the quest of romantic happiness, they have turned bitterly away and sought compensation in art, in song; and they are destined to fresh frustration, for there is in them only the stuff of defeat.

With Sainte-Beuve: "*Cette élite infinie que ne visiterant jamais l'occasion, le bonheur ou la gloire.*"

Some reference has already been made to the disasters which come upon ambitious men and women straining upward in the operatic path. Truly enough, men and women fail everywhere, and life itself often bears the aspect of a monstrous debacle. Yet there is something markedly poignant about the confounding of artistic hopes and visions. The dreams are reared so high, the triumph is so feverishly sought that frustration is doubly painful. The light that glows about the successful is so brilliant that the rejected stand in deepest Hadean night.

The man who strives for nothing beyond material reward loses no more than he aims after. The artist yearns toward remoter stars. Wealth is the least of his guerdons. Honor, praise, equipage, renown and glory—these are the prizes longed for, and lost if he fails. There is an altogether different spirit in the artist's striving and a contrary kind of fatality about his surrender. He wants so keenly to be somebody, to do something, to stand on some eminence in the brabbling crowd of unseeing and uncaring men. He feels an urgency of fine achievement and hears the promise of rewards in rarer coin than golden. Finally he is lashed by furies of beauty and lured by its Lorelei. If for one of many reasons utterly beyond his calculation or control he fails and is thrust away from the shrine the wreck is utter and irreparable.

The Pathos of Failure

SO THE student who starts toward a goal lying on the stage of an opera house courts a spiritual transfer to the heavens or the depths. It might not be so dire a matter were it possible to stop the unpromising aspirants somewhere in their earlier marches and so save them the hopeless years of waiting, the long climbs to barren heights, the forfeit dreams. But the impresario of opera is helpless. I have already spoken of the vanity of truth-telling where an ambitious singer is concerned. The closest friends are made into enemies. Even relatives are alienated. A father may not speak honestly to his wife or daughter in such a matter. The families that have split upon this rock are numberless. Some opera-struck girl or boy gets the bit into the teeth and goes ahead with no equipment beyond blind, destructive determination.

Recently a sensible business man, who knows more or less about singers' vanities, brought his daughter to the home of his relative, a man who has been intimately connected with the big operatic companies for many years. She sang in a pretty church-choir voice, neither rich enough for concert nor big enough for light opera even. The relative discouraged the girl. She ought to marry and use her voice for her own amusement. She had no special gift, and, besides, opera was a dog's life. Were she his daughter he'd prefer to have her sell shirt waists. A family schism resulted. The operatic veteran is a friend of long standing and I may vouch for the bitterness of the feeling.

In this sense the relatives and friends of a young singer are often his or her worst enemies. A young woman sings in the choir of a small-town church. Her admirers wish to be nice to her. They may be sincere enough when they say: "You ought to go on the stage. You should study for the opera. So-and-so and Blank were choir singers, and see where they are now." The girl is fired with ambitions very likely beyond her strength. She sets out for New York, falls into the hands of an overrated but not overhonest teacher. He repeats the flatteries and holds out the highest hopes. That is part of his business. He is paid by the lesson.

The girl is without means and her parents cannot supply her with funds. So she settles down in New York, works by day at stenography or selling or whatever may come to hand, and puts in her evenings studying and practicing. The metropolis is crowded with such girls. The months pass and then the years. Perhaps the girl is fortunate enough to get a place in the choir of one of the city churches. More likely she goes on teaching school or plodding in an office, while still she chases the operatic butterfly. She has no time for pleasures. She hardly gives herself the necessary hours for sleep and essential rest. Her strength is not sufficient for every strain. She gets sick and must go home, not only defeated but broken. Or the girl may go on for years, constantly listening to the promises of the teachers whom she has changed from time to time as they failed in turn to bring her to the throne room of song. She abstains from marriage. Her whole life is unnatural and suppressed.

Were she to find compensation all this might be worth risking, but every teacher the girl has gone to and every musician who has heard her knows that she has not the voice for opera, not the temperament for the stage, not the personality of the artist. Some of them have deceived her for their own profit; the others because to undeceive such a girl is painful and dangerous.

It may be said that I present here the extreme case, the darkest possible side of the picture. That is not true, for we have yet to come to the deepest woe. But there is a brighter phase. It concerns the men and women who never either succeed measurably or fail utterly. I do not know but they are more pathetic even than the girls just described. They go to New York and other great cities and put in their lives studying, coaching, running from teacher to teacher, from manager to manager, pulling wires, rolling logs, playing every legitimate and illegitimate game to get hearings, being put off again and again, through the months, through the years, throughout all their lifetimes.

Of this class are the men and women of fifty and past who throng the back doors of opera houses and the outer rooms of managers' offices, grown hopeless and querulous, going from place to place like troubled lemures, and ever fighting to keep up the pretense of success and hope. These unfortunates are the stock ghosts of opera, the wraiths that haunt the wake of every triumphant singer. They are the thousand failures over whose whitening bones the one clambers safely to success.

Let no one conclude that the representation given here was conceived to discourage young men and women from musical ambitions. The very opposite is the intent. If the seamy side of the life is displayed it is to warn and to inform, so that the new generation of the lark-throated young may see more clearly where they tread and judge more surely what chance they have of arriving at their goal.

A year or two ago a young woman sang for one of the major managers and he engaged her tentatively. He had room for a soprano who could do Cio Cio San in Madama Butterfly. The young woman had not the rôle in her repertoire, but set out at once to learn it. She employed a high-priced coach, worked night and day, nearly exhausted herself and spent a great deal of money. Finally she reported to the impresario that she was ready to go on. He gave her a rehearsal and found to his dismay that her coach had been a complete impostor. He had taught her almost everything amiss. Had the manager been less understanding and tolerant, had he been more pressed for time, the girl must have failed then and there, with her triumph already in her hands. The coach had not known Butterfly, but had taken the fee just the same, and faked his way through. The conductor took the new soprano in hand, put in days and nights with her, painfully got her out of her mistaken tricks and taught her the part aright. She went on and sang beautifully, and she knows she would have failed completely.

Campanini's Soft Answer

THUS the dangers in the way of the singer are never at an end. The greatest star has still to keep constantly in training, and pitfalls yawn for him as for the beginner.

Except in dramatic instances the pathetic stories of singers remain concealed. Even then the inner truth is not likely to reach public attention. A few operatic wiseacres know something and surmise more. That is all. Now and again, however, an impresario forgets to act according to tradition. He is moved by some tone of pathos that escapes to his ear and throws off the conventional safeguards. Then something of the submerged heartbreak of the singer is likely to come to the surface.

Several seasons ago a pretty young woman brought to Campanini, in Chicago, a note from a society woman. This was Miss Brown, let us say. Would the maestro hear her? She was a protégée of the epistolary lady. She had a fine talent. The girl appeared at the next audition and sang sweetly, thinly and without inspiration or understanding. She was a nice little woman with a pretty parlor voice, unfit for public display anywhere and without possibilities.

Campanini sized up the situation, judged that it was the money of one who had it in excess that was paying for the girl's foolery and gave a diplomatic answer.

"I do not think you have the voice for op-pay-rah, my dear young lady. No, I do not recommen' the op-pay-rah. Maybe, you studee hard and wor-r-k har-r-d; perhaps maybe then you can make ze contzer-rto; yes, contzer-rto, yes, maybe; op-pay-rah, non."

The music master patted her affectionately on the back and sent her away. Pray God she would plague him no more!

The conduct of the impresario and even of the teacher in such a situation is readily defensible. Campanini was really more frank than is the custom. As for the teacher, he has his own defense. A girl comes with the card of a wealthy woman who has heard her voice and has faith in it. If the teacher hears the girl and says to the rich patroness that her judgment is at fault he makes an enemy of an influential person whom he had better cultivate, whose good will he may need at any time in the interest of his really promising pupils. Moreover, he may be certain that if he rejects the girl and tells her patroness his reasons in the most careful and exhaustive way he will likely be sending the singer to another less honest man, who will exploit both her and her patroness to the limits. His dilemma is a painful one for any man of conscience, yet here is only one course open. He must accept the girl, do what he can for her and leave her disillusioning to others. Every successive critic into whose hands she comes will probably dodge the issue if he can.

Little Voices and Big Ambitions

IF CAMPANINI consoled himself with the thought that he had disposed of this troublesome girl he was sorrowfully mistaken. The next year she came again, to his deep chagrin. This time her patroness appeared with her. There was no escape. She must be heard. Campanini put down her name resignedly and shook his head as one forewarned of trouble.

The afternoon of the audition came. The girl's number was called in the wings. She stepped out upon the stage. Campanini, watching nervously from the last row of the theater, grasped the situation at a glance. His words of the previous year, designed to turn the girl from an operatic career, had exerted a diametrically opposite pressure. She had concluded that if the director did not like her work the fault must be with her teacher. She had gone to a new tutor, and, *mirabile dictu*, there she stood in the rôle of Gilda, waiting while the piano struck the opening notes of the difficult and demanding "*Caro nome che il mio cor*," a show piece for coloraturas.

Campanini watched with astounded eyes while the poor child went through all the mimicry of the part. It was too transparent. The new instructor had heartlessly coached her for Rigoletto, an opera as far beyond her as the uttermost stars. Those ridiculous dramatic gestures and that puny, passionless voice! The chuckles broke out among the small audience at the hearing. Even the assisting conductors laughed. Only Campanini shuddered and sank into depression. It was heartbreaking. He hesitated between tears and fury. After the audition he tried to avoid the girl, but she watched for him and caught him as he was leaving the house, still agitated and oppressed.

"Maestro," she said pleadingly, "did I do better to-day?"

"My dear young lay-dee," he began in his courtly, apologetic manner, "I told you last year you are not for ze op-pay-rah. You should believe me. I tell you the troot. You do not think I like to hur-rt you. See? It hur-rt me too. But you muss not try to sing op-pay-rah. It iss too much for you. Please, believe me!"

He saw the girl's features darken and change. She dropped her head, but raised it again in a moment.

"But you told me last year I would be a success in concert. You still think I can do that, don't you?"

There were tears of terror and hope gathering in her eyes, but he was too sorely driven to draw back. He must go on now.

"You mistake my wor-rds, my dear young lay-dee," he went ahead. "I said only that maybe, maybe, you make good to sing in contzerto. I tol' you if you study hard and make much progress then you maybe sing in contzerto. But no, I must tell you all de troot. They lie to you; these people tell you you have a beauteeful voice and must be great singer in op-pay-rah. Do they not tell you that? Hah, I thought so! Do not leesten to them. I tell you now it iss not troo. I muss speak hones' wid you. I tell you, my dear young lay-dee, you have no voice. You cannot succeed. Not in op-pay-rah, not in contzerto, not in odder things—not nothing!"

He stumbled along passionately, overcome by emotion, throwing caution aside.

"I am vay-ree sor-ree," he finished, touched by the girl's ashen face. "I must speak troo. I cannot otherwise."

The pity-struck impresario patted the girl's head tenderly and hurried out of the house, his left hand jammed down into his pocket, fingering his collection of amulets and luck pieces.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Smith.

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CHALMERS

Jim Henry's Column

Reputation

I was considered the worst boy in Newburyport, Mass., and at that, my reputation was based on an incomplete knowledge of my operations.

I think I am on the trail of a bit of philosophy, although when I start writing one of these Mennen Shaving Cream advertisements I am never quite sure what the point is going to be.

But to continue, I used to know a prominent business man who was generally credited with a code of business ethics which made it safer to hire abler lawyers than he employed. Some twenty years later he was the premier in one of the ghastliest failures that ever broke the hearts of widows and orphans.

Now, a bad boy is usually the father of a good man, as is demonstrated by my opening paragraph, but when a man or a product becomes the subject of dubious or favorable comment, it is well to be guided by surface indications.

I don't know whether I can twist this thought into a constructive selling argument for Mennen Shaving Cream, but it must be done quickly if at all, for it's a costly column that has no ending.

Honestly, do you hear much of anything talked about nowadays except golf, taxes and Mennen Shaving Cream? In the last month haven't several men told you how Mennen's has dispelled the cloud that used to sadden their mornings?

and afterwards-Mennen Talcum for Men-it doesn't show

Haven't you, through some influence or other, gradually come to believe that a wonderful experience awaits you when you unscrew the cap of your first tube of Mennen Shaving Cream?

That is reputation.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

I almost forgot to mention that my demonstrator tube costs 15c by mail.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

TIGHT ROPE

(Continued from Page 15)

of coincidence. Anybody trying to commute from Newtown would have had to give up all other employment and make commutation his life work. So it was a long, tedious back trail for Buford on Sunday afternoon, and with every hour something disastrous was happening to his spirits. As he approached home he unwound the psychology of Gregory and tended to reveal the rising young banker and scion of the noble house of Buford.

With this process there was an inevitable weakening of the Hazel spell. He did not visualize readily, and he had not known her long enough to get her thoroughly fixed in his consciousness. As he approached the pretentious Buford house on High Street he felt that he had a hard job of explaining on his hands. When his mother greeted him he realized what painful contrasts the world afforded in the way of mothers.

He muddled through it somehow when they were alone after the Sunday night supper—James trying desperately to make the thing clear, his mother trying to understand, and neither succeeding very well.

"Am I being told that we are to have a waitress in our family?"

"That isn't fair. She helps her mother in the boarding house, but she isn't a reg—that is, it isn't as if she worked in a restaurant and got wages."

Strange how Hazel's words kept cropping up to weaken his case. "Only difference, nothing happens to me on Saturday." Better try a new tack entirely.

"Hazel's the jolliest, wittiest girl I ever knew. She can keep a crowd going for hours. She'd be a wonder on the stage."

"We might charge admission to the drawing-room and make a nice thing of it."

"Oh, mother!" To himself he added: "I had no idea it could be as hard as this.

"Everybody adores her. I don't see why she chose me anyway."

"Of course, the bank —— Well, it wasn't exactly a handicap."

"She doesn't know about the bank—really. She thinks I'm just a bookkeeper there."

"Don't be silly, dear. As if any bright girl couldn't tell! And think of all those things she helped you buy for me." Mother's face bore a look of pity that he had not seen there since that boyhood time when he had broken his leg. "I do want to understand. Tell me more about her. Does she—talk well or is she slangy?"

"Her talk is the best I ever heard. 'Course it isn't like a college professor's."

"No, of course not," said mother coldly. "By the way, what does she call you?" Mother had always made a point of making everybody address him with proper dignity. "I hope she doesn't say Jim."

"No, not exactly." It did not seem the proper moment to introduce Jim-jams into polite society. "I'm sure she will respect your wishes."

"Is she quiet and tasteful in dress, or does she wear a lot of cheap jewelry?"

He tried to make it clear that Hazel, out of the kindness of her heart, wore everything the boarders gave her, but that she would now lock up all her tinware and cut glass and try to lead a better life.

The inquisition went on and on, paragraphed by painful silences. "You say she is a pianist. What kind of music does she play?"

"Is she robust, or pale and thin?

"What is Mrs. Rathburn like?

"How much do you know about her father?"

These questions were so hard to answer that they did not seem proper questions. That close corporation—the widowed mother and the only child—was fighting desperately for its life.

He realized that night in his creaky bed that he was facing not personal but class differences. The two women were separated not merely by age and temperament but by a couple of generations of ease and culture. And though he was hurt at mother's attitude he was inevitably weakened in his faith in Hazel. Her assets seemed suddenly changed to liabilities.

When the first letter came he opened it in the eager hope that it would give his mother some hint of the vital, joyous personality of the Gregory girl. But Hazel's letter was a broken reed; she was too obviously taking her pen in hand. She could express herself with her tongue, her fingers and her toes, but her letter was stiff and un-Hazel-like. It's sole departure from the spirit of the Ready Letter Writer was the opening "Dear Old Jim-jams." No, this letter would not be a literary treat for mother. A later one—maybe.

Buford's reply was signed in dignified form and her next letter indicated that she had caught the hint—at least it started all right:

Dear James: Last night I went to see the Richardsons—you remember Ted. He told me something that I had not dreamed of before. I might have known from the things you bought for your mother and all, but I suppose I wasn't as clear-headed as usual last week. I had no idea that you were more than a bookkeeper in your bank. I want you to believe this, so I am going to let you off. I give you, as they say in the big leagues, an unconditional release.

Here was a letter that could be shown to mother. She read it thoughtfully.

"Well, that is very nice. I'm afraid I've misjudged her. She has made it easy for us, hasn't she?"

"Mother, you didn't suppose for a moment ——"

"No, I didn't really." The poor little pretense crumpled up at the first attack. "I only wanted to make quite sure how you felt."

"I don't want to make things hard for you; the trouble is—I love her."

"All right, dear. I'll stand by you now, through thick and thin."

This was fine and brave of mother, if it did sound a little as if he had been indicted for forgery.

"Hazel will need some educating; maybe a little—toning down. But we can work that out all right. She is quick to learn. Of course we will live here with you, and you can do wonders for her."

"I'll try," said mother pathetically.

Thus these two admirable and kindly people, out of the love they bore each other, made a conspiracy against the personality of Hazel Rathburn.

In late September James left for the city in the runabout, with wedding and honeymoon accessories strapped on, and in his mental card index a neat, systematic plan for the tactful education of Hazel in the ways of Buford and Newtown.

Mother was not to go down for the wedding—to James' complicated regret and relief. He wanted his mother with him, of course, but when he thought of Mrs. Rathburn, the boarders, Hazel's miscellaneous collection of firemen, policemen and ball players, with Sopranna dropping dishes upon them all—it would be a little hard for mother to understand.

In two more days they were married—Hazel subdued in spirits and tasteful in dress, her job lot of admirers friendly and sorrowful and awkward, Mrs. Rathburn bravely disconsolate. And now the motor was heading southward that the summer might be prolonged a little.

"This is perfectly heavenly!" cried Hazel. "If I'd known about this car I'd never have offered to let you go."

"You never had a chance to get away."

"I don't know," she said teasingly. "If anybody had come along with a Britz like this it would have been good-by, Hazel!"

The Britz flew along—and the day—and the weeks—and too soon it was all over and the radiator was pointing homeward and bankward. The education of Hazel had been largely neglected on the trip and she was allowed to be her joyous self, but now that they were nearing home James realized that they were also approaching a day of reckoning—mother, Newtown and that group of young people who constituted his social set. Hazel, too, felt the impending trial.

"It will be hard for me to be proper," she said.

"You can be as proper as anybody when you want to."

An ill-advised remark, but it must have been pretty close to the surface of his mind to have come out so readily. No attempt has been made to conceal the fact that Buford was still young.

"Of course I won't kick the minister's hat off or anything"

He chuckled with embarrassment—and made another error.

"We're a small community, but of course we're not a lot of country jakes. You'll find our crowd up-to-date and well read—in comfortable circumstances and all."

Poor Buford felt defensive about the small town, and Hazel felt defensive about her own inadequate self. Consequently it was a pair of nervous young honeymooners who finally rolled into Newtown, acknowledged greetings from James' friends and came to a stop before the pretentious house on High Street.

"Home, James?" asked Hazel. This came out as if it were the last tiny jest left in her system. As they alighted she added: "J-just give me the old left wing. I'm not scared or anything, but I j-just can't make my knees behave."

Of course the very worst happened. Hazel was painfully refined. She put her worst foot forward. She was as awkward as a structural iron worker crammed into stiff Sunday clothes. To Mother Buford's attempt at cordiality her actual response was, "I'm pleased to meet you."

For a while this seemed to be the limit of Hazel's vocabulary. When friends came in to greet the newlyweds—and incidentally to see what the bride was like—she was pleased to meet everybody and then retired into herself and called it a day. A frightened little city sparrow—Hazel, who had been the life of a hundred parties in Gregory!

Self-consciousness grew by what it fed on. Little things that James had said on the wedding trip—lightly regarded at the time—now came home to roost; hints about mother's elderly prejudice against slang, cultured Newtown's absurd taste for classical music instead of ragtime, and the public feeling about boarding houses. This latter memory came back with particular vividness.

It was the morning after the wedding, and Hazel with half of the breakfast newspaper had pretended to read this headline: "Wealthy Banker Weds Waitress."

James had been startled.

"No, not really?"

"No, not really."

James had laughed—with a shade of annoyance at the hoax.

"That's right, darling. Get it all out of your system before we get home."

"You mean ——"

"The boarding-house business. Of course we understand it all right, dear. But people in Newtown—you know how queer people are."

"Oh! Well, I s'pose I'll have to draw the veil over the beanery business."

She had believed that people were much more genuine and democratic in the small towns, and now she was beginning to realize that this was a city superstition.

A few days after her arrival, when afternoon callers were doing their simple womanly duty, one Miss Deerforth asked Hazel how she liked Newtown. The young lady served such a cordial manner with this conventional question that Hazel lost her head for a moment and acted like a human being.

"It's beautiful!" she cried. "I just love it in the country!"

"Yes, it is pretty," was the reply, but there was a pronounced lowering of the drawing-room temperature.

"Did I say something wrong, Lady Buford?" she asked when the guests had departed. Hazel had not as yet reached the point where she could comfortably say mother. "I thought they seemed offended. I only said I loved it out here in the country."

"Oh, that? That was nothing, Hazel. Some people here don't like to be regarded as living in the country. We think we're quite metropolitan. I suppose people in the small towns do not love the country the way city folk do."

"Pretty soft for Newtown—I mean, it is in a very fortunate position. City people love it because it is the country, and the residents love it because it isn't." Suddenly she realized how Mrs. Buford had said, "Oh, that!" "Was there something else?"

"No, indeed. Only—perhaps it is only fair to you to mention it, because you might feel like being particularly nice to her. It was thought once—I don't know that there was anything in it—that Josy Deerforth and James were—interested in each other."

"Oh—h!"

"She is a nice girl," Mrs. Buford said. "Well educated and of excellent family and all." When people say "and all" that way they mean "and rich."

(Continued on Page 39)

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PET "Milk at its Best"
EVAPORATED
MILK

(Continued from Page 36)

"I must have been a disappointment to you. I hate to be such a nuisance, but I can't help it. The trouble is—I love him. I do try not to make any breaks—but it is all so strange."

Here was Mrs. Buford's heaven-sent opportunity to be of genuine help to the perplexed girl, to say that nobody had a right to expect her to be anybody but herself, that what she needed was fun and freedom and fresh air, that genuine people would probably like her all the better for her spontaneity, and the others could go hang. James had failed to see this opportunity through the shortsightedness of youth; now Mrs. Buford missed it through the farsightedness of age. Hazel asked for a tonic and they gave her soft soap.

"We think you're doing splendidly," her mother-in-law said, "and there isn't anything we won't do to make your task easier."

As Hazel might have said if she had known all the facts: "Lady Buford had a beautiful chance for an assist, but she booted it."

In justice to Mrs. Buford it must be said that she, also, did not know all the facts. Newtown was ignorant of Hazel's humble antecedents; despite her jest the Gregory newspaper announcement—reproduced in the weekly Newtowner—made no mention of boarding houses. Society saw only a quietly dressed, well-behaved, rather colorless young woman with an aloof manner. Hazel was not like those loud-voiced, hard-faced Gregory people who were so evident in the village in the summertime, but she was unconsciously suffering for their sins of arrogance. Her shyness was mistaken for superiority, her simple statements for irony. In a week she was firmly fixed in the public mind as a scornful young city person.

The bridegroom would have been utterly astounded at this point of view. He knew of course that Hazel was having her troubles, but her situation was mitigated for him by her gayety when they were alone. The lingering autumn drew them out for rides and picnic lunches in the flaming hill country. Hazel's passion for the country and her partiality for James' society were two forces that were stronger than her social troubles; when they were combined she became her own joyous self. She would fall into her old slangy, jazzy mood. Then suddenly she would remember.

"I mustn't get that way," she said one day. "I've got to swear off."

"What does it matter—when we are alone?"

"No. It isn't as if I could take it or let it alone. Little H-Hazel must watch her step—if she's got to walk the tight rope." She pushed back her shaggy hair from her forehead. "Take a look. Don't you think my brow is getting a little higher?"

Hazel found in the family library an old book on conduct and etiquette, and she studied this with a practiced secretiveness learned in yellow-backed-novel days.

"When I get through this thick book," she said to herself, "I'll know as much about etiquette as old George W. Manners himself."

She tried to put her new-found learning into effect in the round of social assemblies that was given in honor of James and his bride. It was a strain to be so proper. She was stiffer than the pillars of propriety—more royalist than the king. Local society tried to combat the idea that small-town life was dull by a special outburst of gayety—until Hazel fairly longed for the peace and quiet of the city.

Into this situation walked a young man of no importance intellectually or scenically, who in his easeful, leisurely way was gradually disseminating food products for the Eureka Market. He came into the kitchen when Mrs. Quilby, the queen of that domain, was having a day off and Hazel was reveling in domestic duties.

"Hey, wipe the mud off of those feet," Hazel demanded. "What do you think this is?"

The young man halted in surprise, then his simple, foolish face widened into a grin.

"Oh, a new one, huh? What's become of ol' Quilby? Say, when I opened the door I thought you was James' new missis."

If she kept quiet for a moment she could put the young man in a hole and enjoy his suffering. It was about time she had a little wholesome recreation.

"I never seen her close," he said, "and I don't want to, from what I hear."

"Nobody wants to know what you hear. Put the groceries on the table."

"They say she's one of them high and mighty society dames. I s'pose James thought they was nobody in this town good enough for him." The feeble-minded youth launched upon a stream of what he fondly imagined to be highfaluting talk.

"All right. Now you run along and spread your sunshine some place else." It seemed better not to make any disclosures after all.

"Well, just as you say," replied the grinning young man. "I s'pose you're sore because I took you for the young missis. You're good enough for me, I'll tell the world. Any time you ——"

"Beat it!" cried Hazel. He did so in rare good humor.

"Well, I certainly got an earful," she thought, collapsing on a kitchen chair. "The worst of it is I asked for it myself. Some social light! I can't even talk to the butcher boy without putting my foot in it."

Conflicting thoughts chased each other in and out of Hazel's mind that afternoon.

"High and mighty? They couldn't possibly think that, could they? The servants, maybe. I don't know much about white help. I wish I could break loose sometime and be a regular person. Suppose I did it at the big party Friday night. Well, that would be a blow-out!" She toyed with the idea for a moment, then rejected it.

"No, I couldn't do that to James. He likes them prim and proper, like Miss Deerforth. Doesn't he? Funny thing—he didn't seem to, back in Gregory. Oh, Jim-jams! That firemen's ball, and my red dress and ——" Hazel slipped off into a pleasant daydream, for it was after the Alert dance that James had discovered his undying devotion.

The tiny result of all this mental lucubration was that Hazel, by secret ballot, elected the red dancing frock for the blow-out.

Mrs. Buford would not have been flattered by this characterization of the approaching social climax. Once a year the ruler of Newtown society gave a reception that rose above all other social functions. Mrs. Buford held dominion over a larger area of hardwood floor than any other hostess in town. This year's party was to achieve a new altitude record out of honor to the newlyweds and as a return for the hospitality that had been lavished upon them.. It would constitute a new strain upon the local supply of palms and cut flowers, the undertaker's supply of folding chairs, the Eureka Market's supply of groceries and the Newtowner's supply of adjectives. But for catering and music it was frankly recognized that Newtown was unequal to the task. A chef, a troop of performing waiters and a three-piece orchestra were to be imported, regardless of expense, from Gregory. These specialists would subject themselves to that series of trains which made up the afternoon journey to Newtown. The leisure class which leaned against the baggage truck at the L. & R. station was due for a thrill at 6:15 P.M. if the train should recognize the cosmic nature of the occasion and be on time.

It did and it was. The long whistle, borne on a forty-mile wind, was heard with startling clearness at the Buford home, and duly appreciated. Whether the L. & R. in its blundering way saw its duty to high society or whether the train was racing before the wind, it ignored minor considerations—such as cordial relations with other railroads—and arrived strictly on time. It disgorged only a traveling man, who bent his head against the wind and ran for the Eagle House jitney!

Meanwhile, unconscious of the impending disaster, all was merry and bright at the palatial Buford home. The family was early arrayed in order that it might be free to bully the imported slaves in last-minute preparations. Hazel tried to be casual about the red dancing frock.

"Remember this piece of scenery?" she asked James.

"I'll say I do!" declared James fervently. "Little old house afire!"

Lady Buford, to be sure, did not seem to share this enthusiasm. "Well, we are gay to-night!"

"Yes, I thought the place might need a little warming. It's blowing up pretty chilly." If Hazel trembled slightly it was more from nervousness than from cold—for the great event was for her a painful ordeal.

"I'm afraid it does look stormy," Mrs. Buford replied. "James, isn't it time the taxis were here from the station?"

"Don't worry, dear. They'll be here in—I think I hear a car now. I'll go and see."

When he came back he bore no caterers, neither musicians, but there were a couple of furrows between his brows.

"Did you send them into the kitchen?" asked mother, who was readjusting a vase nearer to the heart's desire.

"There's something wrong," said the more observant Hazel.

"The driver says they didn't come on the train. No use to worry; we'll figure it out carefully and get 'em here all right." James instinctively reached for a pencil and was a little disconcerted because his evening clothes were not equipped with figuring material. "Probably they missed a connection. I'll get the junctions on the wire."

But his hopeful manner did not deceive his wise mother.

"Oh, my beautiful party!" she exclaimed, collapsing upon the nearest chair.

Hazel was at her side instantly. "Don't worry, mother. James will get them here."

But Mrs. Buford mourned for her lost caterers and refused to be comforted. She had put all her eggs in one basket, and that basket was standing in some railway junction between Newtown and Gregory. As she looked hopelessly about the room the undertaker's chairs and the masses of flowers took on a grim symbolism.

James spent a heroic hour at the telephone, or not farther than a jump and a half away. He tried unsuccessfully to get both junctions and Gregory. He sent out telegrams into the void and got no answer. It began to be clear that wires were down. He got the local taxi company and sent off a limousine to the nearer of the two junctions with orders to bring in the lost joy-makers—preferably alive.

"They'll be a little late, mother," he explained cheerfully, "but everybody will make allowances because of the storm."

"I am not accustomed to having people make allowances," came the speech from the throne.

Mrs. Buford's position was impregnable. She had instantly jumped to the worst conclusion, and when the final message came—a blow which staggered James—she was almost triumphant in her despair.

"Now I suppose you children will admit that your mother knows something once in a while." For the taxi had met a tree square across the road. There were other possible roundabout ways, but the driver had declined them without thanks. Rather than go out into the country again to-night he would retire from public life.

"I'll go myself," said James, but he was instantly and permanently suppressed by his ladies, old and young.

"Well, I resign," said James. "I've done everything I can think of. The wires are down and the roads are blocked. I give up."

"I gave up an hour ago," said mother.

At this auspicious moment the doorbell rang, announcing the first guest!

"Well, it seems to be up to little H-Hazel." She flushed at her own temerity and dashed for the entrance hall. "Never mind, Mrs. Quilby; I'll drag 'em in. You're going to have your hands full. Well, look who's here—the Wellingtons! Blow right in. Help me close it, duke." The newly created duke put his shoulder to the door and closed it against the wind.

"My goodness, James, it has gone to her head!" said Mrs. Buford.

"Come upstairs and peel off your wraps," came Hazel's cheerful voice. As they mounted the stairs her mother-in-law distinctly heard the words "It looks as though we were up against it to-night."

The doorbell rang again.

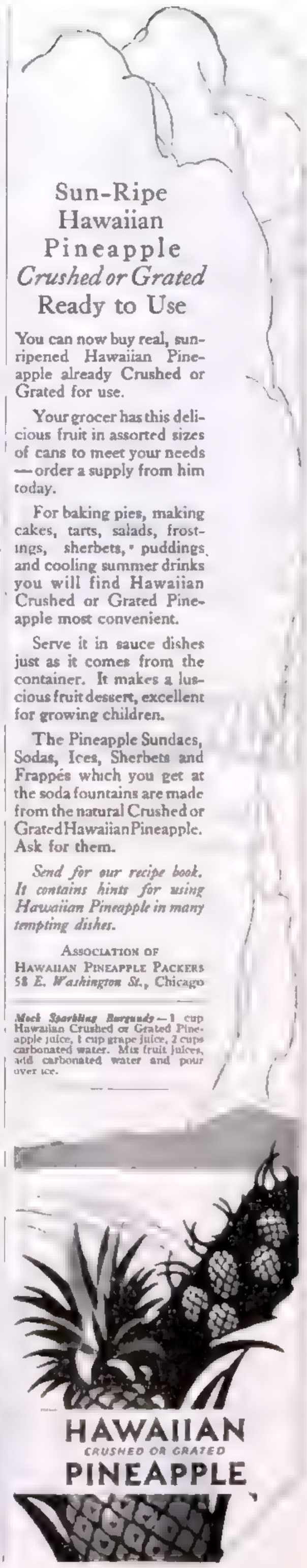
"Quick, James, you go before ——"

James welcomed the new visitors with becoming dignity, but he could not prevent a small human avalanche from rushing down the stairs and overwhelming the surprised guests. Even in this hour of trial James could not help remembering the moment when Hazel kicked open the door of the Rathburn dining room and entered his life.

"The lid is off, Jim-jams," she whispered at the first opportunity. "I'm going to put some pep into this party or kill it."

"All right, Hazel. Easy does it," was her husband's ambiguous reply.

The storm increased in violence, with a cold driving rain—but a summons to the royal presence is not to be disobeyed. They came and came and came. Every conveyance in town, public and private, was pressed into service, including Jim Brighton's obsolete shut-in hack and its veteran horses, Spic and Span. By nine o'clock the wind-blown beauty and the water-soaked chivalry of Newtown were



Sun-Ripe Hawaiian Pineapple *Crushed or Grated* Ready to Use

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Your grocer has this delicious fruit in assorted sizes of cans to meet your needs—order a supply from him today.

For baking pies, making cakes, tarts, salads, frostings, sherbets, puddings and cooling summer drinks you will find Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple most convenient.

Serve it in sauce dishes just as it comes from the container. It makes a luscious fruit dessert, excellent for growing children.

The Pineapple Sundaes, Sodas, Ices, Sherbets and Frappés which you get at the soda fountains are made from the natural Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple. Ask for them.

Send for our recipe book. It contains hints for using Hawaiian Pineapple in many tempting dishes.

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58 *E. Washington St.*, Chicago

Mock Sparkling Burgundy—1 cup Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple juice, 1 cup grape juice, 2 cups carbonated water. Mix fruit juices, add carbonated water and pour over ice.

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gathered there, and bright the lights shone o'er fair women and brave men—but not for long. For the electric company proved to be a broken reed, and the lights went out suddenly, leaving the bon ton in the flickering light of the two open fires.

"Oh, Lord, what next!" thought Hazel.

"Say, Herbert," she said to the adjacent Stanley, "come and help me rustle up some candles. Now is the time," she added as they groped their way with matches, "for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Mrs. Buford arose in her majesty and went to call up the power house and order some current—as a citizen and a stockholder. The receiver gave forth weird groans and rattles—only this and nothing more. The public-service corporations had knocked off and called it a night.

"All right," said Hazel. "What do we care for their old lights?"

She raised a candlestick high above her head in an attitude that was instantly recognized, even if they did not know how symbolical it was, how Hazel's liberty was enlightening the world that night.

The girl, apparently so free from care, was working like a dray horse. At times the odds seemed hopeless, she saw only a great indigestible mass of best people clogging up the drawing-rooms. She was getting very little help from Lady Buford, and James was far from being the life of the party.

"I've got to get them one at a time. Oh, Josy!"—this to Miss Deerforth—"do your duty. Come to the piano."

Miss Deerforth played creditably and correctly, but there was nothing about her performance to raise the general temperature. It gave Hazel a chance, however, to make a visit to the kitchen, Mrs. Quilby, and an impressive collection of raw materials from the Eureka Market.

The caterers were to have brought masterpieces of confection with them from Gregory; no doubt these delicacies were now sustaining the lives of deserving colored waiters and musicians. Other viands were to be brought in a semiready state, to be finished on the Buford electric range. With both these elements a total loss, Hazel's problem was to find the makings of a collation out of local supplies.

The admirable Martha Quilby had aged visibly. Her morale, weakened by the nonarrival of the caterers, went completely to pot with the failure of the lights and of the current for the range. Mrs. Buford had taken great pride in the ownership of one of the few electric cookstoves in town—with stockholders' discount on current—and now this peacock had come home to roost.

"I'll do anything you say, Mis' James," said Martha Quilby, "but I declare I don't more'n half know what I'm doing."

"If there were only two of me," thought Hazel, "I'd be all right, but while I'm steering Mrs. Quilby the party is going from bad to worse. If I could only get my two jobs into one room —— Well, I might do it, at that.

"Grind some coffee, Mrs. Quilby, and start the alcohol percolator. I'll be back pretty soon."

Social conditions were depressing. Josy Deerforth had done her utmost to the guests with Brahms, and James was finishing them off with classical records on the phonograph.

"James, where is that perfectly rotten jazz piece that somebody gave us?" she whispered.

"Down there somewhere, I suppose, unless mother threw it away."

"Stick it on, if you love me."

"Of course, if you put it that way ——" James obediently found the atrocity.

"Now play it until you fall in your tracks. Stick by the pumps; the boat is sinking. Let's dance!" she cried. "Come on, Herbert. Want to take a little ride?"

Stanley consented with alacrity and soon Hazel was flashing about the floor like a red comet. She stole furtive glances at her mother-in-law, who was tapping nervously on her chair arm. "Poor Lady Buford!" thought Hazel. "She's got a worse shock coming to her than this."

The infection spread and, like influenza, attacked the youngest and the strongest first. Hazel danced with two or three more willing victims, to each of whom she whispered, "Keep the pot boiling here until I send for you."

When she slipped away her assistants worked manfully at the cheer business until the mysterious summons came that robbed Newtown society of some of its strongest elements.

Hazel had given Mrs. Buford only the barest hint of impending activity—just enough to keep her out of the danger zone.

"I'm going to help Mrs. Quilby fix up some coffee and things—if you'll kindly stay and look after the guests."

"Very well, Hazel. Whatever you think."

Mrs. Buford had for years conducted her life upon the motto, "If you want a thing well done hire somebody who does it that way." Now, deprived of expert services, she was a helpless prey to Hazel's conspiracy. At a signal James' orchestra suddenly stopped; there was a silence like that which falls upon the big tent just before Desperado does the Dip of Death. In this period of hushed expectancy the dining-room door opened and in came the strangest procession that ever broke into society.

Hazel in maid's cap and apron was at the head, bearing upon her shoulder and outstretched fingers, in professional style, a large tray of raw chops, steaks and chickens. Mrs. Quilby immediately followed with pans and broilers. Scions of Newtown's noblest houses with kitchen aprons tied about their middles bore plates, cutlery, breadstuffs, a crock of butter, and odds and ends of staple and fancy groceries. Amid a gale of genuine enthusiasm from the ultimate consumers the company advanced upon the two open fireplaces and captured them without opposition; in fact, James traitorously helped.

Mrs. Buford uttered one gasp of surprise, then relapsed into dumb despair. Her ambitious effort, the result of weeks of planning, the reception which was to surpass in dignity and brilliance all previous efforts, had been turned into a picnic luncheon. All was lost, especially honor. Nothing was left except the carnival spirit, good fellowship, mirth and laughter.

Things were set to broiling over the open fires. The result was accidents, informality, smoke, odors, and finally food, half-burned, half-raw, but undeniably hot. At this time Hazel lifted the curtain from her shady past and staged the great boarding-house scene.

"What's the difference?" she thought. "My reputation as a perfect lady is all shot to pieces anyway.

"Here, this is the way we did it in the profession. Watch little bashful Hazel."

She balanced dishes upon her arm in true boarding-house style. When Mrs. Wellington dropped a plate Hazel was reminded of Sopranna.

"Sopranna? Not really, Hazel?"

"Yes, but they named her too soon. She turned out barytone." She gave an excellent version of that daughter of Africa, ending: "Ah'm all tuckered out. Ah jus' got to go to mah room an' take off mah collar an' res' mah feet."

At last Hazel unveiled her masterpiece. Food and coffee and spirits were beginning to run low when she appeared with a bale of sheet music.

"Now we can have some singing. Let's see what I've got. Just wait till I thaw out the old bones. No, don't think of it, duchess." This in response to Mrs. Wellington's statement that they ought to try to go home because the children were nervous in storms. "They're sleeping like tops. I know. I've got a wireless on my roof."

"Oh, you Pollyanna!" whispered James admiringly.

Her fingers did setting-up exercise all over the keyboard, and she was launching into one of her liveliest and best, when there was a loud crash from the butler's pantry.

"S-Sopranna is serving some more s-supper," she said.

But investigation showed that a falling branch had broken a window and entered the culinary department.

"That's fine!" said Hazel. "Just when we needed some wood." Then, in an undertone to James: "If this storm keeps up much longer I'll go dippy."

She shuddered and turned to pick up the threads of her cabaret performance.

"Make 'em sing, Jim-jams," she begged, "and I'll put everything I've got on the ball."

James dragged in a couple of vocalists and he watched with admiration and delight while Hazel wove her spell, the same old spell that had been cast over him that memorable first night in Gregory. Her exhibition went through the whole popular gamut—topical songs, war songs, mellow old favorites and back again to ragtime. There were patter songs with keyboard gymnastics, imitations, parodies, medleys, hymns, Sousa marches. There were negro lullabies, dialect pieces—Irish, Italian, cockney—and large helpings from Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas.

"I've got 'em eating out of my hand," she said triumphantly.

They sang and they danced and they played. And when the beauty and chivalry of Newtown so far forgot itself as to attempt a cakewalk—lo! Mrs. Buford's important and dignified feet led all the rest.

The highly respectable Wellington uncovered a previously unsuspected talent for picking pockets; Herbert Stanley relieved his system of a Swede story that had been giving him trouble for years; and the corpulent Will Clinton sang Rocked in the Cradle, going deeper and deeper until all his chins lay piled upon his chest.

"I bet we could stir up another mess of coffee," said Hazel at last.

The spell was broken. It was discovered that the storm had abated, that the moon was trying to break out, that it was sinfully late, that Newtown's motor cars had come out from their shelters and were parked along Elm Street for a solid block.

The farewells to Mrs. Buford were husky and fervent.

"There never was such a party."

"Hazel was simply irresistible."

"I haven't sung so in years."

When the door had closed upon the last guest Hazel turned back into the drawing-room. The lights flickering along the shiny floor suddenly seemed to come up to engulf her.

She put out her arms—and collapsed like a bag of meal.

When they had coaxed the light back to her eyes and the color to her cheeks, she said into the nearest of all possible ears: "Poor ol' Jim-jams! Just when it was all over I had to go and throw a fit."

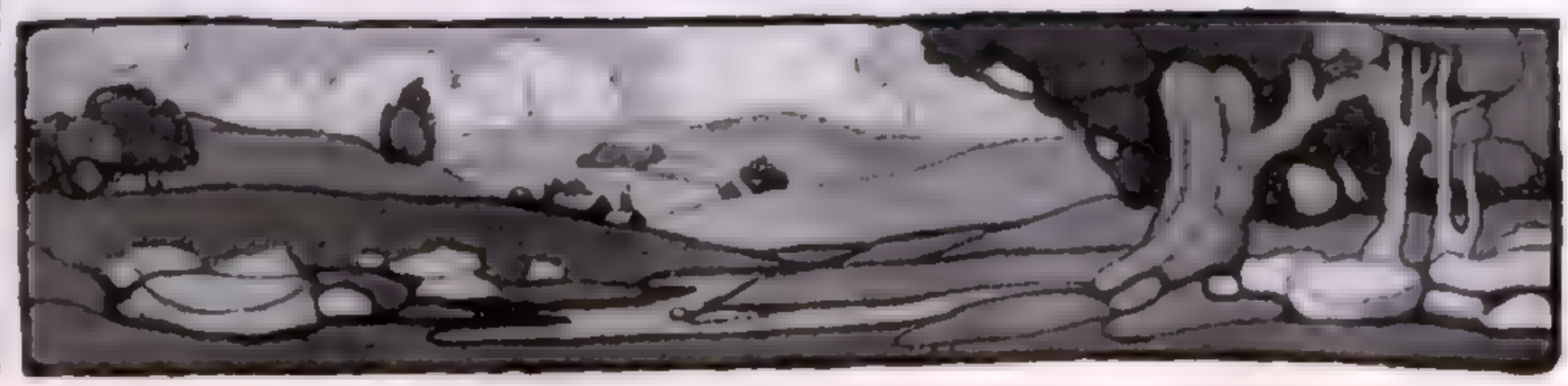
"You were a triumph, dear. You kept them alive and cheerful and happy—single-handed. And you were scared to death half the time."

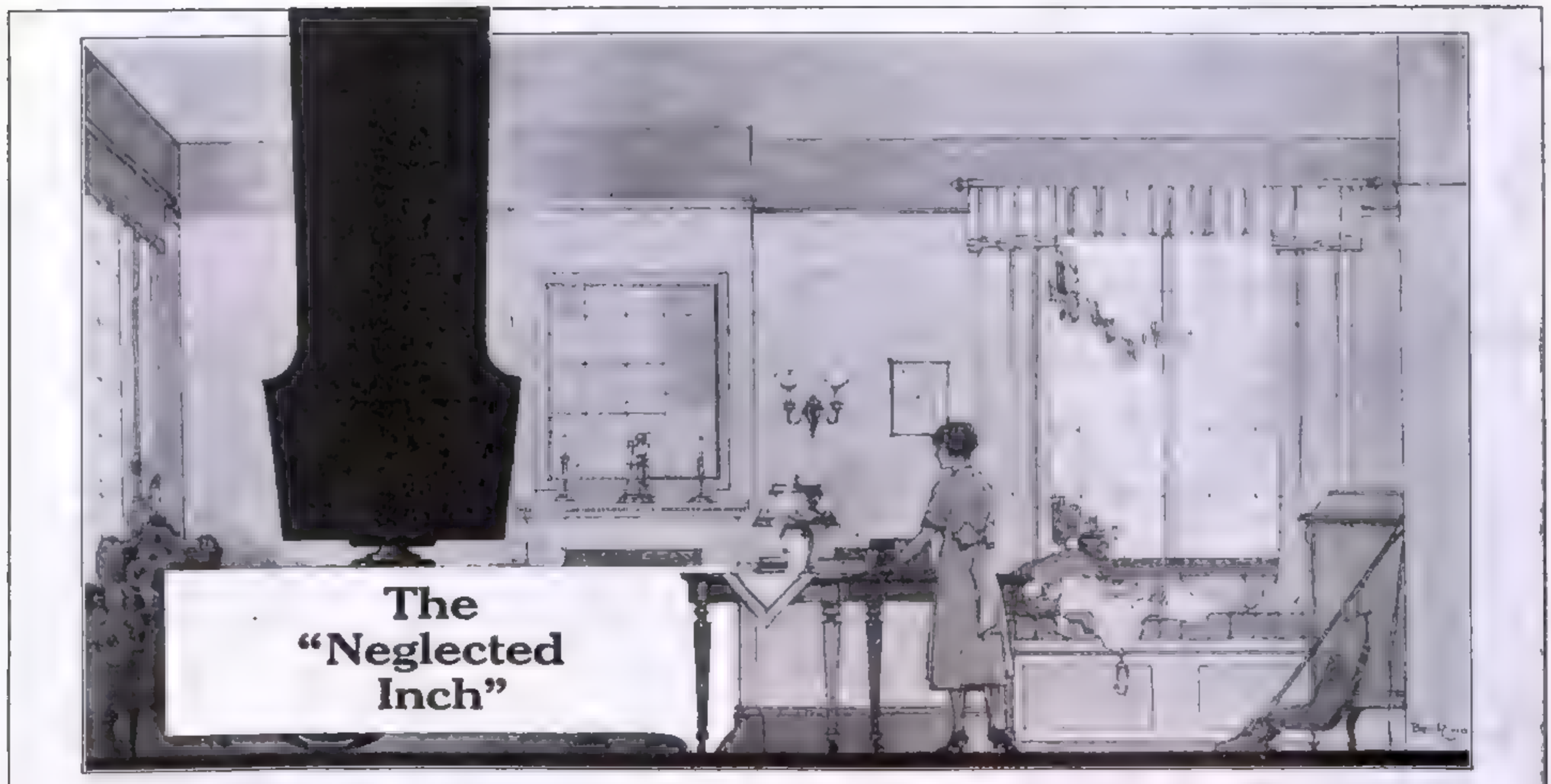
"Wasn't I the village cut-up!" said Hazel happily.

"What you need is bed," said Mrs. Buford. "I'll tell you what I think to-morrow. Only ——" There were tears in her eyes. The drum major of Newtown society was off duty at last. She was not thinking in terms of public approval at all. "My own dear girl, you don't know—how—much—I—love—you."

Hazel, happy, embarrassed, took refuge in frivolity:

"Mother, when we give another show we'll have to hang out the S. R. O. sign. I'm a riot on the slack wire."





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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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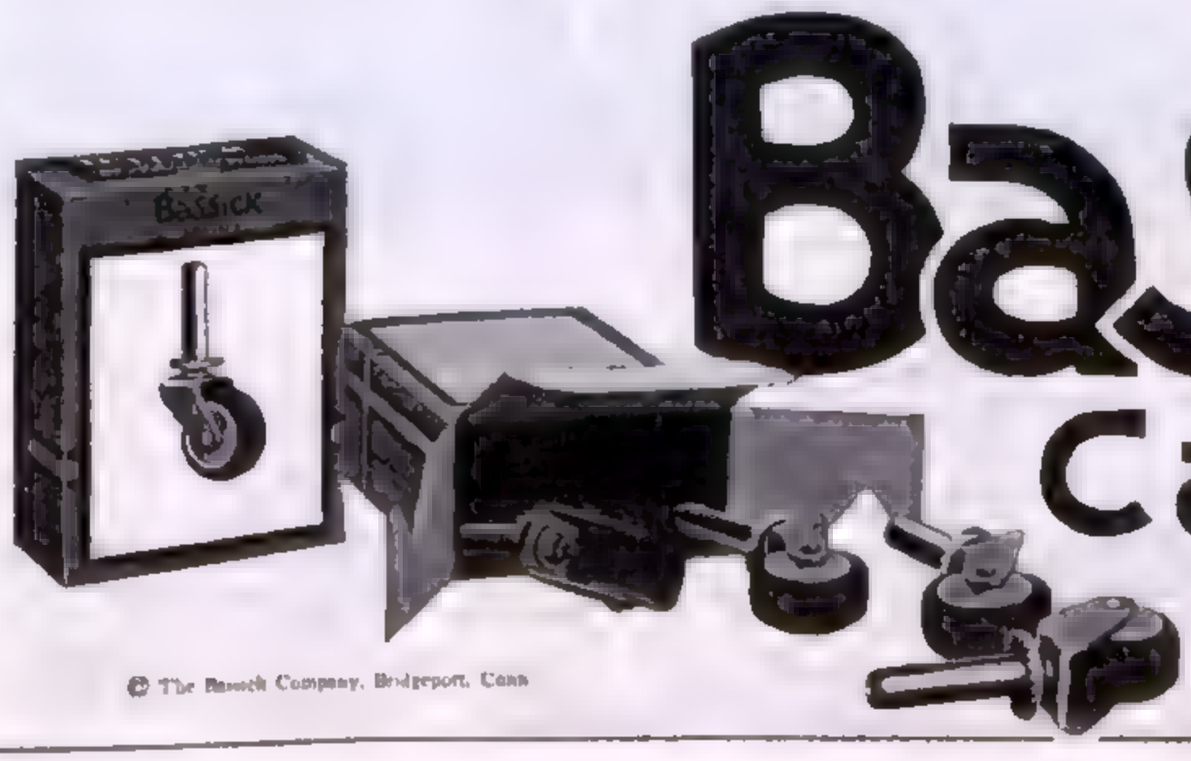

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INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY AND HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from Page 21)

by workers in England, and finally in spite of the more sudden and wholesale communistic experiments in Russia and Italy, nothing has been shown, proved or settled to indicate that labor as such is ready or competent to control industry. In other words, several years of varied experimentation in several countries has left industrial democracy in the sense of worker control exactly where it was before the war, a phrase and a theory.

Indeed, if we think of it even in a far less radical sense, no one can say that the experiments thus far attempted, although no doubt in many cases conceived in a fine spirit and containing much of promise, have really settled anything. All of the plans practically were started either in a period of prosperity and labor scarcity when employes could get anything they asked for or else in the more recent period of acute unemployment. We do not know whether such plans would succeed in more nearly normal times, or could weather a really serious industrial disturbance such as a great strike.

Various forms of industrial democracy, so-called, which ought to succeed theoretically, have failed. The same plan has apparently succeeded in some places and failed in others. In some cases friction has actually been accentuated by the experiments attempted. Indeed, it has been stated often that during the steel strike of 1919 in the plant of one of the great independent companies, employing at that time more than fifteen thousand men, practically every man was out, although a relatively small plant of the United States Steel Corporation in the same town was running with almost its full working complement. Yet the strike was supposed to be directed against the corporation, which had no plan of industrial democracy, while the independent, which was far harder hit, had a most ambitious plan.

Promise and Performance

But that it is a very beautiful theory—industrial democracy—nobody can deny. The war was fought for democracy, we were told, and what was more natural than to apply to industry the same principle which was being applied to politics.

The world has decided against autocracy. Benevolent despots are rare, and even if they grew on every bush, men prefer a bad government for which they are responsible to a good government imposed from above. What reason is there to suppose that this attitude applies only to politics? Is it not just as true of industry, especially as industry steadily grows in importance? Democracy must come to have a larger and deeper meaning than the ballot box.

So runs the argument. The individual worker, it is said, must have freedom, citizenship, responsibility, self-government and self-determination in industry. He has too long been a slave. He has worn the harness long enough; now he must climb onto the driver's seat.

No one class has ever succeeded for long in monopolizing the state, runs the argument. Sooner or later it was turned out of power, and the same will be true of the autocrats of industry. It will be better for the capitalist to abdicate while there is time, for, if he resists, the movement instead of proceeding peacefully will flame out like the Russian revolution.

But this is not the whole argument. It is not merely a question of right on the part of the worker or expediency on the part of the capitalist.

The chief cause of unrest, so we are told, is because the worker is too much on the outside. He will never do his best, he will never be satisfied until he shares in responsibility and control, until industry is his to a substantial degree.

Such in bare but sufficient outline is the theory of industrial democracy. It has a mighty appeal as a theory even when it fails to work in practice. Part of it no doubt is sound, and part wholly fallacious. It is not the purpose of this article to apologize for or defend *in toto* the existing system of industry. Existing institutions are very different from those of the past, and the future may bring something still more different. It is foolish to resist the forces which make for change, but if anything it is more foolish to swallow whole without close scrutiny each new and attractive catch phrase or theory which is thrown into prominence by shifting conditions, only to be forgotten in a few years.

To begin with, there can be little serious doubt that much of the talk so prevalent a couple of years ago as to the immediate ushering in of industrial democracy, of a new social order and a new day, was the result of wholly abnormal war and postwar conditions. In the political as well as in the industrial world there was a general disposition to substitute phrase-making and a welter of talk for work. Following the war people seemed obsessed with the idea that if only a plan or a formula could be found social unrest would disappear, oblivious of the fact that a frictionless industrial machinery can come only when selfishness and greed have disappeared from the earth.

The unrest and dissatisfaction due to the cost, losses and disappointments of the war prepared the way for extreme views which would have received little attention at any other time. Radicals who rode to their country homes in limousines wrote cocksure articles about the duty of the workers to seize industry, although the same writers would have quickly enough discharged their own servants at the first sign of independence, and no one would have chided them for inconsistency.

In other words, before we take industrial democracy too seriously we must allow for the fake element, and for those who saw a chance of self-aggrandizement by hooking onto a new movement and a new theory. It is much more fun, of course, as someone has said, to promise a new heaven and a new earth than to set resolutely to work to improve that little bit of earth which is nearest to one.

It became the fashion to write about industrial democracy, not only in the more advanced journals but also in the daily and Sunday papers. Editors and reporters more interested in a novelty than in economic realities, and hearing that two hundred or perhaps six hundred different companies were experimenting with it, would get up whole pages on the wonderful new thing. But only a careful reader would discover that he was perusing a catalogue of experiments and promises rather than a statement of accomplishment.

Nor must we fail to allow for and discount much of the talk so prevalent about the inefficiency of managers and employers, especially from critics who have never managed anything, but who think everything can be made right by a pet phrase. No doubt there is inefficiency in our railroads, coal mines and other industries. But on the other hand it is a fundamental and universal human weakness and fallacy for almost every man to believe that he can run the other fellow's job better than the other fellow is able to do it.

Lord Leverhulme's Protest

There is nothing easier than to make out an impressive-looking chart or statistical exhibit showing how the people in charge of any given industry are wasting millions or even billions of dollars, and nothing is harder than to take hold of the business yourself and put these economies into effect, with or without industrial democracy.

Just after the close of the war Lord Leverhulme, who certainly cannot be charged with backwardness in his labor policies, referred to the fact that all manufacturers were then being exposed to more criticism than probably any other class in the community, and he went on to say:

> We are expected to adopt every method of every faddist in connection with our industry, while each one of us knows that if a manufacturer adopts any method that does not tend to produce more goods of a superior quality in less time, and at the same time pay labor higher wages and give labor shorter hours, and simultaneously give goods to the consumer at a reduced cost, that manufacturer is led away from the ordinary commercial channels into bypaths of dalliance that can lead nowhere, and he is bound to come to ruin.

But it would not be fair to say that agitators and radicals were the only ones who indulged a year or two ago in wonderful visions. The employer fell for it too. Henry S. Dennison, who has been considered as consistently progressive as any employer, recently said: "I have known a man who got his industrial religion on Tuesday afternoon, put it into effect on Wednesday morning and then kicked because on Thursday morning his men were not already with him heart and soul."

Prof. John R. Commons, who has been a sympathetic student of the labor movement for forty years, recently examined in detail in many parts of the country more than thirty experiments in industrial representation, government and democracy. Each establishment, he said, possessed only an experimental policy, and each was searching elsewhere for some new experiment. Nothing was finally settled; everything from day to day was undergoing resettlement. He adds:

> It is astonishing what easy marks for experts many employers had become in the summer of 1919. From all sides and several vocations these experts were coming in and setting themselves up. They got long-distance calls from employers to hurry up and come at once. They lifted the employers' pocketbooks at will. In some cases we found they—the employers—had actually abdicated and turned the labor end of their business over to professors.

We are all children who run after a new thing, and employers are no exception. They were just as much excited a number of years ago over a different slogan, scientific management, as they have been recently at the mention of industrial democracy; and it was only a few years ago that everybody was running after still another phrase known as "efficiency." The employer is ready to go out and buy a thing when it is the fashion to do so, but he does not always take as much trouble as he might to examine into it.

The Italian Fiasco

In summing up what he learned from his careful studies of the subject, Professor Commons thinks that he saw evidence in 1920 that employers were regaining their balance. But whatever the shift or temporary changes may be in industrial styles and fashions, in phrases, theories and slogans, or even in the relative scarcity and power of labor, the demand for industrial democracy runs too deep to be argued away merely by pointing out its more superficial aspects.

It is obvious, of course, that if we take the more extreme radical view of industrial democracy, that of actual hand-worker control, the various recent attempts in Russia and Italy to improvise industrial government have been anything but promising. The Russian experiment has been described often enough before, but there are certain features of the Italian experiment whose mention will not be out of place in this article. It will be recalled by the reader no doubt that a great movement to seize the factories took place without opposition from the government.

Giolitti, the prime minister, told the workers beforehand that they would fail. He said that they could get no money, and they replied that the banks were full of it. But a few hours after they had seized the factories every lira had gone into hiding. He told them that they could get no credit, and this proved to be true, for it was found that though a mob of workmen could seize a factory, the credit which makes its operation possible was too delicate a thing for anyone to seize.

Giolitti also told the workers before the seizures that they could secure no raw material. They replied that when the goods in one factory were used up they would take those in the nearest factory which had a surplus. But when all was gone every plant came to a standstill because other countries would not supply the goods. The workers were also told in advance by the prime minister that the technicians would not work for them. They replied that many of these men were in sympathy with their aims. But it proved in the outcome that the technical man who had previously worked for one manager found it unendurable in practice to be bossed around by a thousand employers, however socialistic the theories of the expert might be.

Having exhausted every argument, and finding the workers still determined to make the seizures, Giolitti decided it was wiser to allow them to try it on the ground that if a man insists upon fighting you there is nothing to be gained by postponement.

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

Thus there was no opposition to the seizures, except in a few factories in the mountain valleys where the same experiment had been tried a year before with sad results, and where the workmen themselves refused to repeat the mistake a second time.

But after the whole grandiose attempt had proved a failure and the owners had again regained control, the prime minister felt that having given the radicals their great opportunity he was strong enough to throw their two leaders into jail, expel from the country several hundred of the more extreme subordinate leaders and threaten to blow to pieces with machine guns any few remaining hot-heads who made sporadic efforts to seize the factories a second time. Thus the factory seizures in Italy came to an end.

If we turn to the more moderate, reasonable and carefully prepared efforts to manage industry by labor itself the record is little if any better. History is strewn with wrecks of labor's attempted management, even where there has been no outright confiscation to arouse antagonism. In the few cases where success has attended such efforts the tendency has been to keep the good thing for the small group which started it and close the doors against labor as such.

Despite endless experiments in labor management and coöperation, the vast bulk of industry still depends, especially in times of business depression, upon the private initiative of investors, capitalists and managers.

But the argument is repeated over and over that the only way to learn to swim is to keep entering the water, no matter how unpleasant the preceding experiences may have been.

"The difficulties and obstacles in the way are enormous and innumerable," says one advocate of worker control. "But what great change has ever been easy?"

History is cited to show that each successive class which has been given the ballot has proved itself worthy. It is admitted that democracy in industry, just as in political government, must always be a leap in the dark.

Now without going into the merits of the different forms of political government it may be pointed out to begin with that even where every citizen has a vote the average man or woman has exceedingly little to do with the management or administration of affairs. If we take a British coöperative society or a department of a government resting upon equal suffrage we have in theory an extreme form of democracy. Yet in neither case have the lower grades of workers any more to do with the actual administration than if they were working for a capitalistic corporation.

Practical Difficulties

The porter in the office of an English coöperative society or in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington has just as much and just as little to say regarding the opening of a new branch in Manchester or the policies to be adopted toward Lithuania as a fellow porter working in the office of the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation would have to say in regard to the precise moment when the price of steel shall be reduced.

When the President wishes to promote thirty-two majors to be lieutenant colonels he does not go to the Senate and say "Boys, whom shall we promote?" But he recommends the names of a group of officers who have been suggested to him by the Secretary of War, who in turn has received the recommendation of the chief of staff. It is true, of course, that the President acts with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the Senate and the President himself are subject to election once in a number of years. But the average citizen has about as much to do with the promotion of these majors as he has with the movement of the planet Mars.

Indeed it has been suggested that even in labor unions themselves the great majority have little to do with the actual management of affairs. A radical labor leader said not long ago that only five per cent of the members attend meetings and only one per cent make the rules.

The difficulty with labor as such in control of industry is that it is unwieldy, slow and mechanical. Multitudinous management means uncertain, indecisive management. It breaks down on credit, on depreciation accounts, on planning for the future, on finding men who can shoulder responsibility and on discipline. A man who is selected by his fellows finds it hard to maintain discipline. Besides, he is rarely paid enough, and soon goes to a rival establishment where his function is in better repute, or goes into business for himself, or leaves the country if all industry becomes communistic.

It is admitted that committees can draft programs, but they cannot get things done, and in industry things must be done every minute. Administration is merely another name for action, and debating societies are far removed from action. Industrial competency cannot be decided by force or vote any more than can medical treatments. Dentists and barbers are not elected, fortunately for the human race.

But apparently, if we are to judge from the largest single complete and wholehearted application of the theory of worker domination—namely, Russia—its worst feature is not its incompetency but its forced return to autocracy. Those who shout for industrial democracy tell us that the day of autocracy is dead. But we all know that the masses of the people have no skill industrially except in simple matters, and when industry is literally turned over to them the complex matters must in turn be referred to dictators, who organize the community on militaristic lines which the ignorant can understand. The one certain way to assure an autocratic régime in industry is to attempt to apply democracy in doses which cannot be digested.

Matters of Management

Important as the loyalty and coöperation of the labor force is in any industry, we must not forget that a concern may fail even if labor does its best. The worker at the machine may do his part, and yet if there are mistakes in the buying of raw material, in sales campaigns and in financing, every effort of the wage earner is nullified. Only the most visionary worshipers of catch phrases and slogans really believe that the mass of the workers are competent to handle such questions.

Certainly the results of the mental tests applied in the Army and the growing science of psychology generally do not indicate a mass capacity which promises well for worker control of these functions. Whatever their age and physical stature may be, the raw material of industry consists, so far as thought and reasoning power are concerned, mostly of boys and girls. For the most part they lack not only the requisite mental ability but also have not trained themselves, studied or gained the experience which comes from rising from one rank to the other.

For after all, the supposition of ability is in favor of the man who can rise through all grades and who therefore brings a broad knowledge and experience of many problems to the task of management, instead of the very elementary knowledge of very simple problems, which is all the average worker has to offer. Whatever faults the managers of industry may have, or whatever unfair advantages they may have enjoyed, the fact remains that for the most part they have qualified for their positions by rising through all grades.

How can the day laborers or even the still workers of the Standard Oil Company be expected to know as much about the industry as a whole as the board of directors, each one of whom is a department head, in several cases risen from day-labor jobs through every kind of work to their present positions?

"Suppose you and one of your associates were elected to our board of directors," said a corporation official to a labor-union representative. "You know enough about our business to realize that when you got on the board of directors you would find the other directors pretty decent fellows and trying their best to look at questions in a broad light. But more important than that, you would find that they had a whole lot of troubles which the men you represent know nothing about. Now just what would you tell the boys at the end of the year when you went back to report to them?"

"You've said a mouthful," was the reply.

Nor is it out of place to say to those who continually compare industry with political government that industry has no such margin to experiment with. The punishment for mistakes in political government is much further removed and more indirect than it is in industry. If a government department is not well run Congress can be called upon for more money, and even if the voters are interested and alert, which is rarely the case, it takes a long time to visit their disapproval.

Industry has no general taxing power to fall back upon. It must succeed as it goes along, whereas government can blunder along for years. Yet even in the case of political democracy we know that nothing like desirable results are obtained where the political intelligence is very low, such as has been the case in certain Central American states. Nor has even the most advanced political democracy been able to exist without many checks upon democratic mass actions, of which the veto powers of the governors and President, as well as the courts, are but part.

Now it is probably only fair and accurate to say that the great mass of workers in this country are not interested in and don't want most of the beautiful schemes and various kingdoms on earth which the agitators and theorists are preparing for them or are putting forward as the specific demands of labor and in its name. These are not the average workman's schemes. He does not understand them or take them seriously. He is confused and disgusted when problems not of employment but of management are imposed upon him. He is interested in his job, in its security and seniority, in his fellow workmen, his neighbors, the town in which he lives, and in having power enough to command respect.

Close observers of and participants in the details of a number of the largest experiments in giving manual workers a voice or representation in great industries have told me that the large majority of workers simply laugh when a few extremists blow off along communistic lines at the joint meetings between workers and management. The vast majority of the workers, these authorities say, simply don't know or care whether the company opens a branch in Rumania, puts out a hundred-million-dollar bond issue or sells direct to retailers or through jobbers.

The Youth of Labor

The sober and literal truth is that those who hope to accomplish wonders through industrial democracy have overlooked a problem precedent to this one and without whose successful solution industrial democracy can never be an important factor. I said a moment ago that most workers are children mentally, whatever they may be in years and stature. But for that matter and in large part they are hardly more than children in years.

Labor as a whole is made up largely of very young men and women and those coming in without experience and discipline. It is made up to a considerable extent of those who shift from job to job with the least change in conditions. This is partly due to youth, to a large extent to the failure to fit men to their positions and to give them adequate training.

But the casual, shifting laborer, the thriftless, discontented laborer—he is also to a very great extent the product of our lack of stabilization and regularization of industry, to the failure of industry to provide continuity of employment. It is ridiculous to talk of putting the casual, shifting, irresponsible laborer, or even his representative, on the boards of directors of great corporations. The worker must find some way of marrying his job, not merely of flirting with it, before you can seriously interest him in large schemes of industrial government.

"Why the h—— should I go into that?" he asks when confronted with almost any plan for improving industrial relations. "I want something that I can cash at the grocery store," which really means that he wants to be sure of something that he can live on.

The problem of continuity of employment is one of technic, of engineering, of science, and along those lines it must be solved. Grant that the laborer is the victim and not the cause of the system. The system is not to be improved, the problem solved, by putting the most incompetent, one might almost say the waste elements of the system, in charge. The great problem of unemployment comes ahead of that of an ideal system of industrial government. It must be solved first.

Those who urge democracy as the one most fundamental remedy for industrial ills seem to forget that from the very nature of the case millions of workers can never be brought under its operation. The single

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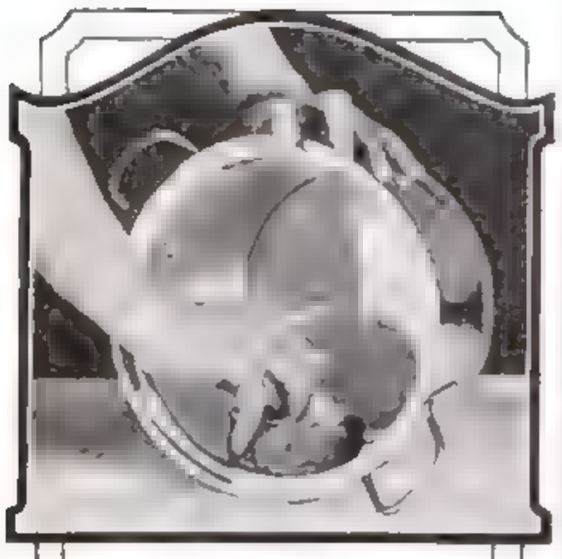

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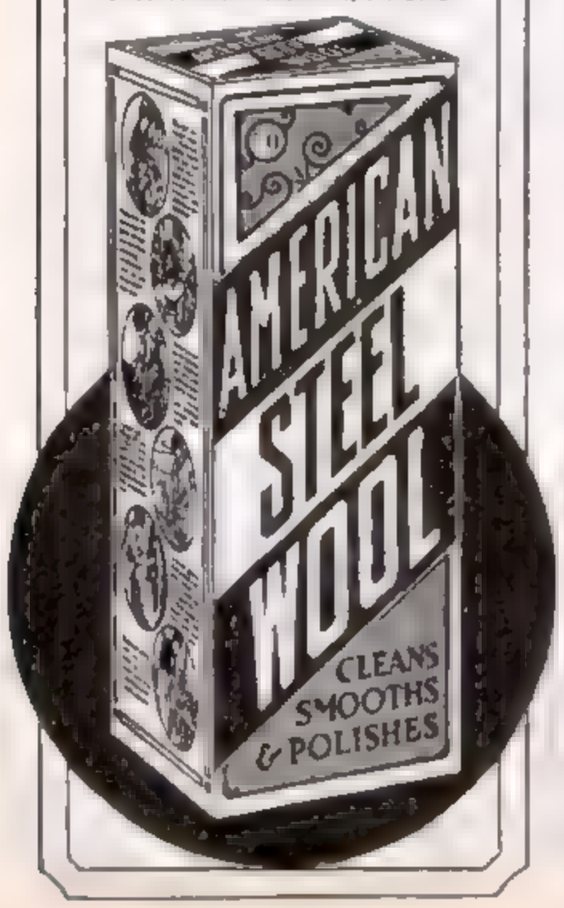


farm hand, stenographer, clerk, mechanic, domestic servant—how are these to be given democratic control? With the finest spirit in the world on the part of such an employer, how is the great scientist to share control of his researches with his seventeen-year-old secretary who has not finished a high-school course?

I went into a garage late one afternoon as the regular mechanics were leaving. It is owned by a smart Armenian who has brought many of his countrymen over. The only workman available was a middle-aged Armenian, clumsy, incompetent and wholly unable to speak our language. He misunderstood the orders of the foreman and completely botched the job. There would have been real trouble except that one of the regular mechanics who had just punched the time clock and was about to leave the building saw what was wrong, and as he passed the car quickly made the repair while he was good-naturedly jesting at the expense of the foreigner.

He, like all of us, must have felt sorry for the oppressive conditions under which the Armenian had lived; but I have no doubt that he would have been as fully horrified as would the two local capitalists who own the garage at the suggestion that the Armenian be put in control.

Apparently those who talk about industrial democracy have it in mind only for labor in the invidious conventional sense of wage earners in large factories with the possible addition of railroads and coal mines. They would probably reply that you have to start somewhere, and had better start under the most favorable circumstances. Offhand this would appear to be among the most powerfully organized and intelligent union workers.

A Curious Paradox

But the striking fact is that for the most part the demand for control comes from the less intelligent unions, from those whose members are mostly recent immigrants and who are ignorant enough to be appealed to by their leaders with the talk of big profits, control and the like. To a large extent the more intelligent wage earners, whether organized or unorganized, regard this line of talk as bunk. Numbers of them, such as the printers, have been in business for themselves, perhaps as failures, and are quite willing that other people should take the risks of ownership and control, provided they can be sure of high wages and fairly certain jobs.

Thus we have the curious, the really astounding anomaly, that the most socialistic ideals in labor circles are among the very workers who would most surely fail in putting them into effect. This you may explain in various ways, such as that the clothing workers, having been oppressed in Poland and Russia, are more bitter against any existing system than the highly skilled native American who has not been oppressed in any such way. But the fact remains, damning in the light which it throws upon current proposals for a new social order, that the very classes least fitted to make any new system a success are most strongly in favor of it.

It requires only common sense to see that with the wide diversity of ability, resources and attitude on the part of employers, and of perhaps even greater variations of skill, temper and endowment, as well as race and language, on the part of the employes, industrial government is bound to be, in this country at least, a case problem, and not something to dogmatize about. There are the greatest possible differences in the size, location, stability and profitableness of enterprises. Some concerns employ only one kind of labor and make only one product. Other companies in a single plant make hundreds of products and employ every variety of labor.

According to location, there are great differences in living costs, in housing conditions, along with the size and nature of wages, hours, fatigue, monotony and bodily injury involved in the work, and chance of promotion. There are a couple of hundred thousand small shops in most of which there is no reason why the employe should not be in close touch with the employer, or at least the superintendent, and where grievances are easily and quickly adjusted through personal negotiation.

There are many important plants in rural districts where most of the workers come from near-by native farm stock and still possess the old American idea of self-help and individual initiative. They want no works councils or industrial democracy. Most of them own their own homes, as well as shares of stock in the company.

It is true that a very plausible-sounding argument is put up by those who urge that manual labor should have full or at least equal control of industry, to the effect that the workman has as great an investment or a greater one indeed than the capitalist. The only reason, it is said, that control rests now with the capitalist-employer-manager is because he owns or represents a property interest. But the worker dedicates himself and his skill to the industry, which is more precious than property or money. He invests his life, his personality, his all. Is he not then entitled to equal, or, if human rights exceed property rights, to full control?

One can argue back and forth as to which takes the greater risk, capital or labor. Usually the capitalist does not have all his eggs in one basket. He can still live if his business fails. At the worst, failure means missing a profit, not his livelihood. Capital does not take all the financial risks, for when a business fails the worker is often thrown out of employment.

But on the other hand the very person who argues for labor's right to control and who denounces the profits made by capital is the first to insist that labor shall have the highest possible wages, the standard rate of wages, no matter if the business does go bankrupt. Unfortunately no way has been found of eating one's cake and having it too. The capitalist bent upon making a profit fires the worker if it suits his convenience. But the worker who sees a better job somewhere else leaves the capitalist without any compunction, regardless of whether contracts have been fulfilled or losses sustained.

We get nowhere by such counter arguments. The capitalist-employer-manager controls not because he regards property rights so superior to human rights, but solely because no one else has yet appeared competent to plan, direct and manage. Under any social order industry must depend upon the accumulation of capital and credit, and this in turn means that someone must be farsighted enough to save, willing to sacrifice the present for the future.

Now unless human nature entirely changes, the man who has the ability and intelligence to save, no matter whether you call him an investor, as under the present system, or the commissar of the eighteenth railroad district, as under some future system, will insist that his pains shall not go for nought. In other words, he will always insist that as long as he takes the trouble to save for the benefit of industry, control of industry shall remain in the hands of the competent in order that his savings shall not be dissipated.

Big Profits Assumed

A sympathetic student of shop committees and works councils, Charles M. Mills, has pointed out that we do not "begin to approach that blessed state called industrial democracy" until the investor himself is willing to leave authority with the workers' council rather than with the management. And that is about the nub of it.

Somewhere at the bottom of all thoroughgoing schemes of industrial-democracy-worker control there is the idea of absorbing for labor the surplus of the perfected concern and omitting the tedious details of expansion from small and weak beginnings. What appeals to the worker-control advocate is not to start where the employers began but where they ended; not to construct and build, but to expropriate.

All such schemes assume the universality of big profits. They get their popularity, attraction and excitement from what might be called the big scoops of industry, not from the average run of business, which with the hardest kind of work and closest attention to details just about gets along and leaves no surplus profits.

Countless business enterprises fail, even with resourceful management and sacrifice on the part of investors. Just what would become of them if the idea prevailed that everything must go to labor it is hard to conceive.

Whatever machinery is adopted to give the workers a voice or representation, it seems to be true that everything depends on the man—or men—who puts the machinery to work and keeps it going. Plans, names, titles and elaborate schemes of paper government succeed only as they make the workers feel they are being treated like human beings.

A man may be able to raise capital, possess technical skill and competence in handling many phases of his business, yet fall down lamentably on the human factor. This has always been true and always will be true. The most extreme form of socialism or communism will fail, just as the present industrial system fails, to the extent that its commissars are poor at handling the human material.

The promising feature to-day is that this fact is recognized far more clearly than in the early period of the modern industrial system, and that many powerful forces are making for a steadily improved handling of the problem of personnel.

But it is probably fair to say also that in addition to these well-known fundamental principles of human relations very distinct progress has been made in recent years in establishing machinery whereby, to quote one announcement, "the company will learn more of the difficulties with which the men are confronted and the men be given a new idea of the problems of management."

In numbers of the largest corporations in the country, as well as in many smaller ones, considerable success has accompanied the efforts to consult the wage earner and take into consideration his views as to the conditions surrounding his job, through the means of works councils and similar agencies. These experiments, of course, as already stated, are comparatively young as yet, and the actual degree of participation in management afforded the workers is in only a few cases insignificant, while in the vast majority it is nonexisting.

The Human Element

The manager of one of the largest plants in the country expressed the situation to me tersely and in typical business-man fashion by saying that the idea of the workers managing was poppycock, but that any means which gave them a better chance to express their views and which softened the attitude of the foremen toward them was a good thing. John Calder, manager of industrial relations of Swift & Co., in explaining what the worker wants, has described admirably the psychology of these experiments:

> The worker wants to be consulted, to have some things explained to him in the first instance, not merely thrown at him or arbitrarily imposed upon him by bulletins, orders or decisions to which he was not a party. He does not want to come to work some morning and find that some things have absolutely been changed by a typewritten sentence the night before.

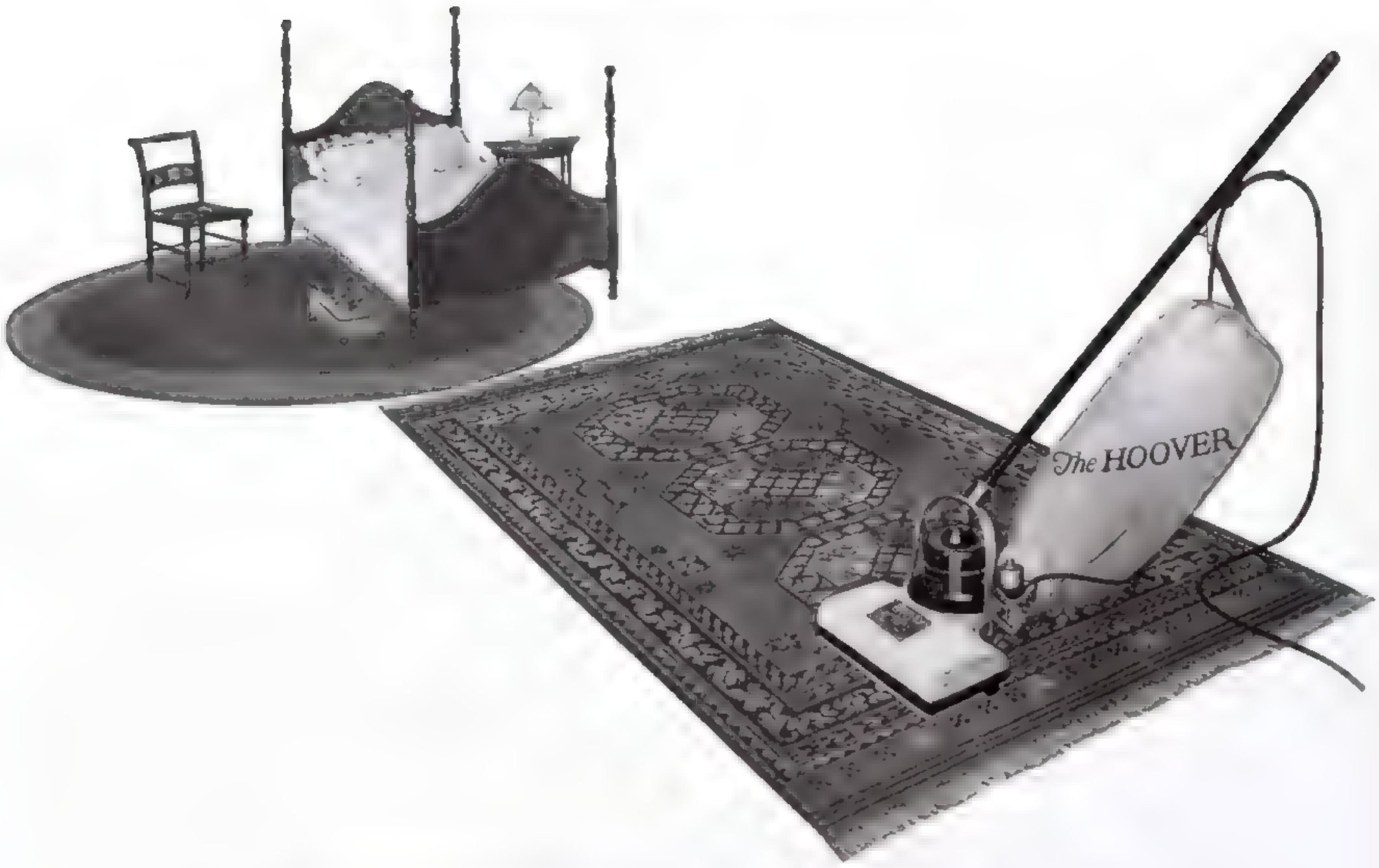
Even if the management initiates every program and the shop committees or works councils do little more than discuss and then O. K. them, it helps to arouse the worker's interest and gives him a feeling of responsibility and self-respect. Every man likes to be consulted regarding matters which affect his interest. Every person likes to express his or her views, especially if more than perfunctory consideration is given to them. The worker's views may be vetoed by management. None of us ever gets all he wants or asks for, but at least it is a great satisfaction to be listened to.

Nor must it be supposed that the employer's only motive in introducing these plans has been to defeat, anticipate or find a substitute for the union. To a great extent he is honestly and sincerely seeking to satisfy a craving in the worker which apparently asks for something more than wages. The employer is moved even more perhaps by an honest desire, whether rightly or wrongly, to teach the worker to take an interest in the problems and conditions of the business as a whole, a form of education which unions have usually opposed.

I firmly believe that what the employer is trying to get away from more than anything else is the usual reply of the union official upon being asked by the employer to consider the condition of the industry:

"That's your worry, not ours."

All this is suggestive and promising as far as it goes. But nothing could be more absurd than for extremists to seize upon these experiments, and filling their minds with a wholly inaccurate and undescriptive slogan or catch phrase, expect, like the early Christians, an actual manifestation of the kingdom of heaven on earth. History has been full of the worship of words and phrases, and about as soon as one has become well-nigh universal it has been supplanted by another.



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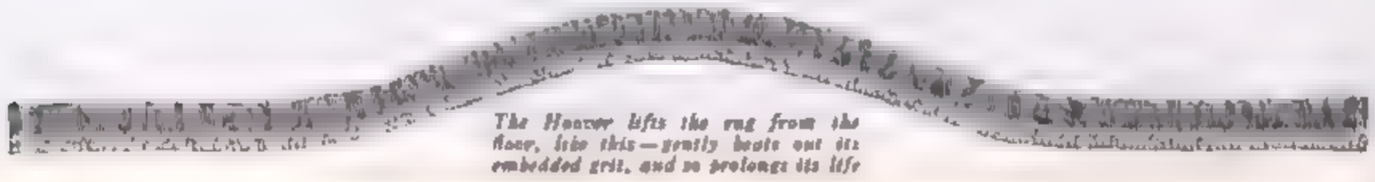

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 19)

was to have her! Love was out of the question! She did not even have the excuse of needing money! What a loathsome bargain! What a loathsome woman! To think he had allowed himself to be stirred by her beauty! He wouldn't touch her with his little finger now if she were the last woman in the world. Albee! There must be thirty-five years between them. Someone ought to stop it. She would be better in prison than giving herself to an old man like that. She was no ignorant child. She knew what she was doing. If he were the girl's brother or father he'd rather see her dead.

It was after midnight when he set to work on the papers in the case. He worked all night. The old servant bringing Mrs. O'Bannon her breakfast the next morning reported Mr. Dan as being off and away. He had come into the kitchen at six for a cup of coffee, his face as white as that sheet and his eyes nearly out of his head.

This was the afternoon that Eleanor selected to take the matter into her own hands and come to his office. She came late in the afternoon. It was after six. She saw his car standing in the street and she knew he was still there. She went in past the side entrance to Mr. Wooley's shop, up the worn wooden stairs, through the glass door with its gold letters "Office of the District Attorney of Princess County." The stenographers and secretaries had gone. Their desks were empty, their typewriters hooded. O'Bannon was standing alone in the middle of the room with his hat and overcoat on, as if he had been caught by some disagreeable thought just in the moment of departure.

Eleanor's step made no sound on the stairs. He looked up in surprise as she opened the door, and as their eyes met she knew clearly that he did not want to see her. There was something almost brutal in the way that he looked at her and then looked away again, as if he hoped she might be gone when he looked back. If she had come on her own business she would have gone. As it was, she couldn't. She came in, and closing the door behind her she leaned against the handle.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Dan," she said, "but I must talk to you about Lydia Thorne."

"Miss Thorne's friends are doing everything they can to prevent the preparation of a case against her. They take all my time in interviews," he answered.

"Who else has been here?" asked Eleanor with a sinking heart.

"Oh, Bobby Dorset has been here. That interview was brief."

"And Governor Albee?"

O'Bannon looked at her with eyes that suddenly flared up like torches.

"Yes, damn him," he said.

There was a pause during which Eleanor did not say a word, but her whole being, body and mind, was a question; and O'Bannon, though he had become this strange, hostile creature, was yet enough her old friend to answer it.

"If you have any influence with Miss Thorne tell her to keep politics out of it—to get a good lawyer and to prepare a good case."

Eleanor interpreted this to mean that Albee's mission had failed. She would have rejoiced at this, except that the hostility of his manner hurt her beyond the power of rejoicing. She was not like Lydia—stimulated by enmity. She felt wounded and chilled by it. She told herself, as women always do in these circumstances, that there was nothing personal about his irritation but there was something terribly personal in her not being able to change his black mood.

"She has a good lawyer—Wiley. Who can be better than Wiley?" she asked.

"He's often successful, I believe."

He began snapping out the light over the desk—a hint not too subtle. Eleanor started twice to say that most people believed that no jury would convict a girl like Lydia, but every phrase she thought of sounded like a challenge. They went downstairs. Ordinarily he would have offered to drive her home, although her own car was waiting for her. Now he took off his soft hat and was actually turning away when she caught him by the sleeve. His arm remained limp, almost humanly sulky, in her grasp. "I've never known you like this before, Dan," she said.

"You must do me the justice to say," he answered, "that lately I have done my best to keep out of your way."

Eleanor dropped his arm and he started to move away.

"Tell me one thing," she said. "The grand jury will indict her?"

"It will."

She nodded.

"That is what Mr. Wiley thinks."

"And he also thinks, I suppose," said O'Bannon, "that no criminal jury will convict her?"

"And what do you think?"

"I think," he answered, so slowly that each word fell clearly, "that a conviction can be had and that I shall get it."

Eleanor did not answer. The chauffeur was holding open the door of her car, and she walked forward and got into it. She had learned the thing she had come to learn—a knowledge of his position and a further knowledge that that position was an honorable one. She was glad that his hands were clean, but in her left side her heart ached like a tooth. He seemed a stranger to her—unfriendly, remote, remote as a man struggling in a whirlpool would be remote from even the friendliest spectator on the bank.

A few days later the grand jury found a true bill against Lydia. That was no surprise even to her friends. Wiley and Albee had both prepared her for that. The crime for which she was indicted, however, came as a shock. It was manslaughter in the first degree. Albee was, or affected to be, pleased. It proved they were bluffing, he said.

"It may cost you a little more on Wiley's bill," he said. "It costs a little more, I suppose, to be acquitted of manslaughter than of criminal negligence; but on the other hand it may save you a thousand-dollar fine. A jury might conceivably find you guilty of a crime for which you could be fined, but not of one for which the only punishment is imprisonment."

Bobby thought the indictment showed conclusively that there was some crooked work going on, and wanted the district attorney's office investigated. Most of Lydia's friends began to feel that this was really carrying the thing too far.

Thus New York.

In the neighborhood of Wide Plains it was generally known that O'Bannon and Foster were working early and late, and that the district attorney's office was out to get a conviction in the Thorne case.

II

"ISAAC HERRICK."

"Here."

"William P. McCaw—I beg your pardon—McCann."

"Here."

"Royal B. Fisher. Mr. Fisher, you were not in court yesterday. Well, you did not answer the roll. Gentlemen, if you do not answer when your names are called I shall give your names to the court officer. Grover C. Wilbur."

"Here."

The county court room with its faded red carpet and shabby woodwork had the dignity of proportion which marks rooms built a hundred years ago under the solemn Georgian tradition.

Miss Bennett and Eleanor, guided by Judge Homans' secretary, came in through a side door, and passing the large American flag which hung above the judge's empty chair, they sat down in some cross seats on the left. Beyond the railing the room was already well filled with the new panel of jurors, the witnesses, the reporters and many of Lydia's friends, who were already jostling for places.

The clerk of the court, immediately in front of the judge's bench, but on a lower level, having finished calling the roll, was busily writing, writing, his well-brushed red-and-silver head bent so low over his great sheets that the small bare spot on top was presented to the court room. For one moment he and a tall attendant had become human and friendly over the fact that the counsel table was not on all fours, and the day before had rocked under the thundering fist of the lawyer in the last case. But as soon as it was stabilized with little wads of paper both men returned to their accustomed solemnity, the clerk to his lists and the attendant, standing erect at the railing, to viewing the unusual crowd and exclaiming at intervals "Find seats—sit down—find seats," which was, of course, just what everybody was trying to do.

Foster came in hurriedly with a stack of large manila envelopes in his hand. He bowed nervously to Miss Bennett and sat down just in front of her with his eyes fixed on the door.

The court stenographer came in and took his place, laid his neatly sharpened pencils beside his open book, yawned and threw his arm over the back of his chair. He seemed indifferent as to what story of human frailty was by means of his incredible facility about to be transferred to the records.

Yet he was not wholly without human curiosity, for presently he leaned over to the clerk and whispered, "What did the jury find in that abduction case?"

"Acquitted."

"Well, well!"

The two men exchanged a glance that betrayed that in their opinion jurors and criminals were pretty much on the same level.

A faint stir in the court, an anticipatory cry from the attendant of "Order, order," and Lydia and Wiley came in and sat down side by side at the corner of the long table—now perfectly steady. Lydia looked pale and severe. She had devoted a great deal of thought to her dress, not through vanity, but because dress was an element in winning her case. She was dressed as simply as possible, without being theatrically simple. She wore a dark serge and a black-winged hat. She nodded to Foster, smiled at Miss Bennett and Eleanor. She began looking coolly about her. She had never been in court, and the setting interested her. It was a good deal like a theater, she thought—the railed-off space representing the stage where all action was to take place, the judge's raised bench occupying the dominating position back center, the jury box on her right with its two tiers of seats, the witness chair on its high platform and between the judge and the jury. Close to the railing and at right angles to the jury box, the eight-foot-long counsel table, where she and Wiley had taken their places with their backs to the spectators outside the railing, who were so exactly like a theatrical audience. Then a gavel beat sharply. Everyone stood up almost before being directed to do so, and Judge Homans came into court. He came slowly through the side door, his hands folded in front of him, his robes flowing, as a priest comes from the sacristy.

The judge, like the clerk, immediately became absorbed in writing. Foster sprang up and stood at his desk talking to him, but he never raised his head. Foster kept glancing over his shoulder at the door. Lydia knew for whom he was watching—like a puppy for its supper, she thought. A voice rang out:

"The case of the People against Lydia Thorne. Lydia Thorne to the bar."

To Lydia the words suggested an elaborate game. She glanced at Miss Bennett, suppressing a smile, and saw that her companion's nerves were shaken by the sinister sound of them. Wiley rose.

"Ready—for the defense," he said.

Foster, with his eyes still on the door, murmured with less conviction, "Ready—for the people."

The clerk, laying aside his pen, had begun to take the names of the jurors out of the box at his elbow.

"Josiah Howell."

"Seat Number 1," echoed the attendant antiphonally.

"Thomas Peck."

"Seat Number 2."

Wiley, bending to Lydia's ear, whispered, "I want you to challenge freely—anyone you feel might be antagonistic. I trust to your woman's intuition. The jury is the important ——"

She ceased to hear him, for she saw Foster's face light up and she knew that at last the district attorney was in court. She recognized his step behind her, and almost immediately his tall figure came within range of her vision. He sat down on the left next to Foster, crossed his arms, fixed his eyes on each juror who entered the box. It was to Lydia like the rising of the curtain on a great play.

"William McCann."

"Seat Number 12."

The jury was complete.

O'Bannon unfolded his long person and rose. Crossing the space in front of Lydia, he came and stood in front of the jury, looking from one to another, asking routine questions, but with a grave attention that made them seem spontaneous. Did any of them know the defendant or her counsel? Had any of them ever been arrested for speeding? Had any one of them ever injured anyone with an automobile?

To Lydia his whole personality seemed different—more aggressive, more hostile. When, in speaking, he put out his fist she noticed the powerful bulk of his hand, the strength of his wrist. She could not see his face, for he stood with shoulder turned to her, but she could see the upturned faces of the jurors.

Number 10 was in the automobile business, and was excused. Number 2 admitted a slight acquaintance with the defendant, though Lydia couldn't remember him and was inclined to think he was merely escaping duty. Number 5, in the midst of the interrogation, suddenly volunteered the information that he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment.

At this the judge looked up from his writing and said loudly, "But this isn't a capital-punishment case."

"No, no, I know," said Number 5 apologetically. "I just thought I'd mention it."

"Don't mention anything that has no bearing on the case," said the judge, and went back to his writing.

At noon, when the court adjourned, the jury was not yet satisfactory to the prosecution

Lydia, Miss Bennett and Wiley drove over to Eleanor's for luncheon. Of the three women Lydia was the gayest.

"He really does—that man really does expect to put me behind bars," she said.

"The prospect apparently puts you in the highest spirits," said Eleanor.

Lydia laughed, showing her bright, regular little teeth.

"I do like a good fight," she answered.

That was the way she thought of it—as a personal struggle between the district attorney and herself. Since that first interview Wiley had no indifference to complain of. On the contrary, he complimented her on her grasp of the case—she ought to have been a lawyer. She had put every fact at his disposal—every fact that had any bearing on the case. She did not consider the exact nature of her former acquaintance with O'Bannon among these; that is to say, she mentioned that she had once met him at the Piers' and played bridge with him. She added that Eleanor felt he had taken a dislike to her. Wiley said nothing, but imagined that she might have played queen to a country attorney—irritating, of course.

About everything else, however, she went into details—especially about the bribing of Drummond, over which she apparently felt no shame at all. Both Albee and Wiley, who were often together in consultation with her, were horrified—not so much at her having done it as at her feeling no remorse. Wiley spoke as her lawyer. Albee, more human, more amused, shook his head.

"Really, my dear young lady, bribery of a police officer ——"

"Oh, come, governor," said Lydia. "This from you!"

"I don't know what you mean. I never offered a man a bribe in all my life," said the governor earnestly.

"And exactly what did you say to Mr. O'Bannon in your recent interview?"

Wiley and Albee protested, more as if she were breaking the rules of a game than as if she were saying anything contrary to fact. Albee explained at some length that when a man was behaving wrongly through self-interest—which was, of course, what the district attorney was doing—it was perfectly permissible to show him that self-interest might lie along opposite lines. Lydia, unconvinced by this explanation, would do nothing but laugh annoyingly. At this both men turned on her, explaining that if the bracelet could be got in evidence, if it could be shown that she had bribed the man whom she later killed, the case would go against her.

"Oh, but they can't get it in," said Albee, "not unless you fall asleep, counselor, or the district attorney is an out-and-out crook."

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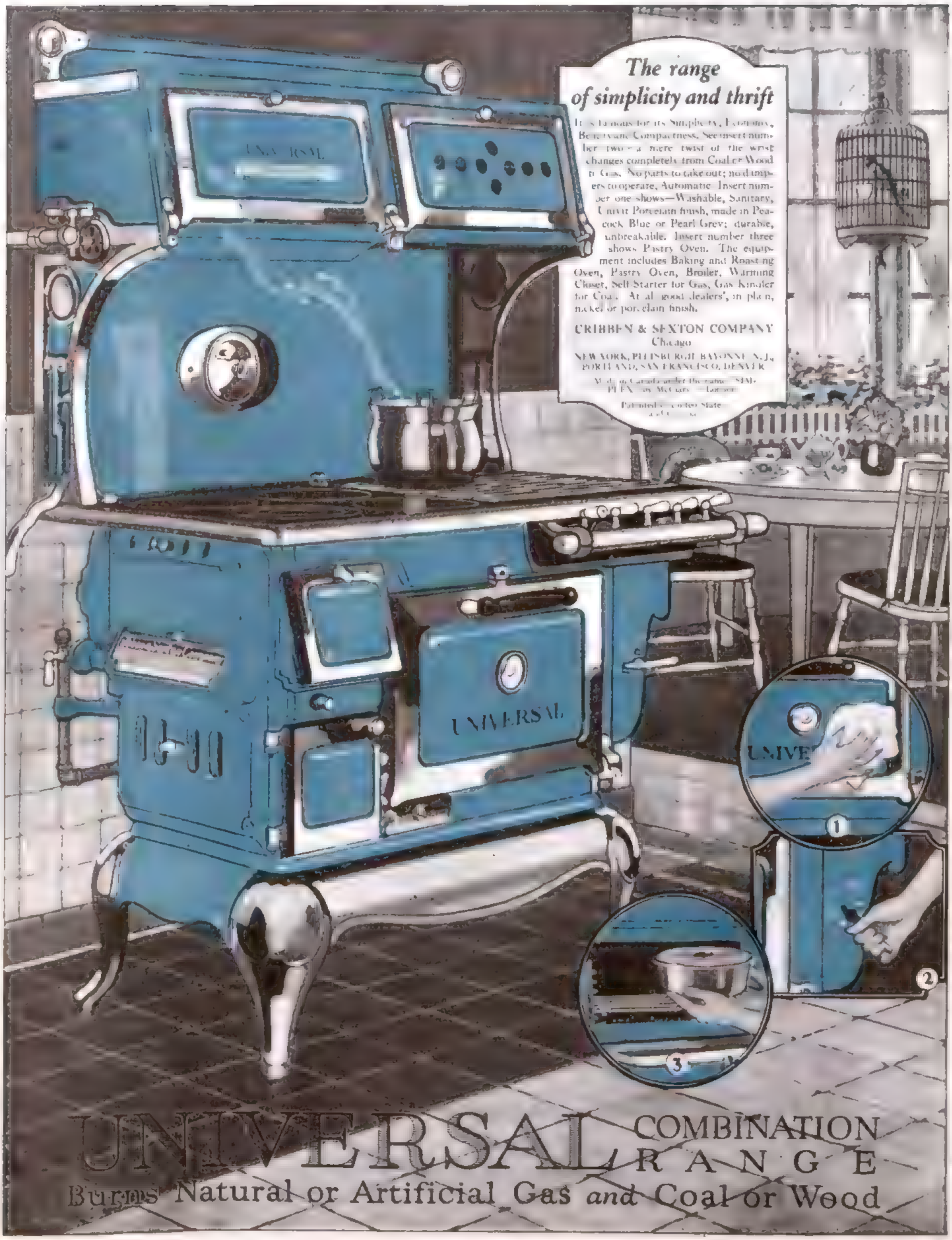
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(Continued from Page 48)

Wiley, more cautious, wasn't so sure. If Lydia herself took the stand ——

"Of course I shall testify in my own behalf," said Lydia.

"Yes," said Albee. "Exhibit A—a beautiful woman. Verdict—not guilty."

So the discussion always came back to the sympathy of the jury—the necessity of selecting the right twelve men. Nothing else was talked of during luncheon at Eleanor's that first day. Was Number 6 hostile? Did all farmers own automobiles nowadays? Number 1 was susceptible, Miss Bennett felt sure. He hadn't taken his eyes off Lydia. Number 7, on the contrary, was hypnotized, according to Lydia, by "that man."

By three o'clock the jury was declared satisfactory to the prosecution. It was Wiley's turn. His manner was very different from O'Bannon's—more conciliating. He seemed to woo the jury with what Lydia described in her own mind as a perfumed voice.

Number 2, in answer to Wiley's questions, admitted a prejudice against automobiles, since it was now impossible to drive his cows home along the highroad. He was excused.

Number 7, who had once owned a flourishing poultry farm, had been obliged to give it up.

"On account of motors?"

"Yes, and because it didn't pay."

Did he feel his prejudice was such as to prevent his rendering an impartial verdict in this case?

Number 7 looked blank and sulky, like a little boy stumped in class, and at last said it wouldn't.

"Excused," said Wiley.

"But I said it wouldn't," Number 7 protested.

"Excused," said Wiley, fluttering his hand.

Lydia had tapped twice on the table—the agreed signal.

By four o'clock the jury was satisfactory to both sides; and then, just as Lydia's nerves were tightened for the beginning of the great game, the court adjourned until ten o'clock the next morning. The judge, looking up from his writing, admonished the jury not to discuss the case with anyone, not even among themselves. The jurors produced unexpected hats and coats like a conjuring trick. The court attendant began shouting "Keep your seats until the jury has passed out," and the whole picture of the court dissolved.

Wiley was whispering to Lydia, "A very nice jury—a very intelligent, reasonable group of men." He rubbed his hands.

Lydia's eyes followed O'Bannon's back as he left the court with Foster trotting by his side.

"I wonder if the district attorney is equally pleased with them," she said.

Bobby Dorset drove back with them and stayed to dinner. Miss Bennett, who had a headache from the hot air and the effort of concentrating her mind, would have been glad to forget the trial, but Lydia and Bobby talked of nothing else. She kept a pad and pencil at hand to note down points that occurred to her. Bobby, with a mind at once acute and trivial, had collected odd bits of information—that the judge was hostile, that the door man said the verdict would be not guilty, and he had never been wrong in twenty-seven years.

Proceedings began the next morning by O'Bannon's opening for the prosecution. Lydia saw a new weapon directed against her that her advisers did not seem to appreciate—O'Bannon's terrible sincerity. His voice had not an artificial note in it. Meaning what he said, he was able to convince the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "the indictment in this case is manslaughter in the first degree. That is homicide without intent to effect death by a person committing or attempting to commit a misdemeanor. The People will show that on the eleventh day of March of this year the defendant, while operating an automobile on the highways of this county in a reckless and lawless manner, killed John Drummond, a traffic policeman, who was attempting to arrest her. Drummond, whose ante-mortem statement will be put in evidence ——"

Suddenly Lydia's attention lapsed. This man who was trying to send her to prison had held her in his arms. She saw again the moon and the mist, and felt his firm hand on her shoulder. Memory seemed more real than this incredible reality. Then, just as steel doors shut on the red fire of a furnace, so her mind shut out this aspect of the situation, and she found she was listening—after how long a lapse she did not know—to O'Bannon's words.

"—— at the entrance to the village the road divides, the right fork turning back at an angle something less than a right angle. Round this corner the defendant attempted to go by a device known as skidding a car; that is to say, still going at a high rate of speed, she turned her wheels sharply to the right and put on her brakes hard enough to lock the back wheels."

"Yes, my friend," thought Lydia, "that's the way it's done. I wonder how many times you've skidded your own car to know so much about it."

"This device," O'Bannon's voice continued, "which is always a somewhat reckless performance, was in this case criminal. With the officer known to be overlapping her car on the left, she might as well have picked her car up and struck him with it. Her car did so strike him, throwing him from his motorcycle and causing the hideous injuries of which he died within eight hours."

Lydia closed her eyes. She saw that mass of blood and steel lying in the road and heard her own footsteps beating on the macadam.

"The People will prove that the defendant was committing a misdemeanor at the time. By Section 1950 of the Penal Law it is a misdemeanor to render the highways dangerous or to render a considerable number of persons insecure in life. The defendant in approaching the village of Wide Plains along a highway on which there were buildings and people at a rate of forty miles an hour was so endangering life. Gentlemen, there never was a simpler case as to law and fact than this one."

Lydia glanced at Wiley under her lashes. It seemed to her that O'Bannon's manner was almost perfect. She believed he had already captured the jury, but she could read nothing of Wiley's opinion in his expression. He rose more leisurely, more conversational in manner. The defense would show, he said—and his tone seemed to add "without the least difficulty"—that the motorcycle of the unfortunate young policeman had skidded and struck the automobile of the defendant, causing, to the deep chagrin of the defendant, the death of that gallant young hero. They would show that the defendant was not committing a misdemeanor at the time, for to attain a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles on a lonely road was not even violating the speed law, as everyone who owned a car knew very well. As for the indictment of manslaughter in the first degree, really—Wiley's manner seemed to say that he knew a joke was a joke, and that he had as much sense of humor as most men, but when it came to manslaughter in the first degree—"a crime, gentlemen, for which a prison sentence of twenty years may be imposed—twenty years, gentlemen." He had never in a long experience at the bar heard of a bill being found at once so spectacular and so completely at variance with the law. The defense would show them that if they followed the recommendation of his learned young friend, the district attorney, to consider the facts and the law ——

His manner to O'Bannon was more paternal than patronizing. He seemed to sketch him as an eager, emotional boy intoxicated by headlines in the New York papers. Wiley radiated wisdom, pity for his client, grief for the loss of Drummond and an encouraging hope that a young man like O'Bannon would learn enough in the course of a few years to prevent his making a humiliating sort of mistake like this again. He did not say a word of this, but Lydia could see the atmosphere of his speech seeping into the jurors' minds.

Yes, she thought, it was an able opening—not the sort of ability that she would have connected with legal talent in the days when she knew less of the law; but it seemed to be the kind of magic that worked. She was pleased with her counsel, directed a flattering look at him and began to assume the air he wanted her to assume—the dovelike.

The prosecution began at once to call their witnesses—first the doctors and nurses from the hospital, establishing the cause of death. Then the exact time was established by the clock on the motorcycle—3:12, confirmed by the testimony of many witnesses. Then the ante-mortem statement was put in evidence. A long technical argument took place between the lawyers over this. It occupied all the rest of the morning session. The statement was finally admitted, but the discussion had served to impress on the jury the fact that the testimony of a witness whose credibility cannot be judged of by personal inspection, and who is saved by death from the cross-examination of the lawyer of the other side, is evidence which the law admits only under protest.

Wiley scored his first tangible success in his cross-examination of the two men who had come to Lydia's assistance. On direct examination they had testified to the high rate of speed at which Lydia had been going. Wiley, when they were turned over to him, contrived to put them in a position where they were forced either to confess that they had no knowledge of high rates of speed or else that they themselves frequently broke the law. Wiley was polite, almost kind; but he made them look foolish, and the jury enjoyed the spectacle.

This success was overshadowed by a small reverse that followed it. The prosecution had a long line of witnesses who had passed or been passed by Lydia just before the accident. One of these was a young man who was a washer in a garage about a mile away from the fatal corner. He testified in direct examination that Lydia was going forty-five miles an hour when she passed the garage.

Wiley stood up, severe and cold, his manner seeming to say, "Of all things in this world, I hate a liar most!"

"And where were you at the time?"

"Standing outside the garage."

"What were you doing there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Smoking a pipe."

"At three o'clock in the afternoon—during working hours?" Wiley made it sound like a crime. "And during this little siesta, or holiday, you saw the defendant's car going at forty-five miles an hour—is that the idea?"

"Yes, sir."

"And will you tell the jury how it was you were able to judge so exactly of the speed of a car approaching you head-on?"

The obvious answer was that he guessed at it, but the young man did not make it.

"I do it by means of telegraph poles and counting seconds."

It then appeared that the young man was accustomed to timing automobiles and motorcycle races.

Lydia saw Foster faintly smile as he glanced at his chief. Evidently the defense had fallen into a neatly laid little trap. She glanced at Wiley and saw that he was pretending to be delighted.

"Exactly, exactly!" he was saying, pointing an accusing finger at the witness. "You and Drummond used to go to motorcycle races together."

He did it very well, but it did not succeed. The jury were left with the impression that the People's witness on speed was one to be believed.

■

STRANGELY enough, the days of her trial were among the happiest and the most interesting that Lydia had ever known. They had a continuity of interest that kept her calm and equable. Usually when she woke in the softest of beds and lifted her cheek from the smoothest of pillows she asked herself what she should do that day. Choice was open to her—innumerable choices—all unsatisfactory, because her own satisfaction was the only element to be considered.

But during her trial she did not ask this question. She had an occupation and an object for living, not so much to save herself as to humiliate O'Bannon. The steady, strong interest gave shape and pattern to her days, like the thread of a string of beads.

As soon as each session was over she and Wiley, on the lawn of the courthouse or at her house if she could detain him, or she and Albee or Bobby or Miss Bennett, as the case might be, would go over each point made by the prosecution's witnesses or brought out by Wiley's cross-examination of them. The district attorney seemed to be reserving no surprises. He had a strong, straight case with Drummond's ante-mortem statement, and a great many witnesses as to Lydia's speed. The bracelet had not been admitted in evidence so far, and Wiley grew more confident that it would not be allowed.

Lydia, who was to be the first witness for the defense, had thought over every point, every implication of her own testimony, until she felt sure that "that man" would not be able to catch her wrong in a single item. She did not dread the moment—she longed for it. Wiley had advised her of the danger of remembering too much—a candid "I'm afraid I don't remember that" would often convince a jury better than a too exact memory.

"And," Wiley added soothingly, "don't be frightened if the district attorney tries to browbeat you. The court will protect you, and if I seem to let it go on it will be because I see it's prejudicing the jury in your favor."

Lydia's nostrils fluttered with a long indrawn breath.

"I don't think he will frighten me," she said.

But most of all, Wiley advised her as to her bearing. She must be gentle, feminine, appealing, as if she would not voluntarily injure a fly. No matter what happened, she mustn't set her jaw and tap her foot and flash back contemptuous answers.

Lydia moved her head, looking exactly as Wiley did not want her to look.

"I cannot be appealing," she said.

"Then the district attorney will win his case," said Wiley.

There was a pause, and then Lydia said in her good-little-girl manner, "I'll do my best." Everybody knew that her best would be good.

The People were to close their case that morning. A witness as to Lydia's speed just before the accident was on the stand. He testified that, following her as fast as his car would go—he had no speedometer—he had not been able to keep her in sight. His name was Yanob Ussolof, and he had great difficulty with the English language. His statements were, however, clear and damaging.

The jury was almost purely Anglo-Saxon, and as Wiley rose to cross-examine the very effort he made to get the name right—"Mr. er Mr. U Ussolof"—was an appeal to their Americanism.

"Mr. Ussolof, you have driven an automobile for some years?"

"Yare, yare," said Mr. Ussolof eagerly, "for ten years now."

"How long had you owned the car you were driving on March eleventh?"

"Since fall now."

"Ah, a new car. And what was its make?"

"Flivver."

The magic word worked its accustomed miracle. Everyone smiled, and Wiley, seeing before him a jury of flivver owners, went on:

"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. Ussolof, that in the speediest car built in America you could not keep a foreign-built car going at thirty miles an hour in sight? Oh, Mr. Ussolof, you don't do us justice! We build better cars than that!"

The jury smiled, the spectators laughed, the gavel fell for order, and Mr. Wiley sat down. He had told Lydia that a jury, like an audience, loves those who make them laugh, and he sat down with an air of success. But Lydia, watching them more closely, was not so sure. As O'Bannon rose she noted the extreme gravity of his manner, his look at the jury, which seemed to say, "A man's life—a woman's liberty at stake, and you allow a mountebank to make you laugh!"

"Call Alma Wooley," said O'Bannon.

Alma Wooley, the last witness for the People, was the girl to whom Drummond had been engaged. A little figure in the deepest mourning mounted the stand, so pale that she looked as if a strong ray would shine clear through her, and though her eyes were dry, her voice had the liquid sound that comes with much crying. Many of the jury had known her when she worked in her father's shop. She testified that her name was Alma Wooley, her age nineteen, that she lived with her father.

"Miss Wooley," said O'Bannon, "you were sent for to go to the hospital on the eleventh of this March, were you not?"

An almost inaudible "Yes, sir," was the answer.

"You saw Drummond before he died?"

She bent her head.

"How long were you with him?"

She just breathed the answer, "About an hour."

"Tell the jury what took place."

"I said ——"

Her voice sank out of hearing. Wiley sprang up.

"Your Honor, I must protest. I cannot hear the witness. It is impossible for me to

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The stenographer was directed to read his notes aloud, and he read rapidly and without the least expression:

"Question: 'Tell the jury what took place.' Answer: 'I said, "Oh, Jack, darling, what did they do to you?" And he said, "It was her, dear. She got me after all."'"

Wiley was on his feet again, protesting in a voice that drowned all other sounds. A bitter argument between the lawyers took place. In the end Miss Wooley's testimony was not allowed to contain anything in reference to any previous meeting between Drummond and Lydia, but was limited to a bare confirmation of the details of Drummond's own statement. Technically the defense had won its point, but the emotional impression the girl had left was not easily effaced, nor the suspicion that the defense had something to conceal. Wiley did not cross-examine, knowing that the sooner the pathetic little figure left the stand the better. But he managed to convey that it was his sympathy with the sufferer that made him waive cross-examination.

The People's case rested.

Lydia was called. As she rose and walked behind the jury box toward the waiting Bible she realized exactly why it was that O'Bannon had put Alma on the stand the last of all his witnesses. It was to counteract with tragedy any appeal that youth and wealth and beauty might make to the emotions of the jury. Such a trick, it seemed to her, deserved a counter trick, and reconciled her to falsehood, even as she was swearing that her testimony would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

Surely it was persecution for the law to stoop to such methods. She felt as hard as steel. Women do not get fair play, she thought. Here she was, wanting to fight like a tigress, and her only chance of winning was to appear as gentle and innocuous as the dove. She testified that her name was Lydia Janetta Thorne, her age twenty-five, her residence New York.

"Miss Thorne," said Wiley, very businesslike in manner, "for how many years have you driven a car?"

"For eight years."

"As often as three or four times a week?"

"Much oftener — constantly — every day."

"Have you ever been arrested for speeding?"

"Only once—about seven years ago in New Jersey."

"Were you fined or imprisoned?"

"No, the case was dismissed."

"Have you ever, before March eleventh, had an accident in which you injured yourself or anyone else?"

"No."

"Now tell the jury as nearly as you can remember just what took place from the time you left your house on the morning of March eleventh until the accident that afternoon."

Lydia turned to the jury—not dovelike, but with a modified beam of candid friendliness that was very winning. She described her day. She had left her house about half past eleven and had run down to Miss Bellington's, a distance of thirty miles, in an hour and a half. She had expected to spend the afternoon there, but finding that her friend had an engagement she had left earlier than she expected. No, she had no motive whatsoever for getting to town quickly. On the contrary, she had extra time on her hands. No, she had not noticed the hour at which she left Miss Bellington's, but it was soon after luncheon; about twenty-five minutes before three, she should imagine.

Was she conscious of driving fast at any time?

Yes, just after leaving Miss Bellington's. There was a good piece of road and no traffic. She had run very fast—probably thirty-five miles an hour.

Did she call that fast?

Yes, she did. She achieved a very-good-little-girl manner as she said this.

For how long had she maintained this high rate of speed?

She was afraid she couldn't remember exactly, but for two or three miles. On approaching the village of Wade Plains she had slowed down to her regular rate of twenty-five miles an hour—slower as she actually entered the village. She could not say how long Drummond had been following her—she had not noticed him. She had seen him as she was entering the village—saw him reflected in her mirror. It was difficult to judge distances exactly from such a reflection. She had not been noticing him just at the moment of the accident. Yes, her decision to take the right-hand turn had been a sudden one. She had felt the impact. She believed that the policeman ran into her. She was on her own side of the road and turning to the right.

Why did she take the right-hand road, which was longer than the left?

Because it was more agreeable, and as she was in no hurry to get home she did not mind the extra distance.

After the accident she had remained and rendered every assistance in her power, going to the hospital and remaining there until the preliminary report of Drummond's condition. She had left her address and telephone number, so that the hospital could telephone her when the X-ray examination was finished.

Her friends drew a sigh of relief when her direct testimony was over. It was true, she was not an appealing figure like Alma Wooley; but she was clear, audible, direct, and her straight glance under her dark level brows was convincingly honest.

As she finished her direct testimony she looked down at her hands clasped in her lap. The important moment had come. She heard Wiley's smooth voice saying "Your witness" as if he were making the People a magnificent present. As she became aware that O'Bannon was standing up, looking at her, she raised her eyes as far as the top button of his waistcoat, and then slowly lifting both head and eyes together she stared him straight in the face.

He held her eyes for several seconds, trying, she thought, in the silence to take possession of her mind as he had taken possesaion of the jury's.

"Not so easy, my friend," she said to herself, and just as she said it she heard his voice saying coolly, "Look at the jury, please, not at me."

Her eyes, as she turned them in the desired direction, had a flash in them.

"Miss Thorne, at what hour did you leave Miss Bellington's?"

"I have no way of fixing it precisely—about 2:35."

"You are quite sure it was not later?"

"I cannot be sure within four or five minutes."

"What is the distance from Miss Bellington's to the scene of the accident?"

"About fifteen miles, I should think."

"Your calculation is that as the accident took place at 3:12 and you left at twenty-five minutes to three you drove fifteen miles in thirty-seven minutes—that is to say, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"And you never ran faster than thirty-five miles an hour?"

"Never."

"You say that you had expected to stay longer at Miss Bellington's than you actually did?"

"Yes."

"And what made you change your plans?"

"I found she had an engagement."

"Did she mention it on your arrival?"

"No."

"When did she mention it?"

"After luncheon."

"Was she called to the telephone during your visit?"

"No."

"Are you sure of that?"

There was a pause. The gates of Lydia's memory had suddenly opened. The telephone call, which had made no impression at the time because she had not taken in that it was from O'Bannon, suddenly came back to her. She tried hastily to see its bearing on her case, but he gave her no time.

"Answer my question, please. Will you swear there was no telephone call to your knowledge?"

"No, I cannot."

"In fact, there was a telephone call?"

"Yes."

"It was during that telephone call that the engagement was made?"

"I cannot say—I do not know."

"How long did you stay after that telephone?"

"I left at once."

"You put on your hat?"

"Yes."

"And your veil?"

"Yes."

"And a coat?"

"Yes."

It was impossible to be dovelike under this interrogation. The jury were allowing themselves to smile.

"Had your car been left standing at the door?"

"No."

"You had to wait while it was sent for?"

"Yes."

"In other words, Miss Thorne, you must have waited at least five minutes after the telephone call came?"

"I cannot answer that."

"Could you have left earlier than five minutes after the telephone?"

"Probably not."

"Answer yes or no, please."

"No." She flung it at him.

"Then if that telephone came at thirteen minutes before three you must have left not earlier than eight minutes to three, and as the accident took place at 3:12, you ran the distance—it is actually thirteen miles and a half—in twenty minutes; that is, at the rate of forty miles an hour."

Wiley protested that there was nothing in evidence to show that the telephone call had been made at thirteen minutes before three, and O'Bannon replied that with the consent of the court he would put the records of the telephone company in evidence to prove the exact hour. This point settled, a pause followed. Lydia half rose, supposing the ordeal over, but O'Bannon stopped her.

"One moment," he said. "You say you have not been arrested for exceeding the speed law for several years. Have you ever been stopped by a policeman?"

Wiley was up in protest at once.

"I object, Your Honor, on the ground of irrelevancy."

The judge said to O'Bannon, "What is the purpose of the question?"

"Credibility, Your Honor. I wish to show that the defendant is not a competent witness as to her own speed."

The judge locked his fingers together, with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and took a ruminative half spin.

"The fact that she was once stopped by the police will not determine that. She might have been violating some other ordinance."

"I will show, if Your Honor permits it, that it was for speeding that she was stopped."

Eventually the question was admitted; and Lydia, testifying more and more reluctantly, more and more aware that the impression she was making was bad, was forced to testify that in the autumn Drummond herself had stopped her. Asked what he had said to her, she answered scornfully that she didn't remember.

"Did he say: 'What do you think this is—a race track?'"

"I don't remember."

"Did he warn you that if you continued to drive so fast he would arrest you?"

"No."

If hate could kill, the district attorney would have been struck down by her glance.

"You don't remember any of the conversation that took place between you?"

"No."

"And you cannot explain why a traffic officer stopped you and let you go without even a warning?"

"No."

"Would it refresh your memory, Miss Thorne, to look at this bracelet which I hold in my hand?"

"I protest, Your Honor!" shouted Wiley, but a second too late. Lydia had seen the bracelet and shrunk from it—with a quick gesture of repugnance.

The line of inquiry was not permitted, the bracelet was not put in evidence, the question was ordered stricken from the records; but the total effect of her testimony was to leave in the minds of the jurors the impression that she was perfectly capable of the conduct which the prosecution attributed to her. Wiley detained her a few moments for redirect examination in the hope of regaining the dove, but in vain.

Miss Bennett was put on the stand to testify to Lydia's habitual prudence as a driver; Governor Albee testified to her excellent record; half a dozen other friends were persuasive, but could not undo the harm she had done her own case.

The district attorney put the telephone-company records in evidence, showing that only one call had been made to the Bellington house between two and three o'clock, March eleventh, and that it had been made at thirteen minutes before three.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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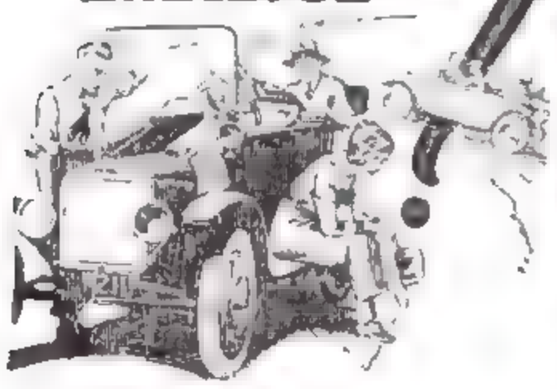

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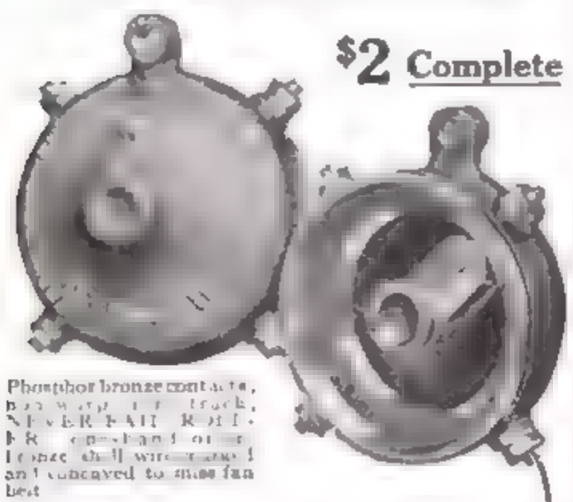

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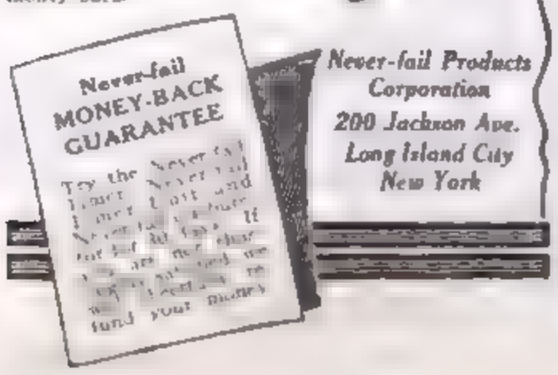

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THE DANGEROUS AGE

(Continued from Page 7)

periods when he is at home between trips, than in the old days when he left for the office at half past seven every morning and didn't get home until after six in the evening. Last fall she went out with him on a four weeks' trip, and they covered his whole territory together, having a great time. All his customers were glad to meet her. At several places they were invited out to dinner, and at other places they would have the customer and his wife to dinner with them at the hotel. It was like a regular wedding trip, his wife had said.

Mr. Henderson is doing well. He is not making quite so much money as he did during his last years as a credit man, but expects to in another year or so. He has built up friendships among a lot of small dealers, and as they grow his business with them will increase; and this time he is not making the mistake of spending his money as fast as he makes it. The three factories whose lines he sells pay him his commissions twice a year. He takes what he needs for living expenses and puts the rest into good old guaranteed seven per cent first mortgages. He feels that he has got himself safe.

It was gratifying to know that Mr. Henderson had got himself safe after being in such a discouraging situation. But, after all, selling goods for someone else is not exactly like going into business for oneself. The question was still unsolved as to whether Old Bill at fifty-five could embark on the sea of commerce and have as good a chance of success as a man twenty years younger. A banker, I felt, would be the proper person to go to for an expert opinion on the subject. When a man is willing to back his judgment with cash he is not apt to play up sentiment.

A Good Moral Risk

Could a beginner of fifty-five expect the same accommodation from his bank, when he needed it, as his younger competitor? That was the question I asked of more than a dozen bankers during the next month, in widely scattered communities of varied population. One man I interviewed is at the head of an institution which occupies the entire ground floor of its own twenty-story building in a city of a million inhabitants. Another is located in a town of less than a thousand, his one-story brick banking house flanked on one side by a racket store and on the other side by a Greek candy kitchen. The others I called on averaged in between these two extremes.

It was the big city financier whom I called on first. I put the question to him straight.

"Suppose," I said, "a man fifty-five years old should come in here to open an account and tell you he was going to start a new business of some kind. Maybe he wouldn't actually tackle you for a loan that day, but would intimate that he might want some accommodation later on. Would you hesitate to do business with him because he was fifty-five instead of thirty-five?"

"Of course not," replied the banker promptly. "His judgment ought to be better at fifty-five than ever before. I'm fifty-nine myself."

Fearful that I had not put my question quite tactfully, I hastened to explain.

"I wasn't thinking," I said, "of a man who has been in business for himself before and has already proved his ability. I meant a man of fifty-five who is just starting in business for the first time."

"I think I catch your meaning," responded the banker more amiably. "You are thinking of a man who has been on a salary, perhaps, all his life and hasn't done very well; things have gone against him. He reaches fifty-five and makes up his mind that he has got to strike out for himself if he is going to accumulate enough to take care of himself and his family in his old age. Is that the man you have in mind?"

"That's the very one," I answered. "I want to know what you, as a banker, think of his chances. Would you solicit his account?"

The banker pondered a long time before he replied, evidently turning the question over in his mind to get at it from just the right slant.

"It's a pretty big question," he said slowly, "and I don't believe I ever had it put to me just that way before. As I look at it right now, I don't believe the man's age would enter into my decision except in one way. If he had worked on a salary and had not been satisfied with his progress, I would want to know why he had not made the plunge sooner. The fact that he had stuck to an unsatisfactory job so long might mean that he was lacking in initiative, or it might mean that he was lacking in courage. A man has got to have a considerable amount of both those qualities if he is going to be much of a business success. Looking at it that way," the banker concluded, "I guess the fifty-five-year-old man would have to bring stronger proof of his ability than one twenty years younger. He would have to convince me that he had a mighty good proposition before I would make him any promises."

Having arrived at this conclusion, the banker seemed a little dissatisfied with it. Being fifty-nine himself, he probably felt that he ought to stand up for his class. He took up the consideration of the subject again.

"Perhaps a man of that age might have some qualifications which would be in his favor," he said. "Let's see what they might be. In the first place, a man of middle age has usually learned that hard work is the only thing which gets anyone anywhere. He isn't so liable to believe he can do some wonderful thing that will take the place of work. Any banker will tell you that more business wrecks come from men trying to take short cuts to prosperity than almost any other one cause.

"There is another place where a man in his fifties might have it over a younger one. I have watched a lot of young fellows in business, and have been struck with the fact that a good many of them don't put their whole punch into their work. I have always attributed it to the fact that most of them had been recently graduated from salaried jobs and were used to being bossed. Getting into their own business, there is no boss to keep them at it, and so they take things sort of easy. It is only a short time ago that I got a new slant at it. A young man who is in business here in the city had a note fall due at this bank, and came to me to say that he wanted to pay a small proportion of it and renew the balance. I wasn't at all afraid of his responsibility; but, knowing his habits, I ventured on giving a little advice. I knew he left his office at four o'clock every day to play golf, and I had seen his name in the papers the week before as a contestant in a golf tournament in a neighboring city.

"'Yes, I'll do what you ask about the note,' I said. 'But if you would just stick to your business a little closer you probably wouldn't have to ask to renew it.'

"His answer shed a lot of light on his viewpoint.

"'I guess that's so,' he admitted. 'But why should I worry? I'm only twenty-nine years old. I've got thirty-five good working years ahead of me. There is plenty of time to do everything without hurrying.'"

Thrift and Credit

The banker paused to consider the ideas of youth in comparison with those of middle age.

"A man in his fifties wouldn't feel like that," he concluded. "He would know that he had to hurry up if he was going to accomplish much. He wouldn't dare to take time away from his business when he had a note at his bank almost ready to fall due. He would want to get every obligation behind him as soon as possible. In fact, taking everything into consideration," the banker finished, "I guess your middle-aged man would be a pretty safe bet."

Another banker I interviewed presides over an institution in a Southern city of two hundred thousand population, specializing in the accounts of merchants and small manufacturers. He has the reputation of going a long way with any customer in whom he has confidence. This financier lays particular stress on the value of economy as the deciding factor for success or failure.

If a man shows signs of being sensibly economical he does not care what his age is. He says, in fact, that he likes to do business with men of middle age because they are easier to size up.

"Before tying up with any man in a new venture," this banker said, "I want to look closely into his personal qualifications. I can place a man past fifty more accurately than a younger one. In a man of that age his habits are pretty well set. I can examine his record and come close to finding out how he is going to act under given circumstances. A man of thirty may change, but one of fifty is hardly liable to alter his habits much.

"If a man past fifty has some fault of character which has held him back, that fault is going to be so apparent by then that I will know better how to estimate his ability. Suppose, for instance, he was inclined to be extravagant and had always lived up to everything he had earned. I would know pretty well that he would be extravagant in operating his business. The man of thirty-five might fool me into thinking him economical when he wasn't.

"I know people wonder why we bankers talk so much about thrift. I have, in fact, had customers of the bank here intimate to me that it was none of my business what they did with their money just so long as they took care of their obligations. As a matter of fact, it isn't any of my business so long as they never want to borrow money of me. But a man very seldom gets into any kind of business without at some time or other wanting to borrow."

Self-Control in Spending

"Suppose I have a customer who I know is living pretty close to the limit of what he is making. He has a ten-thousand-dollar home when he could get along just as well with a six-thousand-dollar one; he has to have a new car every year as the new models come out, trading the old one in at a sacrifice; he takes a full month's vacation every summer and leaves his business to be run by subordinates. These things, of course, are none of my affair. But they become my affair when he comes in to see me some day and says he wants to build an addition to his factory or install new fixtures in his store and wants me to help finance the improvement.

"How am I to know whether his business really needs the improvement or whether it is just another expression of his love for spending money? I have got to remember all the time that it is my depositors' money I am lending. They look to me to safeguard their interests, and I am going to go mighty slow in lending their money to a man who has a reputation for spending more than he can afford.

"It would be just that way in the case of a man past fifty who wanted to go into business for himself. Before I would try to predict as to his chances for success I would want to know whether or not he had ever saved any money. I would look at all sides of the picture, of course. He might have had no chance to save anything on account of sickness in his family or other bad luck; that would be an alibi. But I wouldn't consider it an alibi if he had not been able to save on account of having an extravagant family. Maybe I am old-fashioned, but I have always felt it to be a sign of weakness in a man when he lets his family spend more money than he can reasonably afford. Running a family is not so very different from running a business. If a man can't keep his family contented within reasonable limits of spending, it is pretty certain he would not be a wise manager of his employes in a business venture.

"But if I found that your fifty-five-year-old man had saved a little money, even a very little, I should be inclined to think well of him as a business risk. It isn't the money; it is the fact that he had enough self-control to resist spending quite everything he earned. I would know that when he got into business for himself he would have enough self-control to refuse to buy more goods than he could pay for, to decline to indorse the notes of friends who need temporary loans or to resist buying wildcat oil stock when he owed money for merchandise."

Practically every banker I talked with expressed himself in similar manner. The bankers want a man to prove that he can save a little money on his own hook before they are willing to let him borrow what someone else has saved, and they look more

(Continued on Page 59)

Do You Want Greater Heating Comfort At One Half The Cost ?

I take pleasure in recommending the Convector. We have a large 12-room house located on the top of a hill In zero weather last winter when our neighbors were freezing, sitting around old stoves in one room, we could be comfortable in any part of our house
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I made a lot of inquiries and found that the Convector surpassed other makes in heating, handiness and fuel economy. It has a large fire door for wood. I believe I did the best thing for comfort when I installed the Convector.
J. S. Brugger, Austin, Minn.

"Less Fuel—More Heat"
I think the Convector is the best made It is better constructed, burns less fuel and gives a better air circulation
F E. Walrath, Bloomer, Wis.

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The Convector used no more fuel than a base burner and every corner of the house was warm as June.
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"Less Fuel Than Other Systems"
The Convector heats all our rooms to our entire satisfaction in coldest weather. The amount of fuel consumed is *far below* other makes of furnaces I have used in *much smaller houses*
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The Convector is a wonderful heating plant. Less work to care for it than one stove. A child can run it. Never smokes walls. Two shovels of coal will heat the house in 10 minutes.
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Our home is always comfortable with a small amount of attention and we use less fuel, in comparison, than with any other way of heating No danger of wasted heat of burated pipes. The Convector provides *every* comfort required of any heating appliance.
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"No More Fuel Than One Stove"
I installed the Convector because of the large size register and large fire door. We do not think it takes any more fuel than one stove.
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We use about the same amount of fuel in the Convector that we used in one heater and our range. Entire house is comfortable with plenty of hot water from the water coil. Wouldn't think of changing to pipe or steam system. Your principle is right.
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It saves all the heat and never heats the cellar. It heats every room upstairs and *keeps them wonderfully clean*
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I decided on the Convector because of its large oxidized cast register, one-piece feed section, one-piece radiator, large fire door. In short I found that it was the only pipeless heating system out of seven or eight I looked at that is *made right all over.*
Frank L. Marshall, Hillsdale, Ill.

"Heats Twice Space—Less Money"
With the Convector I can heat twice the space with less money than it takes to heat two rooms with a large size base burner
C. H Everly, Gallatin, Mo.

"Saves Fuel"
I bought the Convector because it saves so much fuel. It doesn't need repairs on the firepot—takes less room in the basement has a greater heating surface, oversize register and a hundred other good points
M. Langenfeld, New Holstein, Wis.

"Not a Cent for Repairs"
I think the Convector is the best pipeless heating system made I have had mine for years and haven't spent a cent for repairs. There is none better.
M. K. Davisson, Crystal Falls, Mich.

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I believe for anyone who wants to save fuel your Convector is the best system made We are thoroughly satisfied
Rev Geo. Recht, Kohlsville, Wis.

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21-7

(Continued from Page 56)

favorably on a man of fifty-five who has saved a little than on one of thirty-five who hasn't saved anything.

Not long ago I met a man who had disregarded the rules and started in a new line of business long after he had passed fifty. It was in a town of fifteen thousand population in a Northern state. There is a long main street lined with stores having plate glass and marble fronts and which rent for a hundred dollars a month. There is a cross street apparently just as well located for business purposes, also lined with stores, which for some mysterious reason of civic psychology rent for only sixty dollars a month. The man who defied the fifty-year hoodoo is proprietor of one of these cross-street stores. For purposes of literature I will call him Mr. Jones.

The store was a nice-looking place, with a display of crockery in one window and granite ware in the other, everything shiny and free from dust. As I entered I found the proprietor in the midst of an interview with a traveling salesman. The two men were facing each other across the flat-topped counter, an open catalogue lying between them. The salesman was pointing impressively to a full-page illustration.

"You certainly ought to buy the whole assortment," he said. "It only costs a little over four hundred dollars, and I can give you a five per cent discount if you buy that way. And just think what a dandy show this assortment would make! It would just fill up that section of shelving behind you."

The merchant glanced up at the shelving and down again at the pictures in the catalogue. The assortment certainly would fill the display space nicely. But he had a restraining thought.

"If I should buy the whole assortment," he said, "some of the pieces would duplicate articles that I already have in stock. I should be buying things that I don't need in order to save five per cent. Besides, there are always sure to be some stickers in a big batch like that. I guess I had better order only the sure sellers."

The salesman earnestly opposed such a piking way of buying merchandise. He argued that the five per cent discount would amount to more than twenty dollars. A merchant could afford to have a few stickers, he said, to earn a discount like that. He tried flattery too.

"With your ability as a merchant," he said insinuatingly, "you ought to buy goods in larger quantities. Do that and you will certainly make these other dealers round here sit up and take notice."

Small Beginnings

It was no use. The merchant shook his head decidedly, and began to look over the pages of the catalogue to select the sure sellers. The order which he finally signed and turned over to the salesman totaled up to just one hundred and seventy dollars. He shook the salesman's hand heartily and said good-by. When he came to me he was inclined to laugh over the incident a little.

"That salesman sure is a keen one," he remarked, "trying to get a big bill out of me by saying I could make the other merchants sit up and take notice. But he is too late with his flattery. Twenty years ago I might have wanted to astonish my competitors, but I have got beyond that now."

Up to the time he was fifty-six years old Mr. Jones had never sold a cent's worth of merchandise at retail. In his boyhood he had seen pretty hard times. His father was an unsuccessful farmer in an Eastern state. Before he had grown to manhood the family farm had succumbed to the mortgage and he had his parents on his hands to support. The only trade he knew was farming. Up to the time he was thirty years old he took care of the family by doing day's work for the neighboring farmers. In those days this was not an overpaid industry. A good worker got a dollar and a half a day and his dinner. It is true that at harvesting time a man sometimes got as high as three dollars, but at that price he had to be able to bind wheat as fast as a two-horse reaper cut it, which, as anyone knows, is a regular man's job. When he was twenty-six he increased his responsibilities by marrying the pretty girl who had moved into the neighborhood to teach the district school.

The year he was thirty-one both his parents died. There were two babies by that time. He had graduated from day's work to the dignity of working a farm on shares; but, as he had no team or implements, he had to use those of the owner, and so only got a third of the profits, which amounted to about the same as a hired man's wages. At this time his wife made a bargain with him. In the town two miles away there was a patent-medicine concern which sent out a number of traveling men. It was not hard to get a job traveling for this concern, because it paid its travelers only fifteen dollars a week salary and transportation. Out of the fifteen dollars a week the traveling man had to pay his board. The main duties of the position were to distribute samples of the medicine from house to house in the towns visited and to fix up advertising displays in the windows of the drug stores.

It was this kind of a traveling man's job that his wife proposed he should take. She said she would get herself the position of teaching the district school again and on that salary of six dollars a week she could finance herself and the children through the winter. This arrangement would leave him free to go out on the road for the patent-medicine concern and learn the trade of traveling man.

Jones Takes His Plunge

Except for their belief in the future, it was not a very cheerful winter for either of them. She taught the district school the season through, except on those days when the snowdrifts were really too deep to get to the schoolhouse. He worked the villages of Northern Vermont, leaving literature and sample packages of medicine on people's doorsteps and trying to have a dollar or two left over each week after he had paid his board.

The experience was a hard one, but it paid in the long run. Within a year he was able to get a better traveling job, this time with a breakfast-food manufacturer. In the new job he had more of a chance to practice salesmanship, as he was allowed to hire boys to distribute samples in the towns he visited, he himself soliciting the trade of the grocery stores. His salary was enough to permit his wife to quit teaching and to move to town to live. He had a whole month's vacation each summer which he could spend at home with his family, besides visiting them for a day or two several times during the year.

This, he felt, was a pretty soft snap, but eventually hard luck caught up with him. His firm changed its sales policy, deciding to market its product through the jobbers instead of selling direct to the retail grocers. This new policy let him out, as he was considered hardly a strong enough salesman to handle the jobbing trade. He managed to connect up with another manufacturer, however, and things went along as before. During the years that followed he was obliged to change several times through causes over which he had no control.

Things drifted along until he reached his fifty-sixth birthday. He happened to be at home on that occasion, and he and his wife took stock of their affairs. They had lost one of their children. The other, a daughter, was married and had children of her own. He and his wife thought they ought to be together more; the way they were going along life was a pretty lonesome affair. Besides, there was the future to look out for. He had never been a world-beater as a traveling man. They had lived economically enough, but their total fortune was only about seven thousand dollars. They could not hope to increase it very much if he kept on traveling, and the interest on that amount of money would not take care of them when he had to quit work for good. The one thing they both most dreaded was the possibility of sometime having to come on their daughter and her husband for help.

Among the towns in his territory was the place of fifteen thousand population with the prosperous-looking main street and the hardly less prosperous cross street where store rents were only sixty dollars a month. He had often told his wife what a nice town it was and remarked that he would like to live there. She was the one who, more than twenty years before, had made it possible for him to get away from the discouraging business of renting a farm on thirds, and now she proposed a hardly less startling change.

"Let's go there to live," she said, "and start up some kind of a business that will have a future. We ought to arrange things so we can be together more anyhow."

The idea rather scared him at first. He had never been in business for himself, and at fifty-six it seemed rather late to begin. He felt that they ought not to risk any of their capital at their ages. For almost the first time in their married life his wife came down on him hard.

"If you would just forget that nonsense about being over fifty years old," she said severely, "you would be a whole lot better off. I don't know where men get the idea that they can't start anything after they are fifty. If I were a man I'll bet I wouldn't let an old worn-out theory keep me from doing what I wanted to do!"

She looked so spunky as she said this that he had to laugh, and promised her that the next time he went to the town he would look round and see if there might be an opening. A month later he did so, and found something that seemed all right. A man who owned a store on the prosperous cross street wanted to sell out, and offered the place at a bargain.

It was a kind of general store, containing granite ware, teakettles, crockery, ladies' ready-to-wear waists and skirts. At the front door there was a rack of magazines and newspapers to act as a decoy to bring customers into the store for larger purchases. The invoice cost of the establishment was more than three thousand dollars, but the owner agreed to take two thousand cash for a quick sale. Mr. Jones sent his wife a telegram, and she came on the next train to help decide. She thought well of the proposition, and they bought it on the spot, the owner agreeing to run it until Mr. Jones could finish his trip and give his firm a chance to hire another man to take his place.

Thus Mr. Jones became a merchant at the age of fifty-six. After paying for the store he had a little less than five thousand dollars left, which he made up his mind he would not touch, no matter what happened. It wasn't a lot, but it was something in case the store did not pan out as well as expected. The business would have to stand or fall on the original investment of two thousand dollars.

Conservative Buying

He had never before run a store, but he had been earning a living for thirty-five years, and he figured that the things he had learned applied to storekeeping just as well as anything else. He knew, first of all, the value of keeping down expenses. Business did not start off with much of a rush. There is always likely to be a slump when a retail business changes hands and the public sees a new man in charge. He talked it over with his wife, and they decided that he should get along without a clerk for a while. She volunteered to help out by coming into the store certain hours every day to keep the books and attend to the banking. It was a fine chance, she said, for them to be together more and so make up for all the years they had been separated while he was off on the road. Sometimes he was a little rushed when several customers would come into the store at once, but he knew how to keep them good-natured by the simple expedient of looking pleasantly at each one and saying he would be through in a few moments. A hotel clerk had once told him, he said, that people would wait almost any length of time if you just let them know they are not being ignored.

A business run so economically and so obviously aimed to please could not help getting ahead. Mr. Jones made it a rule not to buy any goods until he had the money in bank with which to pay the bill. He took no chances on getting a lot of debts on his hands that he might have trouble in paying if a spell of hard times came along. Sometimes the salesmen would protest against his buying such small bills and say his credit was perfectly good and he ought to use it. He would reply that he had been a traveling man himself and did not blame them for trying to get big orders, but he preferred to buy small bills often rather than big ones once in a while and maybe not be able to pay them.

After he had been in business a year or two it got noised round that he was doing pretty well, and a young man of the town decided that he would start a similar business and share in the prosperity. If Jones with his piking business methods could make a success, the young man said, a good live merchant could absolutely mop up. The young man had inherited four or five

(Continued on Page 61)

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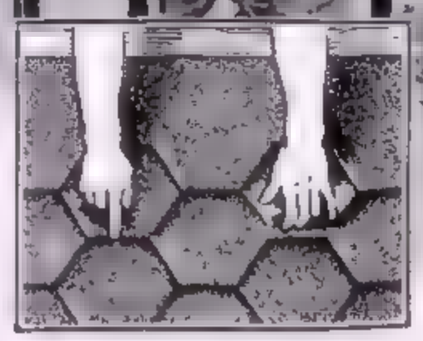
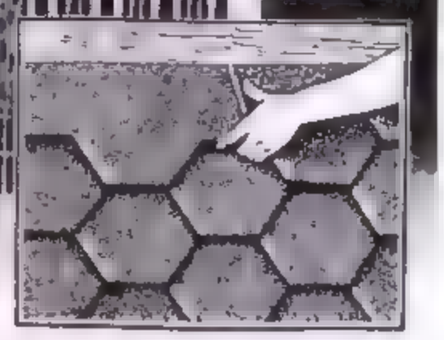


Double thickness over all. The double butt gives a heavy tile effect



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(Continued from Page 58)

thousand dollars from his people, and with that capital opened up a competing establishment directly across the street.

The young man certainly did not start out with piking methods. He had read a book on business efficiency which laid stress on the fact that a man's credit is just so much capital and that the business man who does not use his credit is foolish indeed. He installed handsome fixtures, which took a good share of his capital, and then used his credit to buy most of his merchandise. When he was ready to open up for business he owed more than seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Jones does not deny that he was worried by the young man's competition. The two stores were directly across the street from each other. The young man carried twice as much stock as he did. Two or three manufacturers, in fact, took their lines away from Mr. Jones and gave exclusive sale to the new merchant, figuring that he was going to do business on a larger scale and would therefore use more of their products. The young man hired two clerks to wait on the trade and fixed himself a private office on a balcony at the rear of the store, where he attended to his correspondence and kept his books undisturbed by the interruptions of fussy customers.

The competition did cut into Mr. Jones' business, but not for long. The notes which the young man had given in settlement of his accounts began to fall due, and he had trouble in taking care of them. He had not figured that it was going to take so much of his cash receipts to pay running expenses. The manufacturers usually let him renew a note once or twice, but until it was paid in full they did not like to ship him any more merchandise. Things got to the point where he could not promise to order any special article required by a customer for fear the factory might not ship it. In such cases the customer usually walked across the street and gave his order to Mr. Jones, who could get the goods in a hurry. Manufacturers gave quick service to a man who was known to discount all his bills.

The Banker's Offer

Finally an attorney representing several of the largest creditors telegraphed the young man to come down to New York for a conference. He went, carrying the papers which showed how much stock he had on hand, how much money he owed and what his average monthly receipts were. The attorney gave only cursory attention to these figures, but questioned him in detail about his expenses and what help he employed. He remarked that the expenses seemed high in proportion to the sales, and asked the young man how many of the sales he made personally.

"I don't wait on customers at all," the young man replied somewhat proudly, "but of course I overlook everything. My office is so situated that not a thing goes on without my seeing it. But I am not like the old has-been across the street who fiddles away his time attending to every foolish detail. I have clerks to do such things."

When Mr. Jones told me this part of the story he laughed appreciatively at the joke.

"You go back home," the attorney told the young man, "and take lessons from that old has-been, whoever he is. Get down on the sales floor and meet your customers. Wait on as many of them personally as you can. When there is a cranky one, try extra hard to please him. Keep down expenses. Be on the job every minute. Do that, and maybe you can still save your business."

The young man went back home and tried to do as he had been told, but it was too late. He could not win his customers back fast enough to pay his notes, which were falling due every day or so, and the creditors finally closed him up. The young man made a bust of it, Mr. Jones said, because he was so young he still thought it was possible to make money without working for it.

A few days after the failure Mr. Jones' banker walked into his store.

"I understand that bankrupt stock across the street is for sale at fifty cents on the dollar," he said. "At that figure you could make some money on it. Why don't you buy it?"

Mr. Jones replied that he would like to, but it would have to be a cash transaction, and he did not have the money. The banker's next words surprised him.

"You go right ahead and make arrangements for buying the stock," he said. "I'll be glad to let you have any necessary amount of money."

Mr. Jones felt flattered by the offer, but he was afraid there might be some strings tied to it. He had never borrowed from a bank. He understood that a borrower must put up some kind of collateral or get someone to indorse his note before a bank would make a loan.

He told the banker he appreciated the suggestion, but explained that it would be impossible to give security for such an amount as would be required to buy the bankrupt stock. The banker interrupted his explanation.

A Fine Showing

"I don't want any security," the banker said, "except your name on a note. From the way you stick to business I know you will turn the merchandise into money and pay the loan." The banker's concluding words pleased Mr. Jones most:

"I know you are willing to work. That is the bank's best security. A man of settled age like you isn't going to change his habits all of a sudden."

Mr. Jones bought the bankrupt stock and made a nice profit on it. Since then he has had clear sailing. He hired a clerk, and then another one; but he did not change his habit of being right on the job all the time to meet customers personally. He naturally likes people, and shows he is glad to have them come in whether they want to spend money or not. He now has been a merchant six years. He has a little red book with the figures in it showing what he has accomplished in a financial way since his fifty-sixth birthday. The fun he has had doing it, he said, could not be set down in half a dozen red books.

The business has grown to be worth eighteen thousand dollars. There is no guesswork about that fact. He had just invoiced, and the stock and fixtures totaled up more than twenty thousand dollars, but he took off 10 per cent for depreciation so as not to trick himself into believing he was worth more than he really was. The five thousand dollars which he held out as a safety fund has grown, too, having worked all the time at 6 per cent. Altogether Mr. Jones is worth twenty-five thousand dollars slick and clean; enough, he said, to quit if he wanted to and allow the two of them to live on the interest.

It was a fine showing; but just hearing a success story does not mean anything unless one can find out exactly why things came out as they did. Mr. Jones explained it with convincing brevity.

"My wife certainly was right," he said. "A lot of men get scared the minute they turn past fifty. If they would just forget that nonsense and go along as if nothing had happened they would be all right. It worked with me, and I don't claim to be any wonder."

THE MANIKIN MAKERS

(Continued from Page 26)

the first Melander vote was announced Big Jim Bastable was the first of the ambushed Norton leaders to vote for Melander. When he made his announcement of fifty-four votes for Melander the hall rocked with both cheers and jeers. The ballot proceeded slowly, with challenges, pollings of delegations, heated discussions over the application of the unit rule, and it was almost six o'clock when the last delegation was called.

Enderly, who was sitting beside his state delegation, with an expert beside him setting down the figures on an official tally sheet as each state voted, knew that Norton had 421 votes and that Melander had 385, with 74 for Driggs and 60 for Meech. There was a lull in the noise as the clerk retired to total and check his columns before making the official announcement.

"Norton lacks 50 votes," ran around the hall. "There'll be another ballot."

Big Jim Bastable sat directly across the aisle from Enderly.

"Now, Jim," called Enderly, and Bastable leaped to his feet and shouted: "Mister Chairman!"

"The gentleman from Illinois."

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"Mr. Chairman, the state of Illinois changes its vote from Melander to Norton, and now casts 54 votes for the Hon. Ewen Norton!"

Bastable swung around on his feet and shouted to Romney, "Now, damn you, what do you think of that?"

Romney jumped screaming into the aisle. "No!" he shouted. "No! I protest! It can't be done!"

"Any state can change its vote before the result of the ballot has been officially announced," ruled Ingham. "The clerk will note the change."

The Norton men rose with a tremendous whoop of triumph. Bastable's change had given Norton four more than a majority. Norton was nominated!

"Norton gets it!" ran through the hall. "Norton! Norton!" And there was wild and boisterous cheering.

Then, following rapidly, came Ballentine, Tatum, Braxton and Delano, changing the votes of their states from Melander to Norton; and when the tumult was quelled sufficiently so the clerk could make the official announcement the convention learned that Norton had been nominated by 552 votes to 254 for Melander, 74 for Driggs, and 60 for Meech.

Appleton, the Driggs leader, moved to make it unanimous, and a few Melander men, dazed over what had happened to them, started a feeble protest, but were howled down by the crowds and ignored by Ingham, who announced the vote as unanimous for Norton, and immediately declared the convention adjourned until noon, when the delegates would proceed to the nomination of a candidate for vice president.

The delegates, spectators, officials and reporters swarmed for drinks and breakfasts, tired, dirty, hungry, and all talking noisily of the great Norton coup. Enderly hurried to his room, and was about to get a cup of coffee and then go to bed for an hour or two, when Hollister burst in and shouted: "Well, Cato, hats off to you! It went over in grand style. What now?"

"A cup of coffee and some sleep."

"Sleep? Not yet. We've got to decide on vice president now. Let's get some ham and eggs and talk that over. You can sleep any time."

"All right," Enderly assented wearily. "I'm about all in, but I suppose an hour or two more won't kill me. You get a waiter, will you, Henry? I am going to write a telegram of congratulations to Norton."

"What are you sending to Lon Thane?" asked Hollister.

"I think I'll send him a picture of Big Jim Bastable," Enderly replied.

XXIV

IT WAS a listless, fagged, let-down convention that Chairman Ingham called to order about one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The band had labored unceasingly to inspire the tired delegates and the equally tired ticket holders to some show of enthusiasm, but with small effect. Many of the delegates did not bother to come, because the proceedings were to be cut-and-dried, and the men who had been doing the heavy work of reporting the proceedings for the newspapers sent substitutes to cover this routine session.

The plan was to give some publicity to half a dozen seekers after it by allowing the presentation of their names to the convention for the vice-presidential nomination, and then to nominate Driggs, and go before the country with the ticket, Norton and Driggs, on the platform Enderly had dictated. Nominating speeches were to be limited to fifteen minutes and seconding speeches to five minutes, and it was thought that everything would be out and over by six o'clock at the latest.

Enderly had telephoned to the convention hall at half past twelve and had found that the delegates were so slow in assembling that the convention had not been called to order. He decided to rest a time longer in his room, and to drop around about three o'clock and make sure that the Driggs nomination was safely put through. At one o'clock he had word that the nominating speeches had begun, and settled down in a big chair for a nap.

Things went as scheduled. Mediocre orators emphasized the mediocrity of the subjects of their oratory by recounting the services to the party and the talents for remaining on the public pay roll of various aspirants for the vice presidency. Ingham sat indifferent to everything save that no orator exceeded his time limit. Two candidates had been placed in nomination, and the Hon. Calhoun Calthrop had just begun to spread-eagle Driggs before the apathetic delegates, when the man in charge of the telegraph office in the hall pushed through the eminent guests on the stage and handed Ingham several sheets of yellow paper.

"What's this?" asked Ingham.

"Telegram for you, Mister Chairman."

At about the same time Enderly was dragged from his nap in the big chair in his room by a knocking on his door. He went sleepily over, turned the key and opened the door.

"What is it?" he asked impatiently.

A bellboy pushed into the room. "Telegram for you, sir."

Enderly took the message from the tray, tore it open and read:

Your wire received. Thanks for your support and congratulations. Cannot accept the nomination unless platform revision demanded in telegram to chairman of convention is made.

The signature was "Ewen Norton."

Enderly read uncomprehendingly.

"What the devil!" he said, blinking at the bit of paper in his hand. He focused his mind as well as he could, and read again: "Cannot accept the nomination unless platform revision demanded in telegram to chairman of convention is made."

The full force of this declaration hit him. He swayed a bit, and the message dropped from his hand to the floor.

"Cannot—accept ——" he repeated. "Cannot—accept ——"

And then the telephone jangled. He went unsteadily across the room and took down the receiver.

"Hello," he said. . . . "Yes, this is Enderly. . . . What? . . . Hello, Ingham. . . . Hell to pay. . . . Yes. . . . I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

He dropped the receiver, galvanized himself into action, grabbed his hat and stick, and ran as fast as his creaky knees would let him to the elevator.

Ingham took his telegram from the man, fumbled for his glasses, listened for a moment or two to the sonorous periods of the Hon. Calhoun Calthrop, and then glanced at the yellow sheets of paper perfunctorily:

HON. ELISHA INGHAM,
Convention Hall.

While I am deeply sensible of the high honor that has been accorded me by the delegates to the convention of which you are chairman, and sincerely grateful to them for this exceeding mark of confidence in me, I regret that I cannot and will not accept the nomination for President thus given to me unless there is immediate and satisfactory revision of the platform on which I am expected to stand during the campaign. I am unalterably opposed to the language, meaning and implication of the platform in several important planks because I do not believe that those planks correctly interpret and present the real sentiment of the majority of our party. As the imperative contingent to my acceptance of this nomination I demand the reconsideration of the platform as adopted by the convention and the inclusion in it of the planks proposed in the substitute platform offered by Senator Arthur Constable in place of those adopted, as follows. First, the Constable plank relating to direct and preferential primaries and other similar reforms in its entirety; second, the Constable plank relating to industrial and social reforms in its entirety; third, the plank indorsing the Constable Bill for the regulation of the corporations; fourth, the plank relating to the nationalization of natural resources; fifth, the financial, tariff and interstate-commerce planks in identical Constable form. Unless these demands are complied with in the precise language of the Constable platform I herewith authorize and request you to present to the convention my refusal to run as my final and irrevocable decision and in order that another candidate may be selected. EWEN NORTON.

It took Ingham several minutes to comprehend all this. He read and reread with increasing agitation. The sheets of paper shook in his trembling hands. It was appalling. The candidate was refusing no, not refusing, but dictating a revision of the platform the convention had adopted. It was revolutionary; never had been done before. The words of the message blurred before Ingham's eyes. He pulled himself together and read the message again. It was explicit. It was apparently genuine.

"Where did you get this?" he asked the telegraph man, who stood watching Ingham keenly.

"It just came in over the wire from Great Neck."

"Is it genuine?"

"So far as I know. It came in the regular way, addressed to you, and was relayed here over the convention wires from the main office. It looks all right to me."

"Wait here for a minute," Ingham said to the telegraph man. "Don't go away."

Ingham clenched his fists in an effort to get control of himself. He was pale and shaky. An old and experienced politician, he saw immediately all the consequences involved in this action by Norton, if the telegram was genuine. If it was genuine—that was the question. It might be a fake or a silly joke—but it might not be.

He crushed the message into his coat pocket and moved up beside Calhoun, who was about to begin on his Driggs peroration.

"Don't stop, Cal," he whispered to that surprised orator. "Keep it going. Talk for an hour—two hours—talk until you drop in your tracks. Don't stop. Talk—talk! Understand?"

Calthrop, a skilled platform performer, looked sideways at Ingham and knew his agitation meant something extraordinary.

"All right," he said; and easily and naturally he again took up the capabilities and career of Driggs, and began to expatiate in minute detail on the surpassing public services and party performances of that statesman.

Ingham's action had been noticed by several men on the stage. They came over to him.

"What's up?" they asked. "What is it?"

"Wait a minute—just a minute!" cried Ingham, and he hurried to the telegraph man. "Give me a blank," he said, and the man handed him one. Ingham hastily wrote:

HON. EWEN NORTON,
Great Neck, New York.

Is message authentic purporting to be from you and indicating possible declination? Please reply instantly.

He thrust the scrawled sheet into the man's hand, saying: "Sign that with my name. Rush it, too, quick as you can. Rush it—rush it!"

The telegraph man hastened away.

"What's up, 'Lisha?" clamored a dozen party men who were on the stage. "What is it?"

He handed the message to one of them, and he read it slowly in a low tone to those gathered around him, while the Hon. Calhoun Calthrop thundered his repetitious eulogies of the receptive Driggs.

The delegates had sensed an unusual situation by this time, and the spectators had noticed the commotion on the stage. "What is it?" each person asked his neighbor. "What's up? Something's happened. What is it?"

The men in the press sections knew that more was stirring on the rostrum than the air stirred by the declamatory Calhoun, and the reporters crowded up to find out what it was. Delegates began moving forward, and soon the chairman was in the center of an eager, curious, insistent and rapidly augmenting group, pushing one way and another to get nearer to Ingham, and overwhelming him with questions.

"What is it? What is it?" the reporters cried, and presently the delegates on the floor, massed at the front, took up the inquiry, and the galleries buzzed with it.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Ingham. "It's nothing important. Wait a minute. Enderly's coming. Wait until he gets here."

Meantime the wondering Calhoun, refreshing himself with a glass of water, continued valiantly at his task. "Than whom ——" he shouted, but he was not heard two feet away. The hall was electric with excitement, and loud with inquiry.

Enderly, breathless, pushed his way through the crowd to Ingham. "Did you get a telegram from Norton?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

Ingham handed Enderly the yellow sheets. Enderly tried to read, but the pressing and curious people made that impossible. He swung angrily about him with his cane.

"Get back!" he shouted. "Get away from me!" and he cleared himself a space and stood in the center of it to read the message. He read it twice, standing like a statue. Then as the full import of it dawned he said to Ingham: "Where did this come from?"

"Norton, I suppose."

"Have you wired him to find out if it is authentic?"

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 65)

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BlueBird is beautiful to look upon; but BlueBird was made beautiful for safety. There are no open cogs or belts. Working parts are entirely enclosed. The cabinet is slightly less than waist high and is narrow enough to pass through a 26-inch door. The lasting white enamel finish, baked on, is like enamel ware—easily wiped clean.

The all-steel swinging wringer is a masterpiece of strength and [illegible]. The same powerful motor that rocks the tub drives the wringer simultaneously. It is started, stopped and reversed by one small lever. It adjusts itself to light or heavy garments and has an additional feature of safety in an instantaneous pressure release. It locks in three positions.

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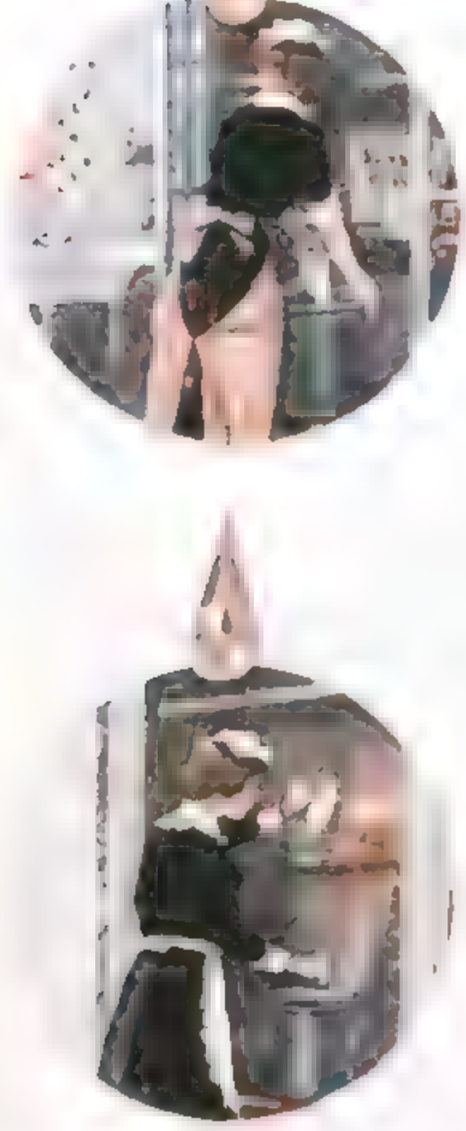

Lysol Disinfectant

Reg U S Pat Off

Kills germs in dark corners

Closets, shelves, corners, and all dark, out-of-the-way nooks in the house are favorite breeding spots for disease germs.

To avoid contagious sickness, clean all such places with water that contains a little Lysol Disinfectant—once a week.

Lysol Disinfectant, having five times the germ-killing strength of carbolic acid, eliminates germ life that you cannot see. Being soapy in substance, it also removes the dust and dirt that you can see.

A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

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Takes the stubbornness out of beards almost immediately. In addition, it renders the razor and shaving brush aseptically clean and guards tiny cuts from infection. At druggists' everywhere.

Lysol Toilet Soap 25c a Cake

Does all that a good soap should do, and in addition it protects the health of the skin. Delightfully soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. At druggists' everywhere.

A Postcard Brings Free Samples

The men folks will be glad to try Lysol Shaving Cream. A sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will also be included. Have your family try it. Send your name and address on a postcard.

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Greenwich and Morton Streets, New York

Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Well, go out there and stop that talking, and get a recess for two or three hours."

Ingham touched Calhoun on the shoulder, and that perspiring orator brought his remarks about Driggs to an abrupt close. Ingham pretended to hear a motion and second for a recess, and declared such recess in effect for three hours. The delegates, reporters and spectators were in tumult now.

Word passed back and forth that Norton was dead, that he wouldn't run, that he had withdrawn and indorsed Melander, that he had been assassinated, that he wanted free trade, that he had suffered an apoplectic stroke, that every other conceivable misfortune had happened to him, and that he wouldn't be the candidate for any or all these reasons.

Hollister and Pondevero had arrived also, and were with Enderly. "Let's get somewhere and talk this over," said Enderly. "The national committee room is the place. Come on—you, Henry, and Pon and Ingham, and ——" He picked a dozen men from those around him and shouted: "Come on, you; to the national committee room!"

They fought their way through the crowd and gathered in the room indicated, which was off a corridor outside the main convention hall. Two sergeants at arms were put at the door with instructions to admit no one.

Enderly, taking charge at once, said: "The first thing we've got to do is to find out whether this is a fake or not. Billy Johnston!"

"Yes, sir."

"You jump into that booth and get Norton on the long distance at Great Neck. Tell the telephone people that if they don't hurry the call through and get him in fifteen minutes I'll see to it that they're put out of business."

"Yes, sir," said Johnston, and hurled himself into a telephone booth.

"Now then," said Enderly, "what is to be done? If this wire is authentic we've got to do one of two things—get a new candidate or revise the platform. Don't all talk at once. What's your idea, Henry?" He turned to Hollister.

"We might get a new candidate," Hollister replied. "We might, I say, but it will be an almost impossible job, because a lot of the delegates have gone home, and we can't possibly go through all the motions and get it straightened out before midnight to-night. To-morrow is Sunday. We don't dare hold a session on Sunday because of the religious element, and by Monday it is probable that we would lose control, and somebody like Melander would get away with it. On the other hand, if we revise the platform we hold the man we have nominated already."

"I won't stand for it!" shouted Enderly.

"Wait a minute, Cato," said Hollister. "We're all in this, and we've got to find a way out. It isn't what you want to stand for, but what you've got to stand for. This telegram says that we must reconsider and revise the platform or he won't run on it. Let's see what he wants us to put in. Anybody got a copy of that Constable platform?"

"I know where there is one," said Ingham, and he hurried out of the room.

"While he's gone," Hollister continued, "let's consider the material we have to deal with in case we decide on another candidate. Melander is impossible. Meech is tied up with Thane and his outfit. We've just shown what we think of Driggs by making him the vice-presidential selection. That leaves us nothing but some man who has not been before the convention at all, a man not considered, and everlastingly ruins all the two years' preliminary work we have done with the people. Also, it makes it impossible for us to nominate anyone but a rank progressive, because Norton has made that the issue and if we put up a conservative candidate on a conservative platform we automatically organize a bolt by the progressives, because they will not accept him on the platform and will probably go to Norton and nominate him at another convention. That will split the party wide open, and make the success of the opposition party a certainty. We'd lose everything that way, and we may save a few scraps from the wreck the other way. That's what I think."

Just as Hollister finished Johnston came out of the telephone booth and called to Enderly, "He's on the wire!"

Enderly went to the booth, jammed his bulk into it, put the receiver to his ear and shouted: "Hello! Hello! That you, Norton? . . . This is Enderly. . . . Enderly. . . . Did you send Ingham a telegram declining to run unless we revise the platform? . . . You did? . . . What for? . . . What for? . . . What is it? A joke? . . . No? . . . Means what it says? . . . Irrevocable? Do you know what you are doing? . . . Wrecking the party. . . . Don't think so? I tell you you are. . . . Wrecking the party absolutely. . . . Sorry—irrevocable? . . . You don't mean that. . . . We can't fix that platform. . . . It's anarchy, I tell you. . . . Don't think so? . . . It is. It is! . . . Withdraw it! Withdraw it, I beg of you I order you! We'll never stand for it. Give me authority to withdraw it. . . . What? You won't? It's final?"

Enderly lurched out of the booth.

"It's true!" he gasped. "Norton hung up on me."

While Enderly was telephoning, Ingham returned with a copy of the Constable platform, and a telegram in reply to the one he had sent to Norton, which the telegraph company assured him came direct from Norton himself.

"Here's what he says to me," Ingham said: "Telegram authentic and conditions imperative if I am to be the candidate.'"

Hollister turned to Enderly, who had slumped down in a chair. "Now, Cato," he said, "there's no use in howling about it. You got us into it, and nobody else. You radicalized this man Norton, and said you could deradicalize him with a platform. Well, you can't. He took you seriously, it seemed. He is practicing what you preached. In some ways it's a whale of a joke on you—and us. It's pretty hard to laugh at, but it's a joke just the same. I'm for taking our medicine. I can't see anything else to do."

There was a disposition to follow Hollister. There seemed no other solution. The Constable platform was nauseating, but it wasn't so bad as the prospect of a divided party and an utter defeat. Enderly stormed in protest. After two hours of examination of the Constable platform, the presentation of many futile schemes for revision and toning down, each of which was rejected by Hollister, who pointed out that Norton, having gone this far, would stand by his stipulation that the changes must be in the precise Constable language, it was decided to swallow the dose.

"Where's Constable?" asked Hollister.

"Are you going to call him in here?" asked Enderly. "Why rub it in? If we've got to eat this crow let's cook it ourselves. Fix up a substitute with his rotten stuff, move for a reconsideration of the vote on the platform, jam that through, and then adopt this. If it doesn't suit, then I'm through. I'm through anyhow. Lord, think of me being flimflammed by a couple of amateurs like Constable and Norton."

The revision of the platform was carefully and rapidly prepared, in exact accord with the demands of Norton, while the convention, called to order by Ingham after the recess, went through the motions of nominating Driggs for vice president. The truth of the situation had become public, and the convention on the floor and in the galleries was excited almost to hysteria over the sensational news. All over the country afternoon newspapers bore great headlines "Norton Declines!" and the correspondents at the convention, gathering in, were sending reams and reams of copy over the wires for the Sunday morning newspapers.

After Driggs had been declared the vice-presidential nominee, McHatton, who had sponsored the original platform, moved a reconsideration and Ingham piloted the motion through its preliminary stages and to its destination, which was the inclusion in the platform of the specified paragraphs from the Constable platform, and the extirpation of all in conflict thereto.

This was expeditiously done. Ingham skillfully stifled debate and ruled under the gavel.

At eight o'clock the revised platform had been adopted, the concluding routine resolutions of a national convention had been passed, and adjournment without date was taken.

Hollister put the outraged and still protesting Enderly in a cab and took him back to the hotel. Nothing was said in the cab. Indeed, there was nothing to say. The whole fabric they had built had been thrown down, and instead of a quasi-progressive candidate running on an entirely conservative platform, they had an ardently progressive candidate on an even more ardently progressive platform.

The two dour leaders pushed through the crowd to the elevator, paying no heed to the questions that came at them from all sides.

Hollister barred the elevator door to all but Enderly with his great bulk, swung in himself, and said to the conductor, "Get upstairs quick. Seventh floor."

The elevator shot up and stopped at the seventh floor. As Enderly and Hollister stepped out they saw Constable sitting on a divan opposite the elevator doors.

Constable rose, intent on getting his elevator, and shouted "Down!" The elevator had gone on. As he turned he was looking squarely at Enderly.

"Why, how do you do, senator?" he said. "Pretty tired, I fancy. I congratulate you on the extremely satisfactory outcome of the convention."

Constable was smiling and affable. Enderly glowered at him. "I suppose you knew all about this," he said bitterly.

"Yes, I did."

"How long has it been going on?"

"About six months."

"Six months," repeated Enderly. "You humiliate me. Is it as bad as that?"

Constable laughed a little at the question. Then assuming a most sympathetic manner he said: "Oh, not bad—good! You see, senator, it was all for your sake; to help you. Norton holds you in high esteem as a progressive. You converted him. He sat at your feet and learned the first principles of the faith. When Norton discovered that you, his friend, guide and teacher, were not able to secure a platform from this convention that in any measure enunciated the creed you had taught him and that you must believe, he naturally went to your assistance. He took up the progressive cudgels for you. You failed in getting a progressive platform. He got one, and now you won't have to stultify your progressivism by indorsing a conservative platform. Norton fixed that for you. He is very fond of ——"

"Take me to my room, Henry," broke in Enderly hoarsely. "Take me to my room before I kill him with my cane."

XXV

GLOOMY, defeated in victory, chained to progressivism by the harsh master they thought would be an obsequious servant, the reactionary triumvirate, Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero, rode silent in the drawing-room of a train bound for Washington.

Hollister, although he had insisted on capitulation to Norton, knew precisely what the effect of that surrender on his sort of politics would be, and sat looking out of the window, chewing a cigar and seeing nothing but the triumphant Constable as he stood and laughed at them in the hotel. Enderly held an open book in his hands, but he was not reading. He was staring at the printed page, his mind busy with schemes for a way out. Pondevero was shrunk motionless into a seat corner, his eyes closed.

After a time Pondevero leaned forward and tapped Hollister on the knee. "Henry," he said, "what is that you used to recite about the Johnstown Flood?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Pon—what do you want to know about that foolishness for? Forget it!"

"No, Henry, it isn't foolishness. What was it?"

"I don't know, Pon. I don't know. Forget it, I tell you."

Hollister threw his cigar away, but immediately took another from his pocket, thrust that into his mouth and bit savagely at it. Enderly, with a quick inquiring glance at Pondevero, returned to the unseeing scrutiny of his book.

Presently Pondevero rose and stood swaying with the train between the seats and the couch. "I've got it!" he called. "Listen!"

He drew as much breath as he could into his narrow chest, raised his wispy voice to its highest pitch, and as his wondering associates turned to hear him he declaimed, "Who rides? Who rides? Ewen Norton! Ewen Norton!"

He stopped for another breath, and with his utmost effort shrilled, "And as he rides we cry, 'My God, the dam has bust!'"

(THE END)

How every Girl can be at her best

"My dear, I want to talk to you about something that I think every girl ought to know.

"You know how much a girl's daintiness and charm have to do with her success and happiness in business and social life. She can't afford to let the least thing mar that sweet daintiness.

"She may be beautifully gowned; she may take infinite pains with her lingerie, her hair, her hands and the other little touches that mean so much.

"But—this is what I want to talk to you particularly about —

"All this daintiness is completely ruined by the odor of perspiration and the other body odors to which people are subject.

"Perspiration is nature's way of carrying off the poisons generated by the system. And, of course, no one wants to check this wholesome process.

"But that is no reason why people should be bothered by the *odor* of perspiration.

"Mum" is the word

"Every morning I apply a little 'Mum' and enjoy the comfortable assurance that I shall be free from all body odors for the rest of the day and evening. I can go to a dance, theatre, any place where it is crowded and warm, and know that I am going to be entirely free from this embarrassment.

"No, 'Mum' does not check perspiration or other body functions. It just takes the odors away. And there is nothing that can irritate the skin or harm the daintiest gown.

"So that's why I say to you most earnestly 'Mum' is the word."

This wise woman might have gone further and told her young friend about another thing that has a great deal to do with a woman's daintiness and charm. There is a lovely talcum powder which has the great advantage that its rich exotic perfume lasts all day and evening. It is being used a great deal in place of perfume—it is so dainty and refined besides being cool and comfortable. "Amoray" is its name.

Get these helpful friends at your drug- or department-store:

"Mum"—for all body odors—25 cents.

"Amoray"—"Powder Perfume"—35 cents.

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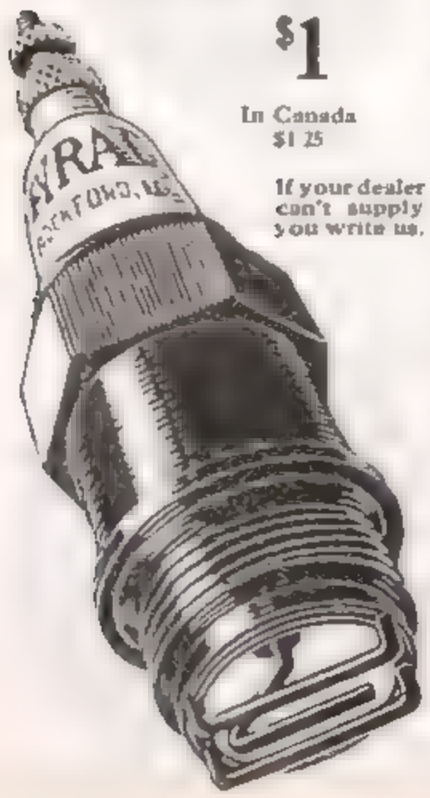

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Now picture your car on a hill—poor gas in your tank. The single spark of the ordinary plug sometimes fails to ignite *all* of the incompletely vaporized fuel—sometimes fails to ignite *any* of it. The explosion is thus weakened or "missed" entirely.

FYRAC makes that impossible. One INCH firing surface insures *a volley of sparks.* These ignite the fuel vapor in *many points* at once. Explosion is complete. Power is multiplied.

Let your dealer explain why a FYRAC in every cylinder will give your car a smoother, sweeter-running motor.

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Rockford, Illinois

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Toronto, Canada

AN APARTMENT HOUSE ANTHOLOGY

(Continued from Page 11)

of the Parmalees can see the point of this thing of paying high prices for unobtrusive garments. What they are after, Mr. Parmalee says, is their money's worth. As is only just.

Mrs. Parmalee and her friends dress with a soothing uniformity. They all hold the same ideas about style; really you'd seldom find a more congenial group in every way. All the girls, including Mrs. Parmalee, are fundamentally large and are increasing in weight almost daily. They are always going to start dieting next Monday.

In general style and get-up the girls resemble a group of very clever female impersonators. They run to rather larger and more densely plumed hats than the fashion absolutely insists upon, and they don't go in for any of your dull depressing colors. Always heavily jeweled, they have an adroit way of mingling an occasional imitation bracelet or necklace with the genuine articles, happily confident that the public will be fooled. In the warm weather their dresses are of transparent material about the arms and shoulders, showing provocative glimpses of very pink ribbons and of lace that you could hardly tell from the real.

There is a great deal of hearty gayety at the afternoon meetings of the crowd. You couldn't ask to see people among whom it is easier to get a laugh. Any popular line, such as "You don't know the half of it," or "You'd be surprised," is a sure-fire hit, no matter in what connection it is used. You might think that these jests would lose a little of their freshness after months of repetition, but you were never so wrong in your life. They never fail to go over big.

After a couple of hours of crackling repartee and whole-hearted drinking the Parmalees and their crowd set out for dinner. They dine at a downtown restaurant, if they plan going en masse to the theater afterwards. Otherwise they group themselves in their cars—most of the motors, like Mr. Parmalee's, are perquisites of being in the automobile game—and drive to some favorite road house, where they not only dine but get in some really constructive drinking during the evening. Mr. Parmalee is the life and soul of these parties. It is, his friends often say, as good as a show to hear him kid the waiter.

Guess-What-It-Cost Sports

Dancing occurs sporadically after dinner, but most of the time is devoted to badinage. There is much good-natured banter, impossible to take in bad part, about the attentions paid by various of the husbands to the wives of various of the other husbands.

Often the conversation takes a serious turn among the men, as they tell about how much they had to pay for the last case of it. Stories are related of the staggering prices exacted for highballs at some restaurant where they will still listen to reason; and someone is sure to tell about the dinner he gave the night before, giving the menu in full detail, and as a climax calling upon his audience to guess what the grand total of the check was. These anecdotes are told with the pride that other sportsmen exhibit in telling about the size of the fish they caught.

The ladies spend what could be figured up to be the greater part of the evening in going out to the dressing room to keep their color schemes up to the mark.

In the warmer months the Parmalees make no radical change in their way of living. But though they do not go away for any long vacation they get a welcome glimpse of Nature by motoring to Long Beach for dinner three or four times a week with the rest of their crowd. They also manage to get a lot of wholesome country air and a refreshing eyeful of green grass down at the Belmont Park track.

What with all this talk of hard times and tight money wherever you go, it is cheering to see the Parmalees, who seem always to have it to spend. In his homy little chats with his wife Mr. Parmalee often gets quite worked up over where the money to meet their expenses is coming from; but he never lets it trouble him in his social life. Mr. Parmalee is a great advocate of being a good fellow when you have it. After all, as he has it figured out, the last places you can cut down are on theater tickets and restaurant checks and liquor.

It is also pleasant, in these days of change and restlessness, to think of the Parmalees going right along, never so much as thinking of wanting anything different. I wouldn't want to be the one to say that there is never just a dash of hard feeling between certain members of the crowd; the Parmalees never claimed to be any more than human. But such little differences as may spring up from time to time are easily dissolved in alcohol, and the crowd goes right on again, as usual.

After all, it takes Mr. Parmalee, with that wit of his, to sum up their whole existence in one clear-cut phrase. He says that it is a great life if you don't weaken.

The Second Floor West

THE minute you step into her apartment you realize that Mrs. Prowse is a woman of fine sensibilities. They stick out, as you might say, all over the place. You can see traces of them in the handmade candles dripping artistically over the polychrome candlesticks; in the single perfect blossom standing upright in a roomy bowl; in the polychrome bust of Dante on the mantel—taken, by many visitors, to be a likeness of William Gibbs McAdoo; most of all in the books left all about, so that Mrs. Prowse, no matter where she is sitting, always can have one at hand, to lose herself in. They are, mainly, collections of verse, both free and under control, for Mrs. Prowse is a regular glutton for poetry. She is liable to repeat snatches of it at almost any time. There are heavier volumes, too, just as there are greater depths to Mrs. Prowse. Henry Adams, Conan Doyle in his latter manner, Blasco Ibanez, Clare Sheridan—all the boys and girls are represented.

Mrs. Prowse has not quite made up her mind as to whether it is more effective to have her books look well-thumbed or new and bright, though she rather inclines to the latter as being more decorative and less tiring. Most of the volumes are bound in red, which is, as Mrs. Prowse would put it, rather amusing with her orange curtains. If you were to pick up a book at random and go systematically through it you would find that, oddly enough, many of the pages, along after the middle, are uncut. But Mrs. Prowse's guests are not apt to go through her books, and the effect is, as I was saying only a minute ago, great.

It is not only literature that Mrs. Prowse patronizes. Beauty in any form gets a big hand from her. She can find it, too, in places where you or I would never think of looking. The delicate brown of a spoiled peach, the calm gray of a puddle on the sidewalk—such things never escape her.

Perhaps it is because she is so used to directing attention to things you might otherwise miss that Mrs. Prowse follows up the idea and coaxes you to notice those beauties which you couldn't very well avoid. She is always putting in a good word for the sunset or the sky or the moon, never letting slip an opportunity to get in a little press work for Nature.

She feels such things considerably more than most people. Sometimes, indeed, her appreciation of the beautiful stops just short of knocking her for what is academically called a goal. In the midst of a friendly conversation, or perhaps when it is her turn to bid in a bridge game, Mrs. Prowse will suddenly be rendered speechless, and lean tensely forward, gazing hungrily out the window at a lonely star or a wind-tossed cloud. She has quite a bad time in pulling herself together on these occasions. She must start perceptibly, look dazedly around the room, and press her hand against her eyes for a moment before she can return to the commonplace.

It is a blow to Mrs. Prowse and her husband that there has never been what Mrs. Prowse refers to as the patter of little feet about the house. But she manages to get a bit of comfort out of the situation. With no children to tie her down she is free to do all the worth-while things that beckon her. Look, for example, at what she accomplished

(Continued on Page 68)

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Yet the Heatrola is a furnace—a *real* furnace, practical and efficient, that keeps the whole house warm. Adaptable also to stores, offices, halls, etc. No iron to black. No nickel to polish.

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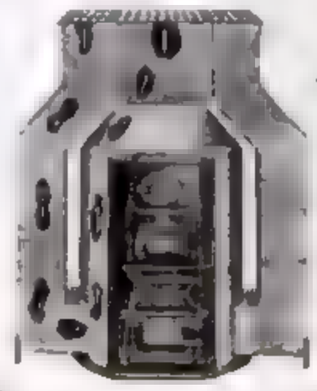

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(Continued from Page 66)

during the past winter alone. She heard several lectures by visiting poets; went to two New Thought meetings; had her horoscope read and learned that her name should have been Valda; attended the annual luncheon of a club devoted to translating Browning into English; went to tea in Greenwich Village three times; took a lesson in lampshade making; heard a debate on whether or not a woman should take her husband's name, and what of it; and had her hair permanently waved.

But at that, Mrs. Prowse does not feel that her time is fully occupied. What she would really like, she admits, is to work, and work hard. And there are several jobs for which she is forced to confess that she is just as well fitted as the next one.

She would consider, for instance, giving readings from the modern poets or doing selections from Maeterlinck to a soft accompaniment on the piano. She has thought, and pretty seriously, too, of the stage, which, she can't help feeling, she could do much to raise from its present commercialism. It is really just a matter of ethics that keeps her from rushing right out and going to work at one of these positions. She doesn't feel that it would be quite fair for her to take the job away from someone who might be in real need of the money.

You wouldn't want to say right out that Mr. Prowse is not in sympathy with his wife's ideas, but then again you would scarcely be justified in saying that he cheered her on. Mr. Prowse is apt to let things take their course, and not do any worrying about them.

He is fond of his business, golf, the Yankees, meat cooked rather rare, musical comedies and his friends. Mrs. Prowse accompanies him to the theater, and often tells his friends that they must come up sometime soon. But there is about her at these times an air of gentle martyrdom. You'd almost think you could hear the roar of the waiting lions, she does it so realistically.

Mr. Prowse's policy of going about just as cheerfully as if his wife had no sensibilities whatever is a uniquely annoying one to her. Some of her most effective moods are absolutely frittered away on him. Mrs. Prowse has feelings which are almost always being severely injured; you run a chance of stepping on them if you come within ten feet of her. She is too delicately strung to come bluntly out and say what has hurt her. She seeks refuge in a brooding silence, and you must guess what it is all about.

Misunderstood but Faithful

Mr. Prowse is particularly bad at the game. He never seems to realize that anything is wrong. Sometimes she even has to call attention to her mental suffering and its cause. Even then he cannot be drawn into a really satisfactory battle. And it is, you will agree, practically impossible to work up any dramatic interest in married life when one of the principals won't take part in the big scenes.

It is little wonder that Mrs. Prowse, though never actually saying that her marriage is anything but happy, sometimes intimates that she is not always understood.

She has always been somewhat taken with the idea of having an assortment of tame young men about her—nothing really out of the way, of course, just have them come to tea, and take her to picture galleries, and send flowers, and maybe write verses, which she could drop where her husband would find them. She has even gone so far, in the privacy of her room, as to invent a rather nice little scene, in which she mapped out what she would say to some smitten young tea-hound should he become too serious. It is a credit to Mrs. Prowse to report that her answer was to the effect that she could never forget the vows she made to Mr. Prowse at the altar.

In all the books, as it is useless to tell you, it is no trouble at all for a married woman to gather a flock of attentive young men about her. But Mrs. Prowse has found it rather rough going. The young men don't seem to fall in with the idea. There was, it is true, a young man she met at a tea who was interested in interior decoration. In answer to her invitation he did call one afternoon—it was just by luck that she was wearing her beaded Georgette crêpe and told her all about how she ought to live with purples. But when he found out that she really didn't feel they could have the living room done over for another year anyway he faded gently out of her life.

And that, as a matter of fact, was about as far as Mrs. Prowse ever got along those lines.

As is no more than you would expect, Mrs. Prowse admits but few to her circle of intimates. She is constantly being disappointed in people, finding out that they have no depths. Perhaps the sharpest blow, though one frequently experienced, is in having people whom she had accepted as kindred spirits turn out to be clever on the surface, but with no soul when you came right down to it. Mrs. Prowse often says that somehow she can never bring herself to be intimate with people who are only clever.

And that really works out awfully well, for it makes it mutual.

The Third Floor East

YOU couldn't find, if you were to take the thing really to heart and make a search of the city, a woman who works harder, day in and day out, than Mrs. Amy. She says so herself.

In the first place there are the two young Amys to occupy her attention. Everyone in the building is conscious of the presence of the two young Amys, but the Parmalees, in the apartment below, are most keenly aware of it.

It is in the fresh morning, when the Parmalees are striving to fulfill a normal desire for sleep, that the young Amys seem particularly near. The Amy children are early risers, and they have none of that morning languor from which office workers are so apt to suffer. Mrs. Parmalee, whose bedroom is directly beneath theirs, has often said that she would be the last one to feel any surprise if at any moment they were to come right on through.

Of course there is a resident nurse who looks after the little ones, but Mrs. Amy seems to find little or no relief in this. The nurse watches over them all day, and sleeps in the bed between their cribs at night, but, as Mrs. Amy says, she cannot worry over them as a mother would.

It is in worrying that Mrs. Amy accomplishes some of her most strenuous work. She confesses that there is scarcely a minute when her mind is at rest. Her worries even cut in on her nights, and she describes graphically how, tossing from side to side, she hears the clock strike twelve, half past twelve, one, half past one—sometimes it goes on that way up to three.

The past months have been especially trying to her, for the older Amy child has lately started school. He attends the public school around the corner, where his mother cannot help but feel that his time is devoted less to acquiring education than to running a splendid chance of contracting diseases and bringing them home, to share with his sister. During his first term Mrs. Amy has at different times detected in him symptoms of mumps, measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever, whooping cough and infantile paralysis. It is true that none of these ever developed, but that's not the point. The thing is that his mother was just as much worried as if he had had record cases of them all.

Then there are her household cares to prey upon her. Annie, a visiting maid, arrives before breakfast and stays till after dinner, but Mrs. Amy frequently sighs that she is far from satisfactory. Twice, now, her gravy has been distinctly lumpy, and just the other day she omitted to address Mrs. Amy as "ma'am" in answering her. There may be those who can throw off such things, but Mrs. Amy takes them hard. Only the fact that she worries so over the prospect of not being able to get another maid prevents her from marching right out into the kitchen and formally presenting Annie with the air.

It seems as if there were some great conspiracy to prevent things' breaking right for Mrs. Amy. Misfortunes pile up all through the day, so that by evening she has a long hard-luck story with which to greet Mr. Amy.

All through dinner she beguiles him with a recital of what she has had to endure that day—how the milkman didn't come and she was forced to send out to the grocer's; how she hurried to answer the telephone at great personal inconvenience, only to find it was someone for Annie; how the butcher had no veal cutlets; how the man didn't fix the pantry sink; how Junior refused to take his cereal; how the druggist omitted to send the soap she ordered; how—but you get the idea. There is always enough material for her to continue her story all through dinner and carry it over till bedtime with scarcely a repetition.

Mr. Amy would be glad to do what he could to lighten her burdens, but Mrs. Amy, though she all but hints in her conversation that many of her troubles may be laid at her husband's door, refuses to let him crash in on her sphere.

He has a confessed longing, for instance, to take the children out on the nurse's Sundays off. But Mrs. Amy cannot be induced to see it. Her feeling is that he would be just as apt as not to take them in a street car, or to the zoo, where they would get themselves simply covered with germs. As she says, she would worry so while they were gone that she would be virtually no good by the time they got back.

Mr. Amy often seeks to persuade his wife to join him in an evening's revelry at the movies or the theater, but she seldom consents. Her mind cannot come down to the pleasures before her when it is all taken up with what might be going on at home at that very minute. The house might burn up, the children might run temperatures, a sudden rain might come up and spoil the bedroom curtains; anything is liable to happen while she is away. So you can see how much there is on her side when she tells Mr. Amy that she feels safer at home.

Occasionally the Amys have a few friends in to dinner. Mrs. Amy obliges at these functions with one of her original monologues on the things that have gone wrong in her household during that day alone. They would entertain oftener, but what with the uncertainty of Annie's gravy and the vagaries of the tradespeople, the mental strain is too great for Mrs. Amy.

Mr. Amy often has to take a man out for dinner, in the way of business. He used to bring his business acquaintances to dine with him at home, but it got on Mrs. Amy's nerves to that degree that she had to put a stop to the practice.

She said it just bored her to death to have to sit there and listen to them talk about nothing but their business.

The Third Floor West

WHAT is really the keynote of the Tippetts' living room is the copy of the Social Register lying temptingly open on the table. It is as if Mrs. Tippett had been absorbed in it, and had only torn herself from its fascinating pages in order to welcome you.

It is almost impossible for you to overlook the volume, but if you happen to, Mrs. Tippett will help you out by pointing to it with an apologetic little laugh. No one knows better than she, she says, that its orange-and-black binding is all out of touch with the color scheme of the room; but, you see, she uses it for a telephone book and she is simply lost without it. Just what Mrs. Tippett does when she wants to look up the telephone number of her laundress or her grocer is not explained. And few people have the strength to go into the subject unassisted.

Some day when you happen to be reading the Social Register and come to the T's, you will find that Mr. and Mrs. Tippett's names are not there. Naturally you will take this for a printer's error. But it is only too intentional. The Tippetts do not yet appear in the register, though they have every hope of eventually making the grade.

As soon as Mrs. Tippett feels that the one about using the Social Register as a telephone book has sunk in, she will begin to laugh off her apartment. She says that it is the greatest joke, their living way up here in this funny old house that has been made over into flats. You have no idea how the Tippetts' friends simply howl at the thought of their living up on the West Side.

Whimsically Mrs. Tippett adds that what with so many social leaders moving down to Greenwich Village and over by the East River, it seems to her that the smart thing to do nowadays is to live in the most out-of-the-way place you can find.

Mr. Tippett will enlarge on the thing for you, if you stay until he comes home from business. Mr. Tippett solicits advertising for one of the excessively doggy magazines. There is not much in it, but it gives him an opportunity to come in contact with some awfully nice people. He will put over

(Continued on Page 71)

Many mothers have discovered the secret of having a home warm without worrisome work. They have saved themselves the drudgery of frequent attention to many fires. They can wear light clothing in the house with comfort. They have simplified housekeeping and now save time for rest and recreation. The ARCOLA is the answer.

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THEY say that "the best antidote for a lean year is a fat bank account"—but a fat bank account will not keep you from freezing unless you spend it for an adequate heating plant to protect you and your family from the dangers and discomforts of a severe winter.

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Thousands of ARCOLA owners have cut their fuel bills **one-third.** They tell us that the ARCOLA heats the *whole* house with less fuel than was formerly used to heat a few rooms in spots with stoves! This great saving soon pays for the Outfit. Burns coal, coke or wood. Also used with gas and oil burners.

Best Investment for Any Home

ARCOLA Hot Water Radiator Heat—the peer of all heating methods—is now available to owners of the most modest homes. An ARCOLA will modernize the OLD home and give you more living comfort than you ever dreamed of.

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The ARCOLA is made on the same principle and has the same guarantee as our large IDEAL Heating plants. The only difference is in the *smaller* size and *lower* cost, as it is specially designed for small buildings with or without cellars. Made to fit the house; plenty of warmth without waste of heat. An Ideal-ARCOLA Heating Outfit will outlast any building and make it infinitely more desirable to live in, and a far easier place to rent or sell.

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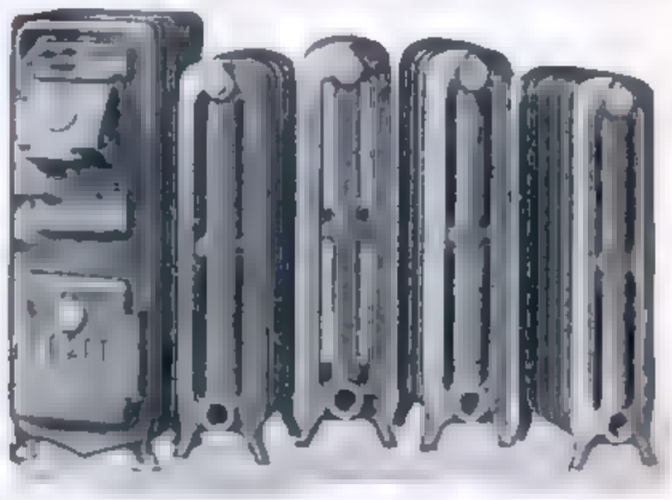
Winter is coming! An ARCOLA installed in a few days will permanently protect you and your family from the dangers of chilly and drafty rooms. Act now!

Easily Put in Any Building at Any Time



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Betterments

TWO things make the O-Cedar Polish Mops even more popular than ever before.

First, these decided improvements or betterments.

Second, the reduction in cost to you—now below pre-war prices.

Steel Center
Makes the mop strong and firm and keeps it in its original shape.

Shape
Designed to go in corners and other hard-to-get-at places. Note: No sharp corners to wear out.

Polished Handle
A 54-in. handle—stained and polished. Makes it easy to clean those hard-to-get-at places.

Adjustable Hinge
Strong and sturdy. Gives the handle many adjustments to get everywhere.

Longer Plume
Please note the length—gives more and better cleaning, dusting, polishing properties.

Heavy Padding
riveted to the steel center. Also prevents scratching or marring the floors.

Bigger
More cotton, longer cotton, stronger cotton yarn than ever before.
Stronger

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago
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O-Cedar Polish Mop

(Continued from Page 68)

some perfect corkers about living so far uptown that he goes to work by the Albany boat; or he may even refer to his place of residence as Canada for you.

He bears out his wife's statements as to their friends' amusement at the apartment; in fact you gather from the chat that the Tippetts' chief reason for occupying the place is the good laugh it affords their friends.

The Tippetts are exceedingly well connected, as you will learn just as soon as they get a chance to tell you. Mr. Tippett's own cousin is not only included in the Social Register but has been referred to in the society weeklies—oh, not a breath of scandal, of course!—and often figures in the morning papers under the head of "among those present were." The Tippetts are deeply devoted to her. She is seldom absent from their conversation. If she is ill their calls are more regular than the doctor's. When she is away they carry her letters about and read them aloud to you at a moment's notice. Way back in midsummer they start planning her Christmas present.

The Tippetts are kept busy the year round. Sometimes Mrs. Tippett says wistfully she almost wishes they were not quite so much in demand. Almost every day she has to keep an appointment with some friend, to have tea at one of the more exclusive hotels. She keeps a sharp lookout for any smart people that may be hanging around, so that at dinner she can breathlessly tell her husband whom they were with and what they had on.

It is great fun to be out with Mrs. Tippett. She can tell you who everybody is, where they originated, whom they married, what their incomes are, and what is going the rounds about them. From a close following of the society papers she really feels that she knows intimately all those who figure in their columns. She goes right ahead with the idea, and speaks of them by the nicknames under which they appear in the society press.

Mrs. Tippett is inclined to be a trifle overpunctual; haven't you heard it called a good fault? She often arrives rather early for her tea engagements, and so, not being one to waste time, she dashes off a few notes on the hotel stationery while waiting.

Mr. Tippett—it may be from three years of close association—has got from her this admirable habit of catching up with his correspondence at odd times. For instance, when he drops in at some club, as the guest of a member, he frequently finds a few minutes to sit down at a desk and scribble off a letter on the convenient paper.

The Tippetts have many obligations to fulfill. They are so fond of Mr. Tippett's cousin that they try never to disappoint her when she invites them to anything. This means they must spend two or three week-ends at her country place, dine with her several times during the winter, and use her opera tickets once or even oftener. You'd really be amazed at the supply of subsequent conversation that the Tippetts can get out of any of these events.

Besides all this, they usually manage to attend one or two of the large charity affairs, for which tickets may be purchased at a not-so-nominal sum, and they always try to work in one session at the horse show.

This past season has been particularly crowded for Mrs. Tippett. Twice her volunteered aid has been accepted by a woman she met at Mr. Tippett's cousin's house, and she has helped arrange the counters at rummage sales. In short, things are coming along nicely with the Tippetts. They have every reason to be satisfied with their life.

Which is remarkably like Mr. Tippett's business, in that, though there is not much in it, it brings them in contact with some awfully nice people.

The Top Floor East

THERE was a time when Mrs. Huff kept her own carriage and lived in a three-story house with a conservatory between the dining room and the pantry. I don't feel that I am violating any confidence in telling you this, because Mrs. Huff would be the first one to say so.

All this was some time ago, when Mrs. Huff's daughter Emma was still in school—in private school, Mrs. Huff is careful to say. And one good look at Mrs. Huff's daughter Emma will convince you that her schooldays must have been indeed some time ago.

Shortly before Mr. Huff did what his widow refers to as passed on, the fortune began to meet with reverses, due mainly to Mr. Huff's conviction that he could put Wall Street in its place during his spare time. Mrs. Huff clung as long as possible to her own carriage and the three-story house with the conservatory, but she had eventually to let them go, in the order named. For a good many years, now, she has been settled in this apartment, in the midst of as much of her palmy-days furniture as could be wedged into the place.

But to Mrs. Huff those good old days are as yesterday. They are as fresh in her mind and her conversation. She can—does, even—go on for hours about how often they had to have the palms in the conservatory replaced, and how much they paid for the fountain, which represented a little girl and boy holding a pink iron umbrella over themselves—she can see it now. From there she drifts into reminiscences of all the trouble they had with drunken coachmen before they got their old Thomas, who was with them twelve years.

Mrs. Huff and her daughter live the calm and ladylike life befitting former conservatory owners. They are attended by one maid, Hannah by name, who was once Emma's nurse. She does the housework, washing, marketing and cooking; arranges Mrs. Huff's hair and corsets; remodels the ladies' clothes in the general direction of the styles; and is with difficulty persuaded to accept her wages each month—the same wages—which is rather a pretty touch of sentiment—as she was getting when she first entered Mrs. Huff's employ. As Mrs. Huff says, Hannah is really quite a help to them.

Mrs. Huff relies chiefly for her diversion on the funerals of her many acquaintances and connections. She reads the obituary column each morning in much the same spirit that other people look over the What is Going on To-day section. Occasionally if the day is fine and there is no really important funeral on hand she takes a little jaunt out to a favorite cemetery and visits various friends there.

Her minor amusements include calls on many sick and a few healthy acquaintances, and an occasional card party. Her stories of how often they had to change the palms and how much they paid for the fountain are the features of these affairs.

Miss Emma Huff suffers slightly from hallucinations; no, suffers is hardly the word. She manages to get quite a good time out of them.

She is under the impression that she is the desired of every man with whom she comes in contact. She is always arriving home fluttering from her adventure with the overzealous clerk in the shoe shop, or the bus driver who was too careful about helping her alight, or the floorwalker who almost insisted on taking her arm to direct her to the notions. Miss Huff never dares stay late at a friend's house, for fear some man may spring from the shadows and abduct her on the way home.

Between adventures Miss Huff does a good deal of embroidery. If there were ever a contest in putting cross-stitch baskets on guest towels she would be entered scratch. Also, she is a mean hand at copying magazine covers in water colors. Last year she made all her own Christmas cards, and if all goes well she plans doing it again next Christmas.

Once or twice it has been suggested by relatives or overintimate friends that it might be rather nice for Miss Huff to commercialize her talents. Or, if her feeling for art would not allow that, she might find some light and ladylike employment—just to pass the time, is always hastily added.

Mrs. Huff awards these advisers what, in anybody else, would be a dirty look. She does not waste words to reply to any suggestion that a daughter of hers should enter the business world. For Mrs. Huff can never forget that she once kept her own carriage and lived in a three-story house with a conservatory between the dining room and the pantry.

The Top Floor West

THERE are, of course, a Mr. and a Mrs. Plank, but they sink indistinguishably into the background. Mrs. Plank may be roughly summarized as a woman who always knows what you ought to do for that indigestion, while Mr. Plank is continually going into a new business where "none of us is going to get much money at first."

The real life of the Plank party is Arlette—Mrs. Plank let herself go, for the only time in her life, in the choosing of her daughter's name.

Arlette is, at the present writing, crowding nineteen summers, and she looks every day of it. As for her mode of living, just ask anybody in the apartment house.

Arlette stopped school three years ago by her own request. She had no difficulty in convincing her mother that she had enough education to get along with anywhere. Mrs. Plank is a firm believer in the theory that, unless she is going to teach, there is no earthly use of a girl's wasting her time in going all through high school. Men, says Mrs. Plank—and she has been married twenty-one years, so who could be a better judge?—do not select as their wives these women who are all full of education. So for the past three years Arlette's intellectual decks have been cleared for matrimony.

But Arlette has not yet given a thought to settling down into marriage. There was a short season when she thought rather seriously of taking up a screen career, after someone had exclaimed over the startling likeness between her and Louise Lovely. But so far she has taken it out in doing her hair in the accepted movie-star manner, to look as if it had been arranged with an egg-beater.

Most of Arlette's time is spent in dashing about in motors driven by young men of her acquaintance. The cars were originally designed to accommodate two people, but they rarely travel without seven or eight on board. These motors, starting out from or drawing up to the apartment house, with their precious loads of human freight, are one of the big spectacles of the block.

The Skids for Eddie

It is remarkable how without the services of a secretary Arlette prevents her dates from becoming mixed. She deftly avoids any embarrassing overlapping of suitors. Her suitors would, if placed end to end, reach halfway up to the Woolworth Tower and halfway back.

They are all along much the same design—slim, not too tall, with hair shining like linoleum. They dress in suits which, though obviously new, have the appearance of being just outgrown, with half belts, and lapels visible from the back.

The average duration of Arlette's suitors is five weeks. At the end of that time she hands the favored one a spray of dewy raspberries and passes on to the next in line.

The present incumbent, Eddie to his friends, has lasted rather longer than usual. His greatest asset is the fact that he is awfully dry. He has a way of saying "absotively" and "posolutely" that nearly splits Arlette's sides. When he is introduced he says, with a perfectly straight face, "You're pleased to meet me," and Arlette can hardly contain herself. He interpolates a lot of Ed Wynn's stuff into the conversation, and Arlette thinks it is just as good as the original, if not better.

Then, too, he knows a perfectly swell step. You take three to the right, then three to the left, then toddle, then turn suddenly all the way around and end with a dip; the effect is little short of professional.

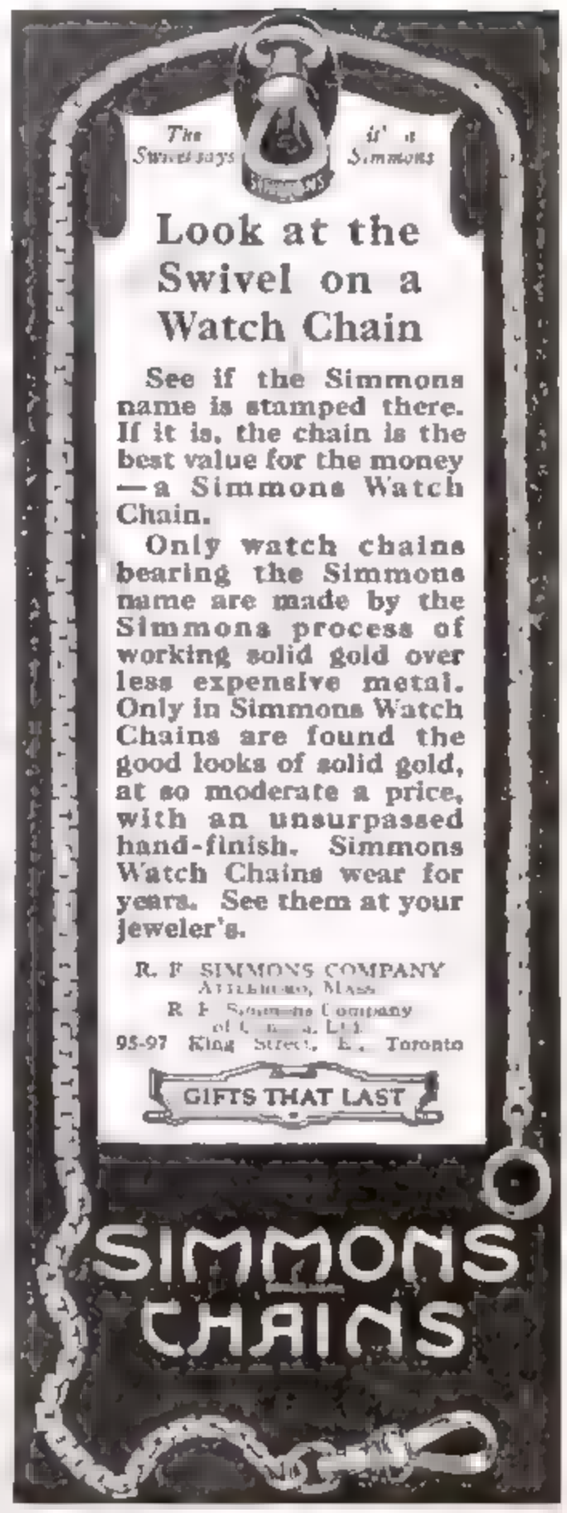
But Arlette has lately met a young man who has his own car and can almost always get his father's limousine when he takes you to the theater. Also, his father owns a chain of moving-picture houses, and he can get a pass for her.

So it looks from here as if the skids were all ready to be applied to Eddie.

Mrs. Plank worries a bit over her daughter's incessant activities. She hears stories of the goings-on of these modern young people that vaguely trouble her, and she does wish that Arlette would take more rest. Naturally, though, she hesitates to bring the matter to her daughter's attention. Occasionally she goes so far as to hint that Arlette might take a little interest in watching her do the housework, so that she can pick up some inside stuff on household matters that might be useful in her married life.

For all Mrs. Plank wants, she says, is to live to see her daughter making some good man happy.

Arlette's ideas, now, seem to be more along the lines of making some good men happy.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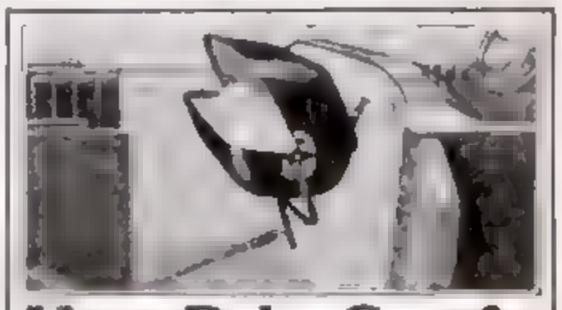
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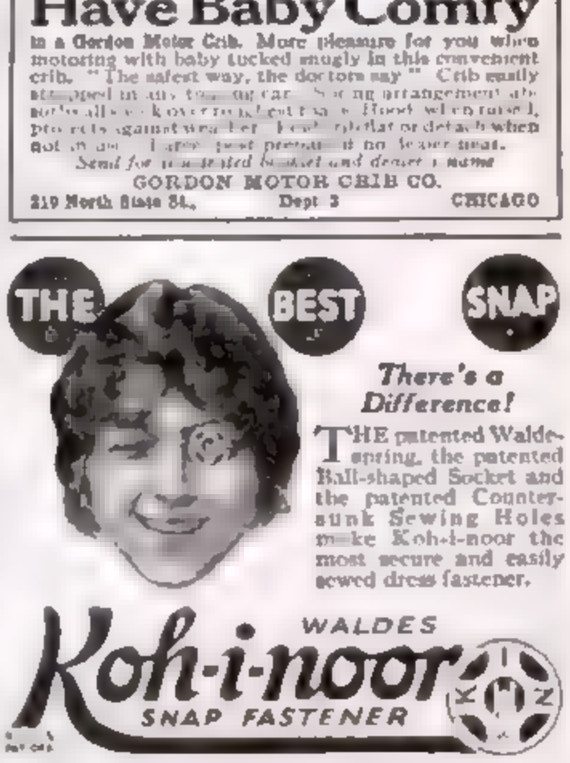
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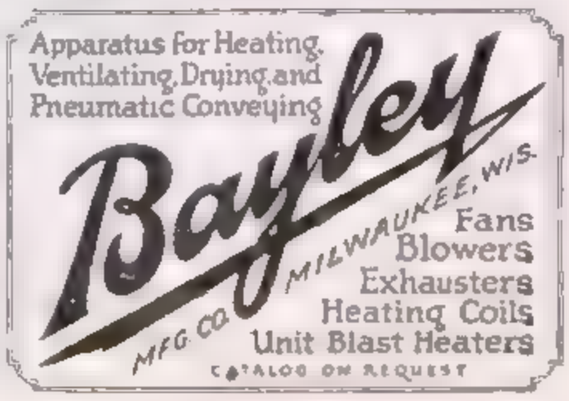

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1—The wonderful Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process: The tire is built on a collapsible iron core which is replaced, before vulcanizing, by a heavy fabric bag made to hold water under pressure. When in the vulcanizer, this bag is pumped full of water heated to the proper vulcanizing temperature and the right pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch is applied *inside the tire.*

2—Every layer in this tire is Toron fabric—a treatment that water-proofs each particle of the fabric, increases tensile strength practically one-third, increases by 50 per cent the holding power of layers, tread, etc., to each other, and prevents oxidation, rot and decay in all their forms.

Hydro-Toron tires represent cord size—cord mileage—yet they sell at

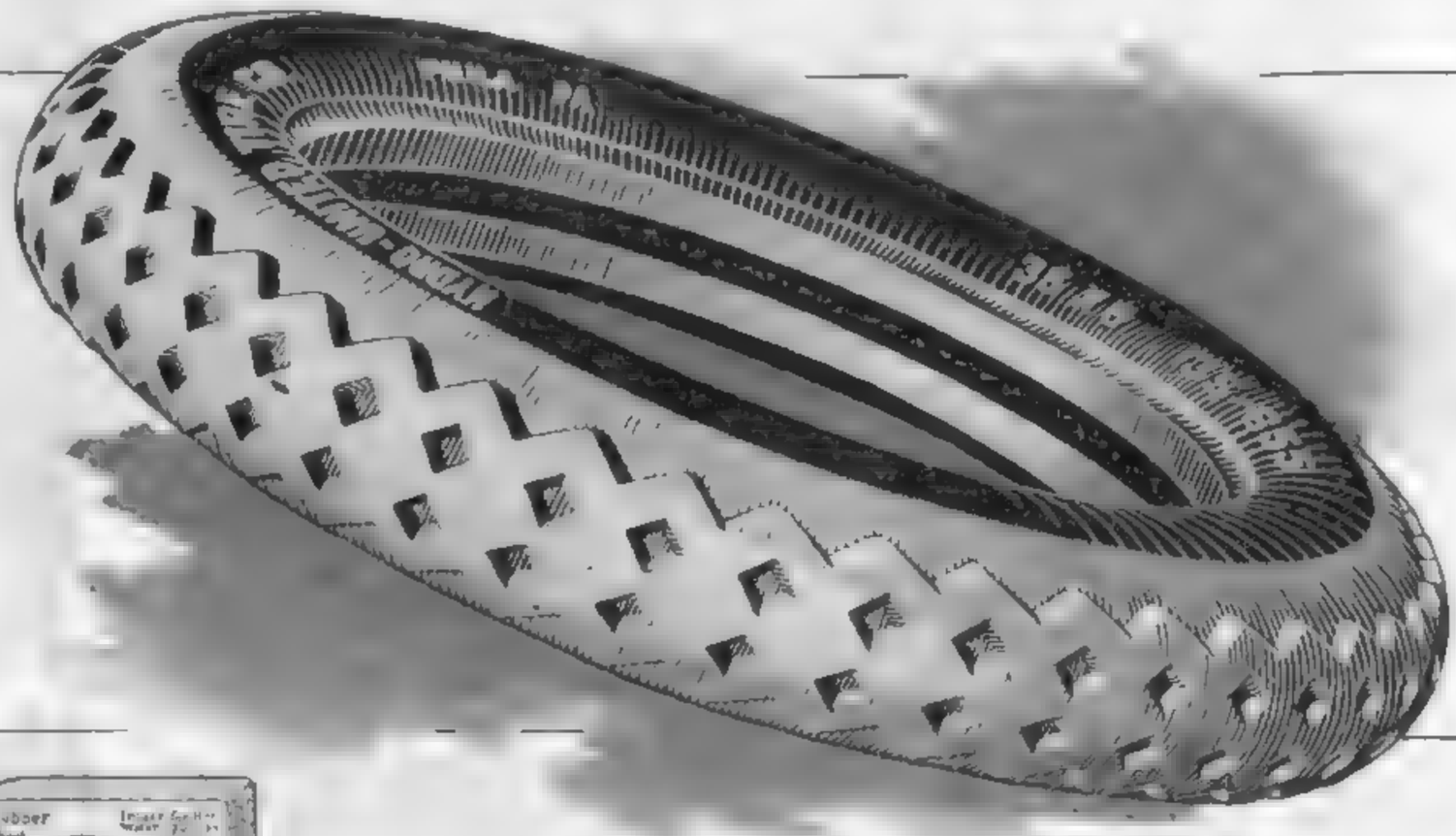
Standard Fabric Prices

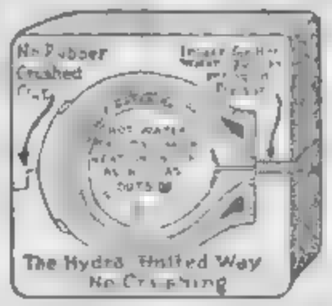
No hidden imperfections—blisters, bulges, skips, etc. No "seconds" turned out of our factory. The right uniform pressure *from within* results in a smooth, strong, evenly built tire. No part is crushed out of shape—no wires or beads misplaced.

Stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out are nearly always caused by concealed faults in the tire.

Our method of building enables us to guarantee against them.

Toron **preserves** the tire—in service and on the spare rim. The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process prevents such a great percentage of common troubles that our 10,000 mile guarantee is a natural result of the service we know these tires will give.





The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

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The Test of 50% Greater Holding Power

Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles Against Stone Bruise Rim-Cut, Blow-Out

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE FOURTH OF JULY

(Continued from Page 16)

The proceedings disclosed much soreness at the Government. If you go among farmers you will find them thinking of government-ordered high freight rates and most likely cherishing an indefinite resentment because the Government didn't somehow or other come to their relief—as by stimulating exports or making credit easier—when agricultural prices were falling heels over head. If you go among merchants, manufacturers and bankers you will find them thinking of excess-profits taxes, extravagance at Washington, the Government's dilatory clumsiness in dealing with the railroads, shipping, and so on. In comparison with the soreness at the Government in that quarter a boil seems quite comfortable. There is in the United States a great deal of emotion which mistakenly calls itself radical thought or progressive thought. It is an affair of the heart, not of the head; but its emotional reactions to the Government could be fittingly expressed only by tears, crêpe, funereal urns and the strains of Chopin's Funeral March. Its feelings about the Government are beyond words.

Too Many Foolish Laws

In short, wherever you turn, unless you turn to a man with a government job, you will find soreness at the Government. The plain fact is that the Government which was just about all right a generation ago is just about all wrong now. And as to the affection of its subjects, state governments are in as bad case as the national Government. Apparently we have come a cropper, and instead of exhibiting any signs of approbation on the Fourth of July we ought to set that date aside as a day of mourning. I propose that we sit down a little while in neighborly candor and hold an inquest.

We might begin with the Fourth of July. The old-fashioned Fourth, as you know, was legislated off the earth. Playing with explosives is hazardous for children. People were shocked at the number of accidents, so they got laws in every state, city and village forbidding or much restricting the use of explosives on Independence Day. Forbidding dangerous explosives was an excellent thing; but the point I wish to make is that American parents felt it necessary to evoke the law in order to prevent their children from using articles which the parents considered dangerous.

I have a powerful conviction that if my father had deemed it inexpedient for me to shoot off big firecrackers it wouldn't have occurred to him to go to the town council for a prohibitive ordinance. He kept a lath in a corner of the woodshed. As he looked at it, calling in the police to prevent one's children from setting themselves afire is not the mark of a strong character. Probably he himself in his youth and middle age, and certainly his father, would have been indignant at the notion of a prohibitive ordinance. They would have said it was not an affair for the Government to meddle with.

The old-fashioned Fourth has been legislated off the earth. The old-fashioned attitude toward the Government has been pretty much legislated off the earth too. Presumably you know that the people who launched this social enterprise a century and a half ago believed that most of mankind's social ills arose from vesting political power in a few hands. They proposed to vest political power in the people, and the more ardent and eloquent of them who took the lead in shaping public opinion believed that mankind's social ills would then mostly disappear, the cause of them having been removed. As they saw it, vesting political power in the people would produce a perfect instrument for social happiness. For a hundred years hardly anybody questioned that this democratic government was such an instrument.

But to the men who launched this enterprise democratic government meant simple government. Monarchical and oligarchical governments—governments by the few—were meddlesome, censorious, paternal affairs because they were based on the idea that people haven't sense enough to govern themselves. But a democratic government would be simple, confining itself to necessary functions of national defense and administration and to laying down broad, general, social rules, and then letting people alone. That was the ideal. Jefferson said the government is best which governs least. Tom Paine said democratic government must work better than monarchical government because "the more simple anything is the less liable it is to be disordered."

I submit that they were talking the kernel of genuine democracy, for democratic government must be based on the proposition that people in the mass have sufficient good sense and good will to govern themselves, and if they have that much good sense and good will they should, broadly speaking, be let alone to work out their own problems in their own way, with no patriarchal government to control, guide and boost them. The stream could not rise higher than its source. If democracy couldn't, as a general proposition, build on the citizen's ability to look out for himself it had nothing to build on. A genuinely democratic government, in the nature of the case, must be a quite simple government. That is what they said in Revolutionary days. I submit to the coroner's jury that it's as true to-day as it was then. The democratic spirit must leave a vast deal to the individual and to voluntary action by groups of individuals. When that spirit goes out of a body politic you've got a corpse on your hands, so far as true democracy goes.

That spirit has been rapidly leaking out of us. Far from being simply governed, we are now one of the most elaborately begoverned people. Probably there are more laws on the statute books of the United States than in all the remainder of the world together. Nobody knows all the things for which democratic government at Washington and forty-eight state capitals is used to-day. You hear of bills and acts to regulate the length of women's hatpins, the height of their shoe heels; to regulate their skirts, corsets and cigarettes. I may observe, aside, that fussing around and pawing over females who were not of one's own family was looked upon with high disfavor by the primitive community in which I was reared; but reform legislatures seem tremendously devoted to that dubious occupation.

The other day, for example, a bill was introduced in Congress forbidding women to smoke in public. I wish I could persuade reform legislators at least into the respectable habit of keeping their hands in their pockets in respect of females not of their own family. Fussy preoccupation with the opposite sex, however, is only one small symptom of an epidemic. Look over the litter of bills in your own state legislature. If there is anything that somebody isn't trying to regulate by law, that is only because no legislator has happened to think of it yet.

Quack Democracy

Along with this deluge of laws goes much contempt for law—naturally. We have more laws than any other people, and naturally in normal times we are the most law-breaking people. Fool laws discredit all law. When a legislature is devoting its powerful mind to hatpins you may be sure, without looking up the criminal record, that its judicial and police legislation is holding the ladder for porch climbers. Cure-it-by-a-law burglary, arson, plain homicide and lynching are tied up in the same bundle.

This meddlesome paternal legislation is all quack democracy, patent-medicine, statute-book-cure-all democracy. The total flood of it in the United States the last thirty years would make the men of Thomas Jefferson's generation want to write a new Declaration of Independence. Government is held in low esteem because it is used for all sorts of purposes to which it is unsuitable. I once possessed a sheath knife with horn handle and gleaming blade of which I was immensely proud. I bought it to take on a hunting and camping expedition. Everybody in the expedition admired the knife—and used it to scale fish, dress game, shuck soft-shell turtles, cut wood, stir the fire, open cans, turn flapjacks and pull nails. In a week it wasn't fit even to dig bait with and became an object of general contempt. More or less, that is what is happening to democratic government in the United States.

For a hundred years people did believe that this democratic Government was a perfect instrument for social well-being. The temptation was too great. Whenever a considerable number of people complained of ill-being some facile statesman or publicist was at hand to say, "Behold, I will cure your unhappiness by applying the perfect instrument for happiness; I will turn it over to the Government, get you a law, with a bureau to enforce the law, adding only four mills to the tax rate."

For a good while people swallowed that. I used to swallow it myself. Why be unhappy about anything when the perfect instrument for happiness was right at hand? But mainly the result has been to multiply jobs, taxes and discontent; for when statesmen and publicists advertise the Government as a free cure-all everybody with an ailment naturally tends to blame the Government for not curing it.

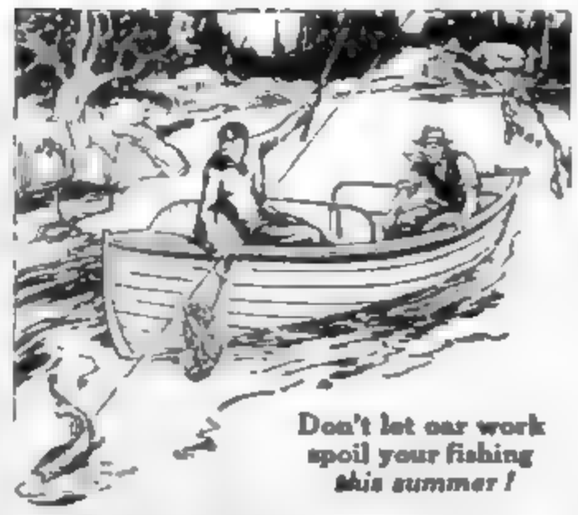
I submit to the jury that we are simply awash with quack democracy. Government, which early democrats supposed would be a simple affair, has already grown into a sort of Milky Way whose exact extent nobody knows. At this writing 80,000 clerks are working daily at Washington to answer its telephone calls, file its letters and figure up their own pay rolls. The law-incubating and bureau-spawning industry has gone on at some state capitals almost as vigorously as at Washington. In 1890 the total of ad-valorem taxes—that is, taxes on real and personal property—levied for state and local government was, in round numbers, $471,000,000. In 1912 it was $1,349,000,000. I do not find a report by the Census Bureau later than 1912, but with rising prices and steady extension of government activities it must now be at least $2,000,000,000. Besides, in 1919 and 1920 states and cities issued and sold $1,374,000,000 of long-term bonds, which is considerably more than the national debt before the war. Going some?

The Billion-Dollar Toddler

Two billion dollars for local government; and they tell me that if I leave my car standing on the street half an hour I am quite likely not to find it there when I return; that I best lock the door before going downtown lest I mourn the souvenir spoons; and in denser centers of population I am apt to be held up on any side street after dark; while if my neighbor and I cannot agree on the boundary line, and take the case into court, it will probably be a year before we can get a trial. Honestly, man to man, do you believe the article is worth $2,000,000,000 a year? Looks to me as though they were profiteering on us.

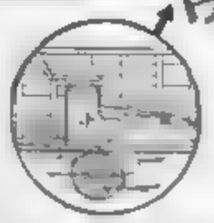
The government which the fathers invented has been kidnaped and so misused that its parents wouldn't know it. I have heard it said that tariff started this misuse of democratic government, and that may be so. You know the people who launched the concern called the United States had no government to lean on. Government was in the hands of their enemies. They had to begin on bare boards. The Revolution was organized by voluntary associations, mass meetings, committees of correspondence, and so on, that had no legal coercive powers. When the wabbly Continental Congress was set up the case remained nearly the same, for that body had little coercive power, and often abused what it had. The men of that time had to help themselves or remain unhelped. Having no government to lean on, they escaped the leaning habit.

But the young United States had no manufactures to speak of. Near the beginning Hamilton proposed a mild protective tariff to foster infant industries—a go-cart for the baby to lean on until it became strong enough to walk along. Probably that was sound statesmanship under the circumstances; but unfortunately, by the time the infant got strong enough to walk along it was strong enough to hang on to the go-cart. The more government support it had the more it clamored for. Quack medicine always calls for more. A very important problem for these manufacturing interests was foreign competition. They found they could wheedle the Government into solving that problem for them. In the year that cute billion-dollar toddler, the United States Steel Corporation, was born protective duties were far higher than they had been sixty years before. But while protected manufacturers said they weren't strong enough to stand alone, they were



Don't let our work spoil your fishing this summer!

FOLLOW the big fish up any water-way without "kill-joy" worrying over sandbars, sunken rocks and snags.



Automatic Propeller Protection

The instant the protecting skeg strikes the submerged obstacle—engine throttles automatically. Skeg and propeller acting as centerboard stabilize boat

DISAPPEARING PROPELLER Motor Boats

Driven by powerful, simple motor (9–9½ m. p. h.) Maxim silenced. One lever speed control.

Finished in "Natural Wood." Substantial hardware, copper nails and brass screws used throughout. Beautiful, roomy, seaworthy crafts. 16¼ to 19½ ft. (4½ ft. beam).

Handsomely illustrated "Vacation Days" on request with complete specifications of boat.

Some valuable Territory still open for live distributors. Write or wire.

Three Models—Waterford—$375.00
John Bull—$425.00
Uncle Sam—$475.00
Complete ready to run.

Disappearing Propeller Boat Companies
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THE Bixler line offers splendid possibilities right now to men of energy and determination. Previous experience desirable, but not necessary. Some of our best producers are men of other training.

Mr. J. C. Mealy's commissions for the month of May, 1921, were $716.24. Mr. Will D. Newton averaged, for the last five months of 1920, $684.19 per month. C. J. Acree for the same period averaged $524.11. We want more hustlers like these men to sell

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Our nationally advertised departments are of real interest to dealers in any line, especially dry goods, clothing, hardware, variety and general stores. The demand is constant, the goods essential staple and used by everyone. Popular prices. Unusual profits. Liberal sales terms with absolute warranty.

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SIDE LINE MEN! Dandy proposition selling Chewing Gum to dealers. Clean, profitable, spare time work. Write at once THE HELMET GUM FACTORY, Co. 0. SELL GUM

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strong enough to lend powerful support to the political party which provided their government go-cart.

There is in Washington a lean and grizzled man with a horseshoe mustache. His name is Albert B. Cummins and he was once governor of Iowa. Governor Cummins knew perfectly well, what every other candid student of the subject knew, that a 50 per cent protective tariff in the year of the Steel Corporation was quite unwarranted. He said tariff duties must come down. The idea was popular in Iowa, and Mr. Cummins was presently sent to the Senate. Presently also his party undertook new tariff legislation. As many of you remember, Senator Cummins fought that tariff bill. So did another Iowa senator—a mountainous, humorous, shrewd man, heavy-looking when in repose but amazingly nimble with the scalping knife when in action—Jonathan Dolliver, since dead, to the loss of American politics.

The little band of senatorial insurgents did not beat the tariff bill, but they did temporarily blow up the party organization, and out of that breach issued the Progressive Party—to the astonishment of Cummins and Dolliver. The senatorial insurrection against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was essentially a return toward first principles. The nub of the insurgents' position was that the Government had no business solving problems of competition for people who were able to solve their own problems. Democratic government, they said, wasn't a go-cart for two-legged citizens to lean on, but only a sort of umpire to see that there was a fair field for people to work out their own problems in. They said, essentially, that the manufacturing interests had kidnaped this democratic Government and were using it as their Aladdin's lamp to produce wealth for them without corresponding effort on their part.

The logical and moral result of their rebellion would have been to chain up the lamp, or disenchant it, so that whoever wanted a material good would have to work for it instead of resorting to legislative sorcery. The actual result was just the opposite. Mostly the Progressive Party was only a momentary Republican digression. Nearly all the rank and file and many of the leaders soon returned to the old fold. But the name remains to a school of political thought which hasn't the least notion of chaining up or disenchanting the lamp; all of whose notions run in the opposite direction of using the Government as the ever-present little helper in all tribulations.

The Power of Minorities

So whether politics calls itself Republican, Democratic, Progressive or Socialist, its main drift for at least two decades has been in the same direction. The parties are all kidnapers and magicians, advertising government as the universal shock absorber and cure-all. Those who are not running the plant and concocting the dope at the moment are practically signing testimonials for it by declaring it would cure, all right, if only it bore their party label. Whereby, I assert, we are getting into a thundering mess.

Tariff history, to take that alone, illustrates how fearfully liable democratic government is to be kidnaped by any well-organized aggressive minority in a vast country like this, where there is considerable public indifference to politics and always a jumble of multifarious interests. For some eighty years American voters have mostly divided into two major political parties of nearly equal strength, the advantage swinging now to one party, now to the other. Party names and platforms have changed; third parties have bobbed up and petered out; but for more than eighty years the standard situation has been two big parties of nearly equal strength. Having endured eighty years, it looks to me as though that had become a fixed American institution.

So politics has become practically the art of capturing a minority; not the art of capturing a majority, but the art of capturing a minority. You may put it this way: There are fifteen voters; six are going to vote the Republican ticket anyway, and six the Democratic ticket; the remaining three decide the election. That is only a rough-and-ready sketch of the situation, but sufficient for the purpose. Capturing the independent vote has long been a chief consideration with politicians. Broadly speaking, they are always wooing a minority. Everybody knows that a well-organized aggressive minority can exert a political influence far out of proportion to its numerical strength. The bulk of the population is thinking of other things than politics. Nine times out of ten in a national election there are many issues, and after the votes are counted nobody knows what the voters really had in mind respecting some of those issues—supposing that they had anything in mind about them. So a party in power can pass a great many laws, in deference to a minority, that by no means express the will of the majority which elected it to power and are by no means to the interest of the majority.

I repeat that democratic government in such a country as this is fearfully liable to be kidnaped. The more things it undertakes to do, the broader the field of government activity, the more the Government is advertised as a cure-all, the more public opinion tolerates the use of the Government for purposes outside its true field, the more it is going to be kidnaped. Naturally, if there is an Aladdin's lamp at large everybody will be trying to grab it.

Senator Smoot's Prediction

Just now Congress has in hand a bill for compensation of soldiers and sailors in the late war involving a charge on the Treasury estimated anywhere from $1,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. It is called an adjusted-pay bill on the theory that it is not really a bonus but back pay which the Government fairly owes—an honest debt. I wonder if anybody is so simple-minded as to imagine that Congress would have thought of paying this honest debt if the ex-service men had not organized, agitated and brought political pressure to bear? And I ask you candidly what there is in American political history the last twenty years to encourage a notion that the ex-service men will forget that lesson. Experienced persons at Washington are not cherishing such a notion.

The other day Senator Smoot said, "I predict that in seven years from now agitation for a service pension will come to a head and Congress will have to deal with it."

Now it is a matter of simple arithmetic that if this new national budget in which Senator McCormick takes a justifiable fatherly pride and which Gen. Charles G. Dawes is striving to get set upon its unpracticed pins ever encounters a service pension to 2,500,000 men the result will be just a melancholy repetition of the late encounter between Monsieur Carpentier and Mr. Dempsey. All the same, if the ex-service men organize and fight for service pensions they will get the pensions. There are 2,500,000 of them. They are almost all young and vigorous men, with reasonable expectation of long life. Civil War pensions—which until late years were supposed to be granted only to invalids—have involved a cost of more than $5,000,000,000. Only a strong and heartless man would attempt to calculate the total cost of a service pension to veterans of the World War. Just the same, under the present political dispensation and the present general attitude toward the Government, if they go out for it they'll get it.

And candidly, now, why not? If the Government is the true harbor of refuge in every gale, the ever-present friend in every trouble, if its business is to help every group of people who think they need help, what group in all the land has a better claim upon its paternal consideration than the men who came to its defense in the day of peril? From the prevalent point of view, which regards the Government as the proper puller of every cork, opener of every can, digger of all bait and baiter of all hooks, there is nothing to be said against pensioning the men who did indubitably render this universal joy dispenser a signal service when it was in a deuce of a box itself. Helping everybody else and then telling its defenders to help themselves would be too raw.

Nobody, it seems, is to be told to help himself—except to government soothing sirup. Cure-it-by-a-law quackery employs a great many different labels, from the mild Progressive to the Soviet Socialist; but government help as opposed to self-help and voluntary action is the basic ingredient in all the dope. Damning self-help is the first-degree password to all the lodges. You can tell how far a man has progressed by noting his reactions to that word. If his reaction is only a superior smile or a slight

(Continued on Page 77)

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But most of all it is this same reserve of power that breeds increasing confidence and pride in the liveliness and energy of this wonderful motor as the miles pile up.

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(Continued from Page 74)

sneer he hasn't gone a great way and may yet be saved. If he has got as far as the pink lodge he regards urging people to walk alone as a slam at his trade, for he is engaged in selling go-carts. His ideal is a nation of vigorous, forward-marching citizens who are held upright by leather belts around their tummies and wet-nursed by a committee of legislative action in each precinct.

Honestly, did you ever know or hear of a human being who was worth a whoop save by self-help, through effort of his own? We Americans didn't invent go-carting or political goo-gooing. We borrowed that from abroad. The best book on abroad that I have read this year is Paul Scott Mowrer's Balkanized Europe. He explains that throughout the region of new and reshaped states which the title connotes one of the greatest obstacles to reconstruction lies in government regulation and control of everything. Individual initiative and energy are everywhere stifled in an absurd tangle of red tape.

Later on Mr. Mowrer says: "All in all, it seems obvious—and personally I write these words with deep regret—that on the outbreak of the war an era died; the era of individual liberty as opposed to state control."

You may take that as referring only to Europe, but here is another competent witness—James Bryce, whose American Commonwealth, written thirty years ago, has been the standard foreign book on the subject ever since it was published. For more than a generation he has been a student of American affairs.

Lord Bryce's Comment

In Modern Democracies, published this year, he says of the United States: "The old doctrines of self-help and *laissez faire* have been thrown overboard and the spirit of paternalism waxes strong."

Now government paternalism in the place of self-help, individual initiative and voluntary action is a European idea, based on the European notion that people are not competent to govern themselves. We are turning for guidance to Jugo-Slavia, Hungary and Bulgaria.

We are some laps behind at the moment, but we are on the same paternal road. We have got the leaning habit. Our political attitude resembles the celebrated Tower of Pisa. There isn't a week that does not see some rather large group of American citizens trotting to the Government for a soothing sirup for some affliction, demanding government relief from this or that difficulty or government regulation and control of something or other. Mainly the gentlemen in charge of the government dispensary are quite willing to listen. The stuff costs them nothing and brings votes.

I say it is finally impossible to have both things. You can't lean on a go-cart and walk alone; you can't have a national idea of individual initiative, self-help and voluntary action along with a national idea of government paternalism and coercive cure-all laws. Finally the one excludes the other. The more paternalism and cure-all coercive law, the less self-help and voluntary action. That is as simple as two times two. The really important difference in political thinking as applied to current American affairs is whether the thinking looks in the one direction or the other. That ought to mark the difference between conservative and radical; but I grieve to say that if you make a persistent disturbance many a statesman who calls himself conservative will slip you out a package of flake done up in an innocent white wrapper.

Of course a radical will tell you that a conservative is simply a person who wishes not to move at all but to remain forever rooted in one spot. As he feigns to see it, motion is a radical monopoly. A flivver stuck in the mud makes fifty times as much noise and smoke as a car going through, but it isn't monopolizing motion. A conservative, unless he is also a lunatic—and I solemnly assure my radical friends that doesn't happen any oftener in the conservative camp than in the radical—knows that nothing living is changeless. Only he would like to know where he is going when he changes, and whether the proposed vehicle is likely to get him to the stated destination, while a radical is entirely satisfied to get a law declaring that the destination has been reached.

Expounding his creed as a Progressive in The Saturday Evening Post not long ago, William Allen White bracketed conservative and radical this way: "Pharaoh and Moses, Pilate and Christ, the Medici and Savonarola, Charles and Cromwell, George and Washington, Douglas and Lincoln." Moses, you know, was captain of a people whose laws had presumably become obscured or obliterated during a long foreign bondage. He did a great deal of legislating. Kindly turn to it now, in the latter part of Exodus, in Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. By far the greater part consists of minute regulations concerning religious rites and hygiene. It doesn't read exactly like radical legislation. At any rate all Christendom has ignored it for ages, and it is not what Moses' reputation rests upon. The others whom Mr. White mentions are prized for two things—revolt against tyranny and appeal through precept and example to the individual.

I suppose everybody is aware nowadays that a government with all the watchwords of liberty and democracy in its mouth may be a ruthless tyrant—for example, Russia and the French Revolutionary Government in its last phase. All government is something of a tyrant. Even in a great many very useful and necessary laws there is some tyranny, for a law doesn't appeal or persuade. It says "You've got to!" and enforces it with a club. For instance, there are persons who believe that the teachings embodied in the Bible were meant to cure physical as well as spiritual ills, and that vaccination is contrary to them. There is no consent of the governed on their part to laws requiring that their school children be vaccinated. They consent because they have to. A great many laws, although approved by an actual majority, are offensive to law-abiding minorities. That is inevitable; but every such instance puts a strain on the total family relationship; and a democracy, of all forms of government, ought to be chary about using the coercive club-in-hand power of law—ought to use it, in fact, only when there is no other practicable way of accomplishing a necessary purpose. Otherwise there may be plenty of tyranny under a democratic form of government. You will probably recall that Cromwell, whom Mr. White cites as a typical radical, promptly kicked Parliament out-of-doors because it spent its time bickering instead of at work. His government was the most autocratic England has known since Magna Charta. Getting a collection of bickering politicians to pass a law was the last thing in the world that interested him.

Teachers of Self-Help

But the greatest names mentioned by Mr. White are prized above all else because they were inspirers of individual character, teachers of self-help. There is nothing in the Sermon on the Mount or in the Gettysburg Address that you can turn into a coercive cure-it-by-a-law statute without exactly ruining it. You can't say to a man "Love thy neighbor as thyself on pain of being fined $1000 or imprisoned for one year, or both" without talking nonsense—and radicalism. The dictionary says the word "radical" comes from the word "root," and means primarily going to the bottom, or beginning, of the matter. I submit that about nine times out of ten cure-it-by-a-law doesn't go to the bottom of anything—possibly excepting the taxpayer's pocketbook—but only twitters in the branches.

But cure-it-by-a-law is the common earmark of all shades of radicalism. Whether it is the mildest shade or the most violent, it is all—in America at least—piously orientated to Jugo-Slavia. Pick up any publication of any branch of that school. You will find it urging extension of government control and political action all around the compass. The North Star of its policy is to get business and politics thoroughly mixed up together from rim to rim. It will applaud every extension of government action and bewail every contraction. Whatever the trouble may be, it wants it cured by voting and a statute. Mostly, in this country, it doesn't say it is Socialist lest the audience walk out on it, but socialism is the well-spring of its doctrine—usually an old-fashioned, conventional state socialism many laps behind the vanguard at Moscow, but toddling the same road; sometimes secretly aware of it, sometimes too excited by its own dust to know—and objurgating Moscow because even in the matter of socialism it wouldn't go to the root, but only chirp in the branches.

Not long ago—if you will pardon a slight digression here—I read an article on Russia written by a radical who had spent six months there, and published in a radical American journal. It ran thus:

How is it possible that a party of 600,000, of whom only a fraction are active, can maintain a dictatorship over 125,000,000 under the most trying conditions? The conditions are trying indeed. There is hunger in Russia. No tramways are running in the cities. In the winter water pipes are bursting, sewage systems collapse, misery and hideous sufferings are inflicted on millions. There is no personal liberty in Russia. The peasant is forced to yield part of his crops to the state without receiving the equivalent in manufactured goods. The peasant is moreover obliged to do menial work of the crudest kind. The workman is bound to his factory or mine, his remuneration is fixed by the state, he cannot move without a permit from the labor organization which is controlled by the state, he cannot go on strike. There is no political freedom in Russia. Not only the bourgeois parties are under the ban, but even outspoken Socialists, the Mensheviki and the Socialist Revolutionaries, their Left Wing not excluded, are deprived of the means of political campaigns; they may not issue newspapers or magazines or pamphlets or call open meetings of their own.

There is the Extraordinary Commission to Fight Counter-Revolution and Profiteering. Its power is great. It searches houses, it raids market places, it arrests citizens often on mere suspicion, it maintains a list of political unreliables and puts them behind bars in times of trouble. It keeps men and women for weeks in solitary confinement prior to presenting a charge. There is no equality in Russia. Food, the life-giver, is handled, not according to the canons of equality but as an expedient in socio-political struggles. There is corruption in Russia. Officials can be bribed. Why, then, do the Russians not overthrow the communist rule?

The particular answer to that conundrum upon which the sympathetic writer of the article lays most stress is this: "Above all, closest to the minds of the masses is the consciousness that it is *their own country*. What has carried the revolution through colossal trials is *the new consciousness of the masses*, and their awareness of becoming the makers of their own destinies." I preserve his italics.

The Power of Voluntary Action

The plain Russian workman, he says, now feels that he is truly free and equal. Formerly he had meat but once a week and the bitter knowledge that others gorged on tenderloin daily. His soiled overalls and calico shirt were intolerably mocked by the sight of supercilious beings in speckless linen and gold braid. Now he has no meat and not much bread, but he is uplifted by the ennobling thought that hardly anybody else has enough to eat. One must go personally to Russia, the author implies, in order to understand how enormously the human soul may gain in dignity, elevation and self-respect by the knowledge that no shirt in Russia is cleaner or less ragged than its own. It is this beatific feeling, he says, which inspires the plain Russian masses with undying devotion to the revolution.

It may be uncharitable to mention that the author—like most radicals if you give them rope enough—quite contradicts himself, for by his own account Lenine and Trotzky are so little aware of any undying devotion to the revolution on the part of the masses that they keep a sharp bayonet in their devoted ribs and stick them in jail the moment they look sullen. Notwithstanding that inadvertence, the article stands as a good picture of radicalism in the sense of a complete return to first principles—a heroic effort to rectify the fatal error we made when we left off living in trees and lost our tails and original breadless, shirtless equality.

It is a very long way from Kansas to Russia; but if paternalism is the right road, why stop until you get to the end? All shades of radicalism agree in contempt for self-help and *laissez faire*. All the same, we can stand an enormous quantity of let-it-alone in American politics. There are many things to be done. Some of them must be done by the Government. As to very many others, the Government is the poorest tool in the kit. The best labor settlements have been made by nonpolitical, voluntary, nongovernment action. The best settlements will be so made. Nonpolitical, voluntary action has done infinitely more to ameliorate poverty than government action has done or will do. Government is a blunderbuss. You can hit the side of a barn with it. That is what it was meant for—to hit a big mark

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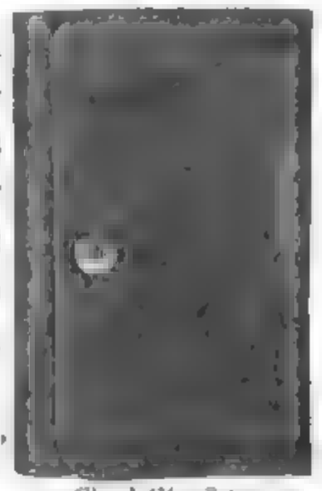

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with. Radicals and their foolish imitators insist upon shooting at all marks with it, the main result being an enormous casualty list among innocent bystanders. Bogus reform retards true reform; quack medicine strengthens the disease. For example, there are those famous triumphs of radical policy, direct primaries.

Under the old scheme of choosing party candidates every voter was entitled to attend his party's primary convention, there to nominate any candidate he pleased and vote on all other nominations, a majority of the votes deciding the matter. It was as democratic as a New England town meeting. But in fact a vast number of voters declined to attend the primary, preferring to sit at home that evening. The bosses attended, however, with their henchmen—a henchman being an active worker in a political party or faction to which you do not belong. Naturally the bosses named the ticket to suit themselves. That result was not due to any system or method, but solely to the political indifference and laziness of the voters. There was never a time when any boss couldn't have been thrown out under the old convention system, provided a majority of the voters were really opposed to him and had been willing to spend half the thought and energy in organizing opposition that the boss spent in oiling his own machine.

The boss is a Simon-pure product of laziness, indifference and ignorance on the part of voters. Until you change the voters he will be sitting in the best room, toasting his shins and chuckling at all radical witch doctors outside who are trying to exorcise him with a piece of paper. No genuine radical could say that the fault was in the people, however, for if he said that he couldn't, with a straight face, propose to cure it with a law. Radicals did propose to cure the boss with a law. They triumphantly overthrew the old convention system of choosing candidates and substituted the direct primary—the net effect of which great victory has been to double the expense and bother of elections without in the least diminishing the power of the boss or elevating by a hair the character of candidates for public office.

Old-Fashioned Tariff Tinkering

The odd thing is that Americans have no real taste for this quack democracy. They are swallowing it because it seems fashionable, and making up a horrible face at every spoonful. Their instincts are all against it. Their first word about any subject of prime importance is, "For heaven's sake, keep it out of politics!" But though American natives feel that way collectively, particular groups of them are always falling for the witch doctors who propose to cure it by a law.

In chorus they're singing "Keep it out of politics," but in groups and sections they are streaming straight to the political dope factory for a cure for the ailments of that particular group or section. Naturally, if one group or section does it, the next will.

Anybody with common sense ought to know by this time that you can't get government into anything without getting politics into it, for government is politics. And once you get government and politics into a thing it is the devil and all to get them out again. Probably you remember that in his first term President Wilson announced it was high time to get the tariff out of politics, and the public said "Amen," for tariff duties ought to be adjusted disinterestedly to the facts in the case as ascertained by nonpolitical, scientific inquiry. President Wilson's first administration set up a body of nonpartisan experts to guide tariff making, with a due equipment of offices, clerks, and so on. The last I remember hearing about it, that commission was still on the pay roll. But at this writing Congress seems settling down to about three months of old-fashioned political tariff making. Meanwhile unscientific war taxes are a decided handicap to business revival; but if Congress launches itself into an old-fashioned debauch of political tariff making it's very doubtful that we shall get any relief from ill-adjusted war taxes this year.

Once politics gets in, only burning down the house or sinking the ship will ever get it out. The Government ought to be revising war taxes now. But the Government is a cranky, slow machine at best. If it were devoting all its energies to strictly necessary business its hands would be chock-full. Dissipating its energy on a lot of unnecessary business, it can do hardly anything well or in time.

The most useful legislative reforms of my time have been conservative reforms. For example, the income tax. Incomes were taxed during the Civil War. The postwar administration which first put an income-tax law on the statute book was a conservative administration. That law was held unconstitutional, and it was William Howard Taft—against whom, as it happens, the Progressive movement was especially aimed—who took the lead in putting through the present income-tax amendment to the Constitution. Again, there is the Federal Reserve banking system. That other irrepressible radical, the late Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island—at whose mere name all radicals in good standing used to shudder—did more than any other single individual in organizing opinion and preparing the way for that reform, which has done more actual good to more actual people than all radical legislation of my time.

Reforms and Conservatism

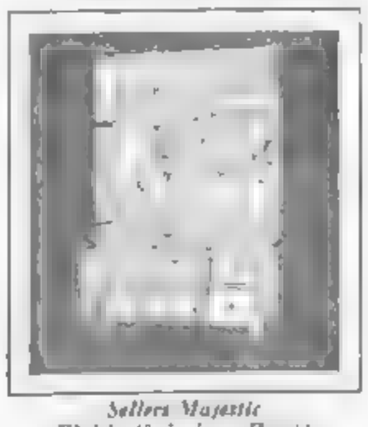
Those are genuine reforms, accomplishing broad, tangible good; yet in essence conservative, beginning with an education of public opinion, coming into being slowly, with thought and care, finally having the considered, well-settled assent of a great majority of the people behind them. So every reform worth shucks will be essentially conservative. From having a very faulty banking system we now have probably the best in the world. Its value in carrying the nation through the recent period of enormous deflation without a smash-up is beyond calculation. It had to be, to a very considerable degree, an affair of the Government and law and politics. Currency is a function of the Government, and the Government had already set up the national banking system. So for currency and banking reform it was necessary to turn to the Government and evoke legislative action. Until very recently politics has been so busy with war and postwar affairs and a national election that it has let the banking system alone. But that admirable situation, as we now have plain warning, is not to last. At this writing politics hasn't actually attacked the banking system, but it is reaching out a tentative paw in that direction, cat-and-mouse fashion.

Emulating Senator Smoot, I predict that ere long that issue will come to a head and have to be fought out. Sooner or later there will be a determined effort in Congress to drag the Federal Reserve system into the political game; an effort to get more politicians into the management of the system and to make it answerable to political ends—by granting freer credits and the like, first to this section or group, then to that section or group, on the familiar pork-barrel, logrolling plan. Sooner or later they will surely try to convert the banking system into another grand free dispensary of quack democracy, trading government help to people who ought to be helping themselves in return for votes.

War produced a great expansion of government activities. Many of those wartime activities have been dropped. But war made only a short, jagged, up-and-down angle in a steadily ascending curve. Though wartime activities are cropped, government action is extended into other fields—regulating, controlling, plying Miss Fix-It-All around the lot. A cry arises that the cow is in the garden. Bang goes the blunderbuss. Is the cow out of the garden now? No, she's dead, lying on the young lettuce.

I submit that we need a new bill of rights. The instinctive feel of a vast majority of Americans is individualistic, self-reliant, self-helpful, antipaternalistic, fundamentally impatient of government leading strings. That instinctive feeling needs to be brought to the surface. We need some really radical action in the way of going back to the root of democracy, limiting government to its proper field.

If we could get hold of that mostly imaginary archetype conservative at whom radicals point with horror—the original old Uncle Hiram Hardpan, who just "sot" immovably from the Flood down to date and would never budge an inch to save his life, or change his socks, who from the beginning of time has voted no on every motion except one to adjourn—if we could discover him we should, in spite of manifest faults, rear him a tall monument and inscribe on it, "He stopped a million fool laws."



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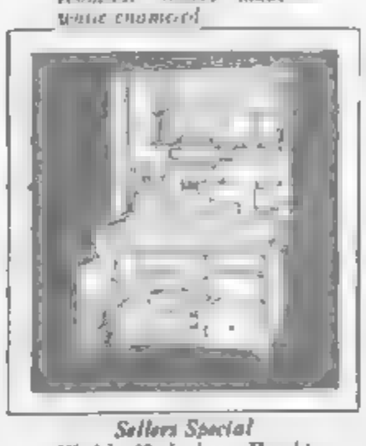

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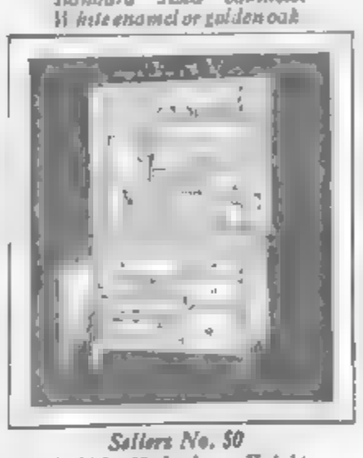

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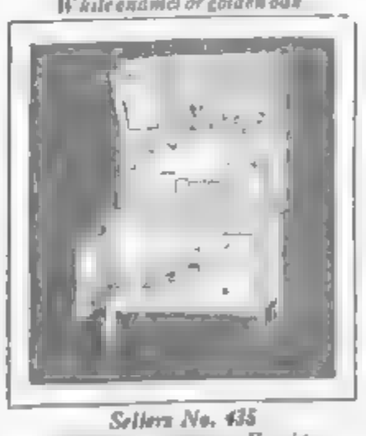

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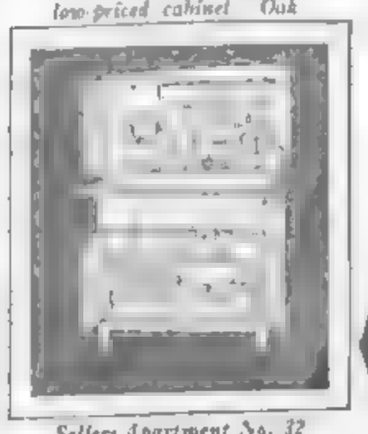

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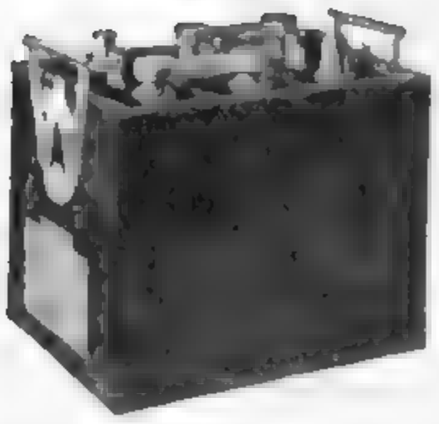

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 5)

side streets and byways; but it was noted that, reaching the outer outskirts, he invariably turned back. In all those dragging years it is doubtful if once he set foot past the corporate limits into the open country. Dun hued, unobtrusive, withdrawn, he aged slowly, almost imperceptibly. Men and women of his own generation used to say that save for the wrinkles ever multiplying in close cross-hatchings about his puckered eyes, and save for the enhancing of that dead gray pallor—the wasp's-nest overcasting of his skin—he still looked to them exactly as he had looked when he was a much younger man.

It was not so much the appearance or the customary demeanor of the recluse that made strangers turn about to stare at him as he passed, and that made them remember how he looked when he was gone from their sight. The one was commonplace enough—I mean his appearance—and his conduct, unless one knew the underlying motives, was merely that of an unobtrusive, rather melancholy seeming gentleman of quiet tastes and habits. It was the feeling and the sense of a dismal exhalation from him, an unhealthy and unnatural mental effluvium that served so indelibly to fix the bodily image of him in the brainpans of casual and uninformed passers-by. The brand of Cain was not on his brow. By every local standard of human morality it did not belong there. But built up of morbid elements within his own conscience, it looked out from his eyes and breathed out from his person.

So year by year, until the tally of the years rolled up to more than thirty, he went his lone unhappy way. He was in the life of the town, to an extent, but not of it. Always, though, it was the daylit life of the town which knew him. Excepting once only. Of this exceptional instance a story was so often repeated that in time it became permanently embalmed in the unwritten history of the place.

On a summer's afternoon, sultry and close, the heavens suddenly went all black, and quick gusts smote the earth with threats of a great windstorm. The sun vanished magically; a close thick gloaming fell out of the clouds. It was as though nightfall had descended hours before its ordained time. At the city power house the city electrician turned on the street lights. As the first great fat drops of rain fell, splashing in the dust like veritable clots, citizens scurrying indoors and citizens seeing to flapping awnings and slamming window blinds halted where they were to peer through the murk at the sight of Mr. Dudley Stackpole fleeing to the shelter of home like a man hunted by a terrible pursuer. But with all his desperate need for haste he ran no straightaway course. The manner of his flight was what gave added strangeness to the spectacle of him. He would dart headlong, on a sharp oblique from the right-hand corner of a street intersection to a point midway of the block—or square, to give it its local name—then go slanting back again to the right-hand corner of the next street crossing, so that his path was in the pattern of one acutely slanted zigzag after another. He was keeping, as well as he could, within the circles of radiance thrown out by the municipal arc lights as he made for his house, there in his bedchamber to fortify himself about, like one beset and besieged, with the ample and protecting rays of all the methods of artificial illumination at his command—with incandescent bulbs thrown on by switches, with the flare of lighted gas jets, with the tallow dip's slim digit of flame, and with the kerosene wick's three-finger breadth of greasy brilliance. As he fumbled, in a very panic and spasm of fear, with the latchets of his front gate Squire Jonas' wife heard him screaming to Aunt Kassie, his servant, to turn on the lights—all of them.

That once was all, though—the only time he found the dark taking him unawares and threatening to envelop him in thirty years and more than thirty. Then a time came when in a hospital in Oklahoma an elderly man named A. Hamilton Bledsoe lay on his deathbed and on the day before he died told the physician who attended him and the clergyman who had called to pray for him that he had a confession to make. He desired that it be taken down by a stenographer just as he uttered it, and transcribed; then he would sign it as his solemn dying declaration, and when he had died they were to send the signed copy back to the town from whence he had in the year 1889 moved West, and there it was to be published broadcast. All of which, in due course of time and in accordance with the signatory's wishes, was done.

With the beginning of the statement as it appeared in the Daily Evening News, as with Editor Tompkins' introductory paragraphs preceding it, we need have no interest. That which really matters began two-thirds of the way down the first column and ran as follows:

"How I came to know there was likely to be trouble that evening at the big-riffle crossing was this way"—it is the dying Bledsoe, of course, who is being quoted. "The man they sent to the mill with the message did a lot of loose talking on his way back after he gave in the message, and in this roundabout way the word got to me at my house on the Eden's Swamp road soon after dinnertime. Now I had always got along fine with both of the Stackpoles, and had only friendly feelings toward them; but maybe there's some people still alive back there in that county who can remember what the reason was why I should naturally hate and despise both the Tatums, and especially this Jess Tatum, him being if anything the more low-down one of the two, although the youngest. At this late day I don't aim to drag the name of anyone else into this, especially a woman's name, and her now dead and gone and in her grave; but I will just say that if ever a man had a just cause for craving to see Jess Tatum stretched out in his blood it was me. At the same time I will state that it was not good judgment for a man who expected to go on living to start out after one of the Tatums without he kept on till he had cleaned up the both of them, and maybe some of their cousins as well. I will not admit that I acted cowardly, but I will state that I used my best judgment.

"Therefore and accordingly, no sooner did I hear the news about the dare which the Tatums had sent to the Stackpoles than I said to myself that it looked like here was my fitting chance to even up my grudge with Jess Tatum and yet at the same time not run the prospect of being known to be mixed up in the matter and maybe getting arrested, or waylaid afterwards by members of the Tatum family or things of such a nature. Likewise I figured that with a general amount of shooting going on, as seemed likely to be the case, one shot more or less would not be noticed, especially as I aimed to keep out of sight at all times and do my work from under safe cover, which it all of it turned out practically exactly as I had expected. So I took a rifle which I owned and which I was a good shot with and I privately went down through the bottoms and came out on the creek bank in the deep cut right behind Stackpole Brothers' gristmill. I should say offhand this was then about three o'clock in the evening. I was ahead of time, but I wished to be there and get everything fixed up the way I had mapped it out in my mind, without being hurried or rushed.

"The back door of the mill was not locked, and I got in without being seen, and I went upstairs to the loft over the mill and I went to a window just above the front door, which was where they hoisted up grain when brought in wagons, and I propped the wooden shutter of the window open a little ways. But I only propped it open about two or three inches; just enough for me to see out of it up the road good. And I made me a kind of pallet out of meal sacks and I laid down there and I waited. I knew the mill had shut down for the week, and I didn't figure on any of the hands being round the mill or anybody finding out I was up there. So I waited, not hearing anybody stirring about downstairs at all, until just about three minutes past six, when all of a sudden came the first shot.

"What threw me off was expecting the Tatums to come afoot from up the road, but when they did come it was in a wagon from down the main Blandsville pike clear round in the other direction. So at this first shot I swung and peeped out and I seen Harve Tatum down in the dust seemingly right under the wheels of his wagon, and I seen Jess Tatum jump out from behind the wagon and shoot, and I seen Dudley Stackpole come out of the mill door

Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles
fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay

Twice as much wear for your money—
Brenlin *has no* "filling"—*the cause of cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades*

No chalk, clay or "filling" of any kind is used in Brenlin Window Shades. That's why they outwear two or three of the ordinary kind.

The flimsy, loosely woven material of the ordinary window shade must be "filled" to give it weight and body. This "filling," hard and brittle, crumbles and falls out. That is the cause of pinholes and cracks, of wrinkled, sagging, quickly ruined shades.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

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Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The Oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

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For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

Maximum Service
—the smallest, the largest, all Jenkins Valves

A VALVE that is operated often, or one that is continually under high pressures, gets more than average service. Usually on lines and in places where such service exists you will find Jenkins Valves. They are made for the maximum service, not merely the average, and may be installed with confidence in their satisfactory performance.

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A 3/4 inch Jenkins Brass Globe Valve installed on a line to ice dumping apparatus in plant of Cresson Ice Co., Altoona, Pa., is opened and closed over 200 times a day. This is more than average service, and requires a heavy, substantial, wear-resisting valve—naturally Jenkins was selected.

In the Equitable Building, New York, forty stories with floor area of 2,000,000 square feet, where pressures are high, and where safety to life and property, fuel economy, and power-efficiency are dependent upon valves, you will find Jenkins Valves—large extra heavy iron body valves standing higher than a man, and hundreds of smaller types.

Jenkins Valves are made in types and sizes to meet all requirements of power plant, plumbing, heating, industrial and other service. For over half a century they have been specified without hesitancy by architects, engineers, plumbers, steamfitters, and others who know valves and valve requirements.

Genuine Jenkins Valves are known by the Jenkins Diamond Mark and signature—at supply houses everywhere.

Write for data on the valves in which you are interested.

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right directly under me and start shooting back at him. There was no sign of his brother Jeffrey. I did not know then that Jeffrey was home sick in bed.

"Being thrown off the way I had been, it took me maybe one or two seconds to draw myself around and get the barrel of my rifle swung round to where I wanted it, and while I was doing this the shooting was going on. All in a flash it had come to me that it would be fairer than ever for me to take part in this thing, because in the first place the Tatums would be two against one if Harve should get back upon his feet and get into the fight; and in the second place Dudley Stackpole didn't know the first thing about shooting a pistol. Why, all in that same second, while I was righting myself and getting the bead onto Jess Tatum's breast, I seen his first shot—Stackpole's, I mean—kick up the dust not twenty feet in front of him and less than halfway to where Tatum was. I was as cool as I am now, and I seen this quite plain.

"So with that, just as Stackpole fired wild again, I let Jess Tatum have it right through the chest, and as I did so I knew from the way he acted that he was done and through. He let loose of his pistol and acted like he was going to fall, and then he sort of rallied up and did a strange thing. He ran straight on ahead toward the mill, with his neck craned back and him running on tiptoe; and he ran this way quite a little ways before he dropped flat, face down. Somebody else, seeing him do that, might have thought he had the idea to tear into Dudley Stackpole with his bare hands, but I had done enough shooting at wild game in my time to know that he was acting like a partridge sometimes does, or a wild duck when it is shot through the heart or in the head; only in such a case a bird flies straight up in the air. Towering is what you call it when done by a partridge. I do not know what you would call it when done by a man.

"So then I closed the window shutter and I waited for quite a little while to make sure everything was all right for me, and then I hid my rifle under the meal sacks, where it stayed until I got it privately two days later; and then I slipped downstairs and went out by the back door and came round in front, running and breathing hard as though I had just heard the shooting whilst up in the swamp. By that time there were several others had arrived, and there was also a negro woman crying round and carrying on and saying she seen Jess Tatum fire the first shot and seen Dudley Stackpole shoot back and seen Tatum fall. But she could not say for sure how many shots there were fired in all. So I saw that everything was all right so far as I was concerned, and that nobody, not even Stackpole, suspicioned but that he himself had killed Jess Tatum; and as I knew he would have no trouble with the law to amount to anything on account of it, I felt that there was no need for me to worry, and I did not—not worry then nor later. But for some time past I had been figuring on moving out here on account of this new country opening up. So I hurried up things, and inside of a week I had sold out my place and had shipped my household plunder on ahead; and I moved out here with my family, which they have all died off since, leaving only me. And now I am about to die, and so I wish to make this statement before I do so.

"But if they had thought to cut into Jess Tatum's body after he was dead, or to probe for the bullet in him, they would have known that it was not Dudley Stackpole who really shot him, but somebody else; and then I suppose suspicion might have fell upon me, although I doubt it. Because they would have found that the bullet which killed him was fired out of a thirty-thirty shell, and Dudley Stackpole had done all of the shooting he done with a thirty-eight caliber pistol, which would throw a much larger bullet. But they never thought to do so."

Question by the physician, Doctor Davis: "You mean to say that no autopsy was performed upon the body of the deceased?"

Answer by Bledsoe: "If you mean by performing an autopsy that they probed into him or cut in to find the bullet I will answer no, sir, they did not. They did not seem to think to do so, because it seemed to everybody such a plain open-and-shut case that Dudley Stackpole had killed him."

Question by the Reverend Mr. Hewlitt: "I take it that you are making this confession of your own free will and in order to clear the name of an innocent party from blame and to purge your own soul?"

Answer: "In reply to that I will say yes and no. If Dudley Stackpole is still alive, which I doubt, he is by now getting to be an old man; but if alive yet I would like for him to know that he did not fire the shot which killed Jess Tatum on that occasion. He was not a bloodthirsty man, and doubtless the matter may have preyed upon his mind. So on the bare chance of him being still alive is why I make this dying statement to you gentlemen in the presence of witnesses. But I am not ashamed, and never was, at having done what I did do. I killed Jess Tatum with my own hands, and I have never regretted it. I would not regard killing him as a crime any more than you gentlemen here would regard it as a crime killing a rattlesnake or a moccasin snake. Only, until now, I did not think it advisable for me to admit it; which, on Dudley Stackpole's account solely, is the only reason why I am now making this statement."

And so on and so forth for the better part of a second column, with a brief summary in Editor Tompkins' best style which was a very dramatic and moving style indeed—of the circumstances, as recalled by old residents, of the ancient tragedy, and a short sketch of the deceased Bledsoe, the facts regarding him being drawn from the same veracious sources; and at the end of the article was a somewhat guarded but altogether sympathetic reference to the distressful recollections borne for so long and so patiently by an esteemed townsman, with a concluding paragraph to the effect that though the gentleman in question had declined to make a public statement touching on the remarkable disclosures now added thus strangely as a final chapter to the annals of an event long since occurred, the writer felt no hesitancy in saying that appreciating, as they must, the motives which prompted him to silence, his fellow citizens would one and all join the editor of the Daily Evening News in congratulating him upon the lifting of this cloud from his life.

"I only wish I had the language to express the way that old man looked when I showed him the galley proofs of Bledsoe's confession," said Editor Tompkins to a little interested group gathered in his sanctum after the paper was on the streets that evening. "If I had such a power I'd have this Frenchman Balzac backed clear off the boards when it came to describing things. Gentlemen, let me tell you—I've been in this business all my life, and I've seen lots of things, but I never saw anything that was the beat of this thing.

"Just as soon as this statement came to me in the mails this morning from that place out in Oklahoma I rushed it into type, and I had a set of galley proofs pulled and I stuck 'em in my pocket and I put out for the Stackpole place out on Clay Street. I didn't want to trust either of the reporters with this job. They're both good, smart, likely boys; but, at that, they're only boys, and I didn't know how they'd go at this thing; and, anyway, it looked like it was my job.

"He was sitting on his porch reading, just a little old gray shell of a man, all hunched up, and I walked up to him and I says: 'You'll pardon me, Mr. Stackpole but I've come to ask you a question and then to show you something. Did you,' I says, 'ever know a man named A. Hamilton Bledsoe?'

"He sort of winced. He got up and made as if to go into the house without answering me. I suppose it'd been so long since he had anybody calling on him he hardly knew how to act. And then that question coming out of a clear sky, as you might say, and rousing up bitter memories—not probably that his bitter memories needed any rousing, being always with him, anyway—may have jolted him pretty hard. But if he aimed to go inside he changed his mind when he got to the door. He turned round and came back.

"'Yes,' he says, as though the words were being dragged out of him against his will, 'I did once know a man of that name. He was commonly called Ham Bledsoe. He lived near where'—he checked himself up, here—'he lived,' he says, 'in this county at one time. I knew him then.'

"'That being so,' I says, 'I judge the proper thing to do is to ask you to read these galley proofs,' and I handed them over and he read them through without a word. Without a word, mind you, and yet

(Continued on Page 85)

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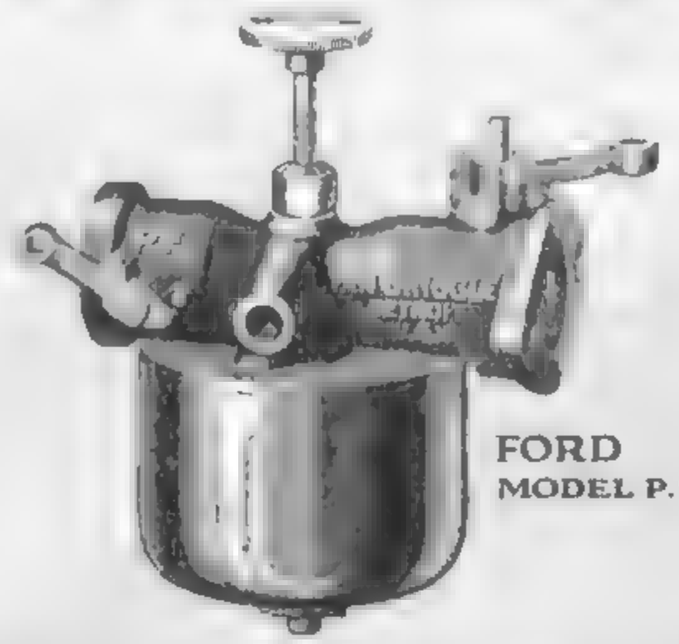

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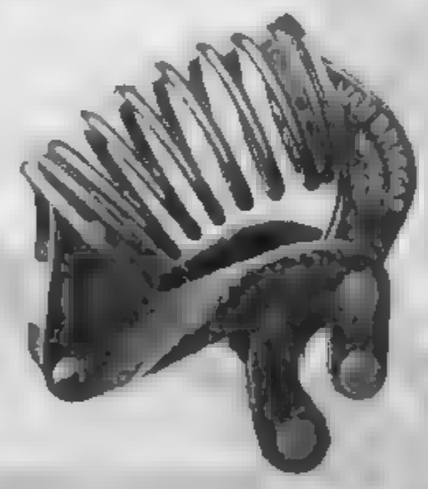

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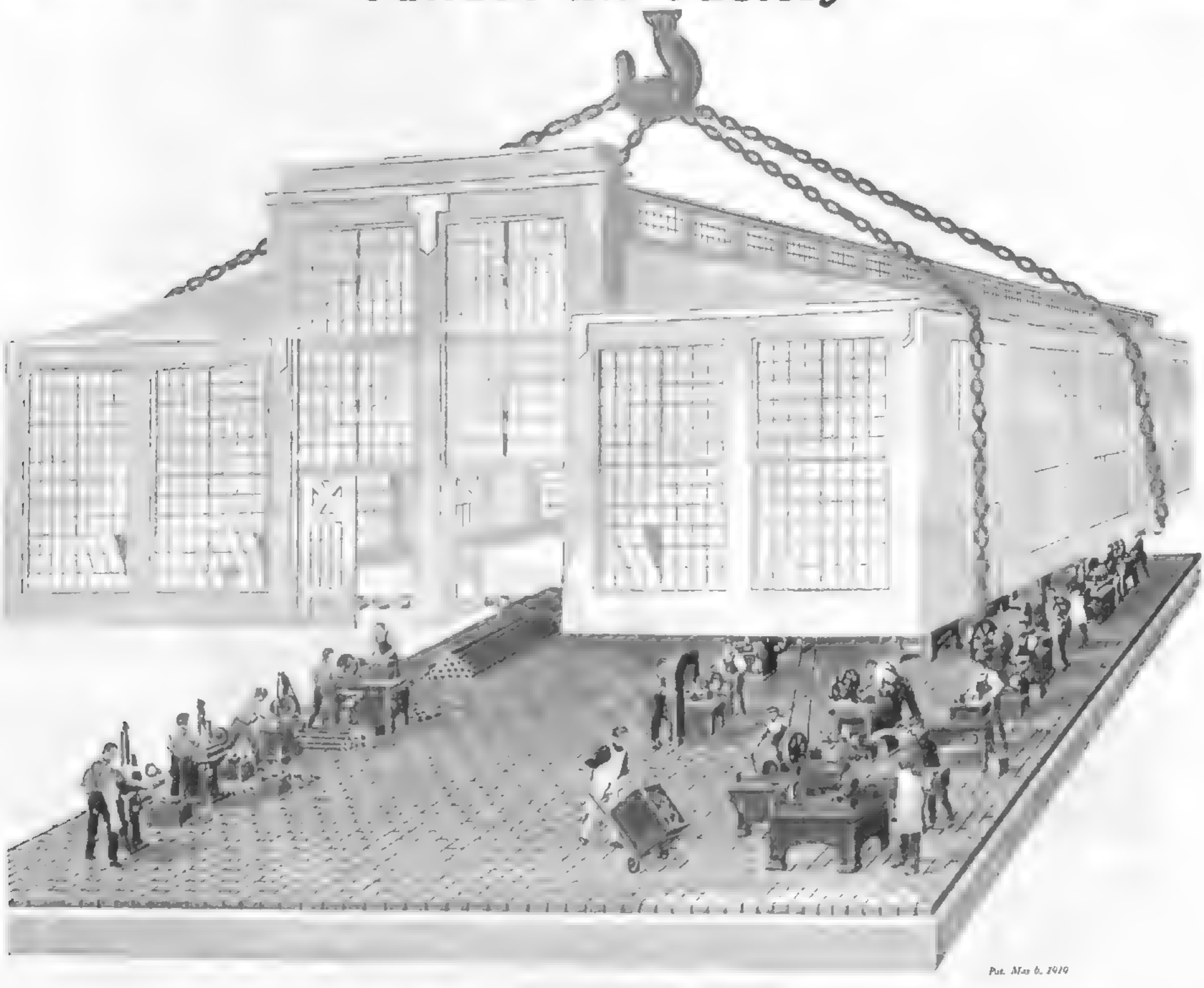


Pat. May 6, 1919

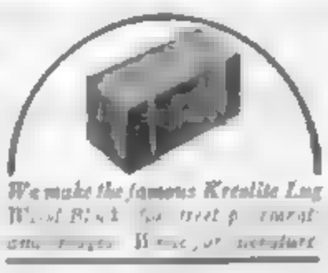
The Floor is The *Producing* Part

Remove the factory side walls and roof—you do not *stop* production—you simply *expose* it to the elements and outside distractions.

On the floor of the factory machines hum, men labor, products move along to completion. And the expedition and economy with which they move are governed entirely by the floor *assistance* or *resistance* encountered.

Kreolite Wood Block floors are fast displacing other types.

All kinds of manufacturers have found no other material so permanent, so resilient, so saving and so helpful to men, machines and production efficiency.



We make the famous Kreolite End Wood Block for street pavement and Kreolite Blocks for industrial floors

Kreolite's patented process by which the blocks are impregnated with Kreolite Preservative Oil, makes them impervious to moisture from above and below. And its exclusive design provides grooves which, filled with Kreolite binder pitch, make the floor a single unit of such durability that it *outlasts the factory*.

Kreolite Wood Block floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, paper mills, tanneries, loading platforms, and stables.

Our Factory Floor Engineers are ready at all times to co-operate fully, without obligation. Send for our service or write for our book on Kreolite Floors. Write the Toledo office.

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Branches: Albany, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal Cities

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(Continued from Page 82)

if he'd spoken a volume he couldn't have told me any clearer what was passing through his mind when he came to the main facts than the way he did tell me just by the look that came into his face. Gentlemen, when you sit and watch a man sixty-odd years old being born again; when you see hope and life come back to him all in a minute; when you see his soul being remade in a flash, you'll find you can't describe it afterwards, but you're never going to forget it. And another thing you'll find is that there is nothing for you to say to him, nothing that you can say, nor nothing that you want to say.

"I did manage, when he was through, to ask him whether or not he wished to make a statement. That was all from me, mind you, and yet I'd gone out there with the idea in my head of getting material for a long newsy piece out of him—what we call in this business heart-interest stuff. All he said, though, as he handed me back the slips was, 'No, sir; but I thank you—from the bottom of my heart I thank you.' And then he shook hands with me—shook hands with me like a man who'd forgotten almost how 'twas done—and he walked in his house and shut the door behind him, and I came on away feeling exactly as though I had seen a funeral turned into a resurrection."

Editor Tompkins thought he had that day written the final chapter, but he hadn't. The final chapter he was to write the next day, following hard upon a dénouement which to Mr. Tompkins, he with his own eyes having seen what he had seen, was so profound a puzzle that ever thereafter he mentally catalogued it under one of his favorite headlining phrases: "Deplorable Affair Shrouded in Mystery."

Let us go back a few hours. For a fact, Mr. Tompkins had been witness to a spirit's resurrection. It was as he had borne testimony—a life had been reborn before his eyes. Even so, he, the sole spectator to and chronicler of the glory of it, could not know the depth and the sweep and the swing of the great heartening swell of joyous relief which uplifted Dudley Stackpole at the reading of the dead Bledsoe's words. None save Dudley Stackpole himself was ever to have a true appreciation of the utter sweetness of that cleansing flood, nor he for long.

As he closed his door upon the editor, plans, aspirations, ambitions already were flowing to his brain, borne there upon that ground swell of sudden happiness. Into the back spaces of his mind long-buried desires went riding like chips upon a torrent. The substance of his patiently endured self-martyrdom was lifted all in a second, and with it the shadow of it. He would be thenceforth as other men, living as they lived, taking, as they did, an active share and hand in communal life. He was getting old. The good news had come late, but not too late. That day would mark the total disappearance of the morbid lonely recluse and the rejuvenation of the normal-thinking, normal-habited citizen. That very day he would make a beginning of the new order of things.

And that very day he did; at least he tried. He put on his hat and he took his cane in his hand and as he started down the street he sought to put smartness and springiness into his gait. If the attempt was a sorry failure he, for one, did not appreciate the completeness of the failure. He meant, anyhow, that his step no longer should be purposeless and mechanical; that his walk should hereafter have intent in it. And as he came down the porch steps he looked about him, not dully, with sick and uninforming eyes, but with a livened interest in all familiar homely things.

Coming to his gate he saw, near at hand, Squire Jonas, now a gnarled but still sprightly octogenarian, leaning upon a fence post surveying the universe at large, as was the squire's daily custom. He called out a good morning and waved his stick in greeting toward the squire with a gesture which he endeavored to make natural. His aging muscles, staled by thirty-odd years of lack of practice at such tricks, merely made it jerky and forced. Still, the friendly design was there, plainly to be divined; and the neighborly tone of his voice. But the squire, ordinarily the most courteous of persons, and certainly one of the most talkative, did not return the salutation. Astonishment congealed his faculties, tied his tongue and paralyzed his biceps. He stared dumbly a moment, and then, having regained coherent powers, he jammed his brown-varnished straw hat firmly upon his ancient poll and went scrambling up his gravel walk as fast as two rheumatic underpinnings would take him, and on into his house like a man bearing incredible and unbelievable tidings.

Mr. Stackpole opened his gate and passed out and started down the sidewalk. Midway of the next square he overtook a man he knew—an elderly watchmaker, a Swiss by birth, who worked at Nagel's jewelry store. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of times he had passed this man upon the street. Always before he had passed him with averted eyes and a stiff nod of recognition. Now, coming up behind the other, Mr. Stackpole bade him a cheerful good day. At the sound of the words the Swiss spun on his heel, then gulped audibly and backed away, flinching almost as though a blow had been aimed at him. He muttered some meaningless something, confusedly: he stared at Mr. Stackpole with widened eyes like one who beholds an apparition in the broad of the day; he stepped on his own feet and got in his own way as he shrank to the outer edge of the narrow pavement. Mr. Stackpole was minded to fall into step alongside the Swiss, but the latter would not have it so. He stumbled along for a few yards, mute and plainly terribly embarrassed at finding himself in this unexpected company, and then with a muttered sound which might be interpreted as an apology or an explanation, or as a token of profound surprise on his part, or as combination of them all, he turned abruptly off into a grassed side lane which ran up into the old Enders orchard and ended nowhere at all in particular. Once his back was turned to Mr. Stackpole, he blessed himself fervently. On his face was the look of one who would fend off what is evil and supernatural.

Mr. Stackpole continued on his way. On a vacant lot at Franklin and Clay Streets four small boys were playing one-eyed-cat. Switching his cane at the weed tops with strokes which he strove to make casual, he stopped to watch them, a half smile of approbation on his face. Pose and expression showed that he desired their approval for his approval of their skill. They stopped, too, when they saw him—stopped short. With one accord they ceased their play, staring at him. Nervously the batsman withdrew to the farther side of the common, dragging his bat behind him. The three others followed, casting furtive looks backward over their shoulders. Under a tree at the back of the lot they conferred together, all the while shooting quick diffident glances toward where he stood. It was plain something had put a blight upon their spirits; also, even at this distance, they radiated a sort of inarticulate suspicion—a suspicion of which plainly he was the object.

For long years Mr. Stackpole's faculties for observation of the motives and actions of his fellows had been sheathed. Still, disuse had not altogether dulled them. Constant introspection had not destroyed his gift for speculation. It was rusted, but still workable. He had read aright Squire Jonas' stupefaction, the watchmaker's ludicrous alarm. He now read aright the chill which the very sight of his altered mien—cheerful and sprightly where they had expected grim aloofness—had thrown upon the spirits of the ball players. Well, he could understand it all. The alteration in him, coming without prior warning, had startled them, frightened them, really. Well, that might have been expected. The way had not been paved properly for the transformation. It would be different when the Daily Evening News came out. He would go back home—he would wait. When they had read what was in the paper people would not avoid him or flee from him. They would be coming into his house to wish him well, to reëstablish old relations with him. Why, it would be almost like holding a reception. He would be to those of his own age as a friend of their youth, returning after a long absence to his people, with the dour stranger who had lived in his house while he was away now driven out and gone forever.

He turned about and he went back home and he waited. But for a while nothing happened, except that in the middle of the afternoon Aunt Kassie unaccountably disappeared. She was gone when he left his seat on the front porch and went back to the kitchen to give her some instruction touching on supper. At dinnertime, entering his dining room, he had without conscious intent whistled the bars of an old

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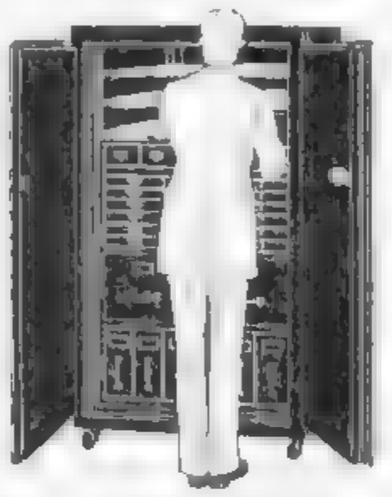

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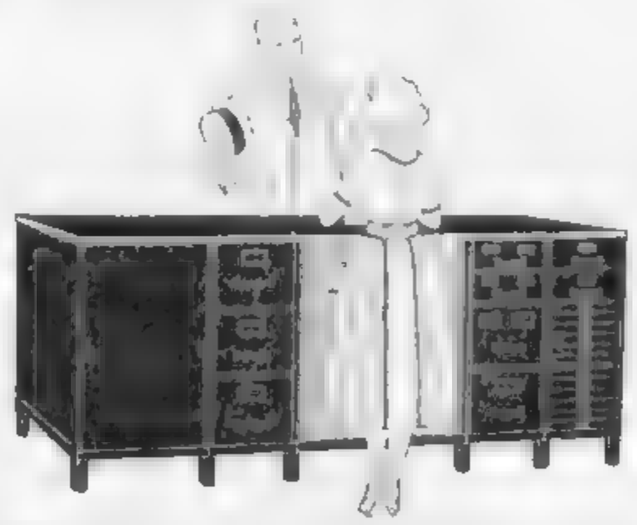

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air, and at that she had dropped a plate of hot egg bread and vanished into the pantry, leaving the spilt fragments upon the floor. Nor had she returned. He had made his meal unattended. Now, while he looked for her, she was hurrying down the alley, bound for the home of her preacher. She felt the need of his holy counsels and the reading of scriptural passages. She was used to queerness in her master, but if he were going crazy all of a sudden, why that would be a different matter altogether. So presently she was confiding to her spiritual adviser.

Mr. Stackpole returned to the porch and sat down again and waited for what was to be. Through the heat of the waning afternoon Clay Street was almost deserted; but toward sunset the thickening tides of pedestrian travel began flowing by his house as men returned homeward from work. He had a bowing acquaintance with most of those who passed.

Two or three elderly men and women among them he had known fairly well in years past. But no single one of those who came along turned in at his gate to offer him the congratulation he so eagerly desired; no single one, at sight of him, all poised and expectant, paused to call out kindly words across the palings of his fence. Yet they must have heard the news. He knew that they had heard it—all of them—knew it by the stares they cast toward the house front as they went by. There was more, though, in the staring than a quickened interest or a sharpened curiosity.

Was he wrong, or was there also a sort of subtle resentment in it? Was there a sense vaguely conveyed that even these old acquaintances of his felt almost personally aggrieved that a town character should have ceased thus abruptly to be a town character—that they somehow felt a subtle injustice had been done to public opinion, an affront offered to civic tradition, through this unexpected sloughing off by him of the rôle he for so long had worn?

He was not wrong. There was an essence of a floating, formless resentment there. Over the invisible tendons of mental telepathy it came to him, registering emphatically.

As he shrank back in his chair he summoned his philosophy to give him balm and consolation for his disappointment. It would take time, of course, for people to grow accustomed to the change in him—that was only natural. In a few days, now, when the shock of the sensation had worn off, things would be different. They would forgive him for breaking a sort of unuttered communal law, but one hallowed, as it were, by rote and custom. He vaguely comprehended that there might be such a law for his case—a canon of procedure which, unnatural in itself, had come with the passage of the passing years to be quite naturally accepted.

Well, perhaps the man who broke such a law, even though it were originally of his own fashioning, must abide the consequences. Even so, though, things must be different when the minds of people had readjusted. This he told himself over and over again, seeking in its steady repetition salve for his hurt, overwrought feelings.

And his nights—surely they would be different! Therein, after all, lay the roots of the peace and the surcease which henceforth would be his portion. At thought of this prospect, now imminent, he uplifted his soul in a silent pæan of thanksgiving.

Having no one in whom he ever had confided, it followed naturally that no one else knew what torture he had suffered through all the nights of all these years stretching behind him in so terribly long a perspective. No one else knew how he had craved for the darkness which all the time he had both feared and shunned. No one else knew how miserable a travesty on sleep his sleep had been, first reading until a heavy physical weariness came, then lying in his bed through the latter hours of the night, fitfully dozing, often rousing, while from either side of his bed, from the ceiling above, from the headboard behind him, and from the footboard, strong lights played full and flary upon his twitching, aching eyelids; and finally, towards dawn, with every nerve behind his eyes taut with pain and strain, awakening unrefreshed to consciousness of that nimbus of unrelieved false glare which encircled him, and the stench of melted tallow and the stale reek of burned kerosene foul in his nose. That, now, had been the hardest of all to endure. Endured unceasingly, it had been because of his dread of a thing infinitely worse—the agonized, twisted, dying face of Jess Tatum leaping at him out of shadows. But now, thank God, that ghost of his own conjuring, that wraith never seen but always feared, was laid to rest forever. Never again would conscience put him, soul and body, upon the rack. This night he would sleep—sleep as little children do in the all-enveloping, friendly, comforting dark.

Scarcely could he wait till a proper bedtime hour came. He forgot that he had had no supper; forgot in that delectable anticipation the disillusionizing experiences of the day. Mechanically he had, as dusk came on, turned on the lights throughout the house, and force of habit still operating, he left them all on when at eleven o'clock he quitted the brilliantly illuminated porch and went to his bedroom on the second floor. He undressed and he put on him his night wear, becoming a grotesque shrunken figure, what with his meager naked legs and his ashen eager face and thin dust-colored throat rising above the collarless neckband of the garment. He blew out the flame of the oil lamp which burned on a reading stand at the left side of his bed and extinguished the two candles which stood on a table at the left side

Then he got in the bed and stretched out his arms, one aloft, the other behind him, finding with the fingers of this hand the turncock of the gas burner which swung low from the ceiling at the end of a goose-necked iron pipe, finding with the fingers of that hand the wall switch which controlled the battery of electric lights roundabout, and with a long-drawn sigh of happy deliverance he turned off both gas and electricity simultaneously and sank his head toward the pillow.

The pæaned sigh turned to a shriek of mortal terror. Quaking in every limb, crying out in a continuous frenzy of fright, he was up again on his knees seeking with quivering hands for the switch; pawing about then for matches with which to relight the gas. For the blackness—that blackness to which he had been stranger for more than half his life—had come upon him as an enemy smothering him, muffling his head in its terrible black folds, stopping his nostrils with its black fingers, gripping his windpipe with black cords, so that his breathing stopped.

That blackness for which he had craved with an unappeasable hopeless craving through thirty years and more was become a horror and a devil. He had driven it from him. When he bade it return it returned not as a friend and a comforter but as a mocking fiend.

For months and years past he had realized that his optic nerves, punished and preyed upon by constant and unwholesome brilliancy, were nearing the point of collapse, and that all the other nerves in his body, frayed and fretted, too, were all askew and jangled. Cognizant of this he still could see no hope of relief, since his fears were greater than his reasoning powers or his strength of will. With the fear lifted and eternally dissipated in a breath, he had thought to find solace and soothing and restoration in the darkness. But now the darkness, for which his soul in its longing and his body in its stress had cried out unceasingly and vainly, was denied him too. He could face neither the one thing nor the other.

Squatted there in the huddle of the bed coverings, he reasoned it all out, and presently he found the answer. And the answer was this: Nature for a while forgets and forgives offenses against her, but there comes a time when Nature ceases to forgive the mistreatment of the body and the mind, and sends then her law of atonement, to be visited upon the transgressor with interest compounded a hundredfold. The user of narcotics knows it; the drunkard knows it; and this poor self-crucified victim of his own imagination—he knew it too. The hint of it had that day been reflected in the attitude of his neighbors, for they merely had obeyed, without conscious realization or analysis on their part, a law of the natural scheme of things. The direct proof of it was, by this nighttime thing, revealed and made yet plainer. He stood convicted, a chronic violator of the immutable rule. And he knew, likewise, there was but one way out of the coil—and took it, there in his bedroom, vividly ringed about by the obscene and indecent circlet of his lights which kept away the blessed, cursed darkness while the suicide's soul was passing.

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

INSIDE CORRESPONDENCE

For Advertising Department
From: Mr. Statler
Subject: WORK WITH EMPLOYEES

Early in the year we published in the Post an "Advertisement to Our Employees". I should like to see it reprinted sometime in August or September. Let's do everything humanly possible toward making all our people understand that these are permanent instructions, never to be forgotten.

In that connection I would lik
Codes

Hotels Statler

Buffalo – Cleveland – Detroit – St. Louis

An Advertisement to Our Employees:

People generally pay more attention to telegrams than to letters, don't they? You agree, because you know that the man who pays several times the cost of a letter to get his message before you quickly and prominently has something important to say.

That's exactly why I'm giving you this message in expensive—and valuable—space when I might get it to you more economically in several other ways. That's why I'm *advertising to you, the service you give.*

There's another reason, too. I'm here *going on public record* with this—which I wouldn't be if the same sheet of printed words were sent to you at the hotel or at your home address.

Now forget those circumstances and get the message

You know, and I know, that the policies of this business are simple, and plain, and easily understood

You know, and I know, that the biggest job in running these big hotels is to keep the *human* side of service up to our standard. The mechanical service-features don't make one one-hundredth the trouble that the *people* who give service do.

Our guests are promised, by our policies and in our advertising and otherwise, a service that isn't only thorough, but is also helpful, that isn't perfunctory, and that is interested, that isn't ever grudging, and

Those written promises, made to our customers, are just as binding on us as are the written promises to our bankers to pay them certain moneys.

What I'm saying to you, here and now, is that those promises *must and will be kept* and I'm saying it in this way, in addition to all the other ways you know about, because I want you to know that these are *promises of record*, and that neither you nor I nor anybody working in these hotels can forget them or neglect them, and get away with it.

All previous instructions stand, you understand, and all alibis are outlawed. You're to do *all your* authority permits toward satisfying any guest, and if that doesn't satisfy him you're to see that he gets to your superior

You're to be guided by the Codes, you're to use your head.

I don't want to preach, and I don't want to scold. If I do either I'll do it in private. What I'm trying to do is to put this to you in the most forceful way I can think of.

If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it.

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

DREAMLIGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

"I don't know, I'm trying to find out. A friend of mine is looking for it."

"Looking for what—trouble?"

"No, for ideal love. What's the most necessary ingredient? Suppose," I explained, "that you were mixing a cocktail."

"Suppose," suggested Myrtle, "you do."

"Suppose one were mixing a cocktail. Well, gin would be the necessary ingredient, wouldn't it?"

"I'll say so."

"All right. Then as the gin is to the cocktail, what is to ideal love?"

"A man and a girl," she answered without much effort.

I started to laugh, but suddenly changed my mind. I looked at her with amazement and some admiration.

"Myrtle," I said, "I believe you're absolutely right. The answer is so simple that philosophers have overlooked it. A man and a girl—why, it's not only the gin in the cocktail. It's the vermuth and the cherry and everything. It's all that is necessary."

"Well," said Myrtle, pleased at my praise, "ask me another one."

"I'll ask you to tea at five o'clock this afternoon," said I. "Will you come?"

"Yes, my dear. What will I wear?"

"A simple, dark tailored suit and a string of green beads around your neck," I instructed her. "I'll loan you the beads."

Myrtle nodded approvingly. Then she retired to dress.

"Who all's coming?" she called out from the dressing room.

"Cynthia Bowen's the guest of honor. You know her, don't you?"

"You mean the crazy poetess? I thought you couldn't stand her."

"I can't," I agreed. "But I'm asking a crazy poet to meet her."

"Oh, I see. Who else?"

"Almost every woman I know. My friend the poet wants to meet all of the varieties. But I have picked out Cynthia for his mate and I shall lay great stress on her. I shall throw the crazy poet to the lioness."

"Are you sure he's crazy enough to stand for it? He'd have to be pretty damn crazy. Ugh, that woman! She makes me shudder all over. She—she's like snakes, sort of long and slippery and curly, and she's much too old to look good with her hair bobbed."

"She's only thirty-four," I pointed out.

But Myrtle said "Thirty-four, my neck!" which meant that she did not believe me.

Cynthia Bowen, in spite of Myrtle's aversion for her, was a personage in her way. She was the acknowledged leader of the free versifiers—had formulated their creed and written their rules, or rather their disregard for rules. In the course of her half dozen years of literary productivity she had published four slender volumes of rimeless, meterless, meaningless poetry—at least she and her disciples termed it poetry—and these volumes had been hailed by the moderns as the light of the new school. Her last volume, entitled Armfuls of Purple, she had graciously presented to me with an inscription on the flyleaf expressing her gratitude for a decoration I had done for one of the poems when it had appeared in a popular magazine. Yes, indeed, she had become so famous that she was popular. Since that time she had insisted on calling me one of her most sympathetic and understanding friends, although to tell the truth I neither sympathized with nor understood her.

But for Mortimer Hurd—well, whom more appropriate could I have selected? "No one, certainly," I said to myself. And so she was to be my *pièce de résistance* at the tea; she was the filly whom I was backing in the Ideal Love Stakes.

"Myrtle," I said severely, "Cynthia Bowen is a woman of very high intelligence; so high in fact that she is a mystic. Do you know what that means?"

"No," said Myrtle.

"Well, neither do I. But nevertheless she is one."

"She's a poor prune," asserted Myrtle.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so. But you mustn't say it out loud, because probably that's what a mystic is."

III

AT A QUARTER to five o'clock Mortimer arrived, explaining that he had come early for the purpose of having a few minutes alone with me before the arrival of the herd. Of course he did not employ the rather derogatory term "herd" to designate my guests. He was far too serious to be colloquial—serious and very apparently nervous. He explained that he had had during his life few opportunities to meet women, and that as a consequence he found himself shy in their presence.

"I don't know what to say to them," he complained.

"Flattery always goes well. Tell them they're beautiful and unusual."

"Yes," he said dubiously, "but I want to be sincere. I want to get below the surface."

I held up my hands, horrified.

"Whatever you do," I exclaimed, "don't do that! Don't you realize that a woman is merely a beautiful picture? Well, if you had a beautiful picture you wouldn't go to work to scrape the paint off it in order to get down to the canvas, would you? No, no, Mortimer, you mustn't take women too seriously or you'll be riding for a fall. Take them just as they are, pink and white and gold, selfish, vain and untruthful, sympathetic, tender and adorable."

"But," said Mortimer, "they must have brains—some of them surely have brains."

"No, they have wits."

Mortimer laughed, and I saw that he was unconvinced.

"I don't believe that you know any more about them than I do," said he. "Tell me who is coming."

"First and foremost," I answered, "is Cynthia Bowen. Perhaps you will think she has brains. There are several brainless people that do think so. She writes poetry. If you can understand it—well and good. She is not very beautiful, but she is effective. She gets herself up well, I mean, and she poses admirably."

"She sounds interesting."

"Exactly! That's just what she does—sounds interesting. I'm betting on her."

"You're what?"

"Never mind. Then there will be two sisters—twins—young girls who adore studio teas. They are called Porter—Gladys and Dorothy—but I don't know which is which, and it really makes no difference, because they say the same things. They lisp a little and giggle offensively."

"Come, come, Gavin," Mortimer remonstrated, "I'm sure you're not doing your friends justice."

"They're not my friends; they're my acquaintances. I don't have women friends. Oh, yes, I have perhaps one—Myrtle Bent, my model! She'll be here, too, but you won't care much for her, as she is totally uneducated. You may like Vera Joyce—you know—the actress. She'll talk seriously with you if you'll talk shop. She'll tell you just why she is the greatest actress in America and what face cream she uses. You may even be able to persuade her to recite something in French. Do you know any French? Oh, yes, of course you do! Well, then perhaps if you don't want to be disillusioned you'd better urge her to stick to English."

"You're a cynic," said Mortimer. "Isn't there anybody coming whom you like?"

"I told you—Myrtle, for one. And there's a Mrs. Green, a divorcée, whom I like very much. She has no soul and no shame. I doubt if she would share your sense of values, unless you've changed a great deal since college."

"I haven't changed much," said Mortimer moodily. "I've stagnated. But I've done a lot of thinking."

I nodded.

"I fear so," I said. "And there's always a lot more to be done."

Our conversation was halted abruptly at that point by the appearance of my wire-haired Jap announcing the arrival of many ladies. They came almost all at the same time, bearing with them a medley of scents and a few insignificant male satellites. The Porter twins brought along two nice young boys recently graduated from Princeton who juggled surprisingly well with the forks and the spoons and the saucers, and proved a really welcome addition to an otherwise rather serious-minded gathering.

Cynthia Bowen, as was her custom, arrived a little late, but unruffled and dreamy eyed.

"I am exhausted," she said, enunciating with great precision. But she was always exhausted and she always enunciated precisely—almost preciously.

The Quaker
waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don't insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

It is supreme food—make it delightful.

Let every dish be Quaker Oats quality.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

An Oat Confection
Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Her Complexion Assured

How to keep dainty and attractive throughout the activities of the long, hot summer days, is the perplexing thought of most women.

How allay the sting and ugly flush of sunburn? How relieve that excessive oiliness, those clogged pores, blotches and other blemishes?

Resinol Soap has in its creamy, refreshing lather all the requisites for helping women to retain their loveliness and charm on all occasions. It embodies just enough of the Resinol properties to be soothing and healing to the irritated spots, and act as protection for the healthy skin.

Its mild fragrance is a reminder of the summer woods and nothing can excel the cool comfort that follows a bath with this pure soap.

Begin today to safeguard your skin by the regular use of Resinol Soap. All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell it.

Miniature cake free on request.

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Resinol Soap

"We will have tea for you immediately, Cynthia," I said. "And, if you want, I might find you a cocktail."

"You know I never drink," she answered reproachfully. "Moreover, I am not exhausted physically. I am simply mentally fatigued. I have been at my work."

"Of course," said I, and observed that she clasped a sheet of foolscap in her left hand. Verses, indubitably. Well, it meant that we should have to listen to them before the afternoon was over.

"You will kill yourself, my dear lady," I murmured—"you will kill yourself to give pleasure to the world."

When I thought over that phrase later its meaning seemed ambiguous; but I intended it as a compliment, and Cynthia Bowen was not the person to take it for anything else. I presented Mortimer.

"A poet," I said, "and, if he will forgive me, an idealist."

She sighed immediately, lowered her head and looked up at him, smiling wistfully.

"He does not understand!" she said, indicating me with a gesture of her heavily ringed hand.

So much for me. Mortimer was instantly and visibly interested; so interested that he did not see Myrtle Bent when she came in quietly and unobtrusively.

"Well," said Myrtle, "here I am. Now what do I do? Talk? Eat? Drink tea? Behave like a lady?"

"No, I don't think so; not like too much of a lady in any case. There's a woman you'll like—Mrs. Green. Come and we'll talk to her."

"Where's your poet? Is that him talking to Cynthia Bowen?"

"Yes," I said. "You don't have to bother about him though. He's fixed."

"Fixed, is he?" repeated Myrtle, squinting up her eyes at him. "Fixed, eh? H'm!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing," said Myrtle. "But I kind of like his looks. He looks innocent."

"He is," I assured her.

"Well, it's a pity. That Cynthia Bowen's no woman for him."

"Why, Myrtle!" I exclaimed, not a little amused.

"Oh, I don't mean she ain't moral," Myrtle hastened to say. "I mean she ain't honest. She's always pretending her head's in the clouds. I heard her say once that she could forget she had a body, and that she was sorry she did have one. Well, if I had her body I'd be sorry and want to forget it, too."

"You're jealous," I suggested.

"Jealous, my neck!" said Myrtle, which meant that she was not jealous.

We joined Emma Green and Vera Joyce, who were listening to a young actor describe his conception of the part of Richard III. His conception, it is perhaps needless to say, was greatly at variance from that of John Barrymore. Vera was waiting impatiently to explain her conception of the part of Ophelia. In one corner of the room the two Princeton youths were juggling the tea saucers very deftly, to the hysterical amusement of the Porter twins; and on the divan, aloof from the frivolous throng, sat Mortimer Hurd and Cynthia Bowen, deep in earnest conversation and forgetful doubtless of their bodies.

A satellite of Cynthia's, finding the planet around which he was wont to revolve occupied with what had the appearance of being a fixed star, drifted over to join our group. He explained to us that Cynthia had that very morning composed a masterpiece which he dared to hope she might be willing to read to us. Indeed he appealed to me to beseech her to render us that favor, saying that I as host would possibly be able to persuade her, whereas he as a mere disciple dared not urge so precious a boon.

I assented with so little enthusiasm that he probably thought that I, too, was awed. Myrtle and Emma Green exchanged glances of amusement and despair; that is to say, they raised their eyebrows and deepened the dimples at the corners of their mouths; but they might just as discreetly have cried aloud, "For heaven's sake, spare us!"

I advanced to the divan and ventured timidly to interrupt the conversation. They were discussing, I remember, the value of art in life, and were, I think, on the point of settling it definitely to their own satisfaction—an amazing achievement in so short a time.

"Cynthia," I said, pointing to the sheet of foolscap which she still clasped in her hand—"Cynthia, you really must."

She looked up at me, a little annoyed until she understood the reason for my intrusion.

"Oh, that!" she said.

"Yes," said I, "you must let us hear it."

She shook her head in a manner that persuaded me she required little urging.

"I couldn't. Not to-day at any rate. Not to so many. Some other time, perhaps, when—ah, well, Mr. Hurd will understand what I mean."

"Of course," said Mortimer with conviction and a wave of his hand. "One must have an audience that is in tune."

She smiled on him gratefully but languidly.

"I knew you would understand," she murmured, and flattened out the sheet of paper across her knee.

"Please," I begged, "read it to us. We all want to hear it, dear lady. We are all in tune."

"Must I?" said she, and I knew then that she must

I turned to face the room and announced that Miss Cynthia Bowen would honor us by reading the unpublished manuscript of her latest poem. The two Princeton youths ceased from juggling and a solemn depressing silence ensued, broken at length by the wistful voice of the poetess herself.

"You will bear with it, I trust," said she. "It is so young—it is my last-born."

The silence continued, for no one found any suitable comment to this.

"It is called," crooned Cynthia—"it is called Dreamlight."

Somebody said ah ecstatically; and forthwith, taking our cue, we all said ah. Myrtle, I noticed, overdid it to such an extent that she almost showed her tongue.

"Dreamlight," repeated Cynthia, her eyes half closed. A short pause and she gave it to us as follows:

"*It is night, my beloved,*
It is amethystine.
Do you see the three balloons
mounting into the lazulite,
Like three thoughts? Scarlet
and purple and blue.
In my right hand I hold the morning,
and in my left a grief,
And on my head is a crown of doubt.
It is night, my beloved,
it is amethystine.

"*Yes, you have drunk at the well*
and still you are unslaked.
It is hot when the sun is high,
but why so when you glisten
with star dust?
What is it that you seek?
Scarlet and purple you have,
and yet you would have blue?
Ah, my beloved, it is night,
it is amethystine.

"*They came with their heads bowed*
down, even as merrymakers
satiated with shadows.
They came and I knew not who they were.
See, the balloons are three,
and they ascend, purple and scarlet and blue,
Like those who came girdled with sacrifice.
I know them now,
for now I am resurgent.
It is night, my beloved,
it is amethystine."

She ceased and lay back exhausted. There was applause, some of it sincere, most of it bewildered. What else can one do? The satellite was the first to find words.

"You have expressed," he said earnestly, "something that has never before been even attempted. You have hewn a new path. We are your eternal debtors."

I glanced at Mortimer and saw that he was enthusiastic but perplexed, and I surmised that he had reached that unfortunate state where he mistrusted his own critical judgment. Granting that that was poetry, the poor fellow must have thought that he had a great deal to learn—or to unlearn. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Shelley and Keats; Villon, Lamartine, Baudelaire, Verlaine—he had gone to their school, and behold, they had taught him nothing!

"Well," I said to myself, "we shall soon see whether he is worth saving. If he wants that woman—why, he deserves to get her."

And in an endeavor to mitigate the funereal gloom which had fallen over my guests I went to the Princeton boys and urged them to resume their juggling. Then I started the phonograph and we danced

(Continued on Page 93)

An added Room - Subtracted Rent

THE excesive cost of maintaining a home makes it necessary to cut out many luxuries; to keep the household budget down to the lowest possible figure.

A happy solution is found in the possession of a Kroehler Daven-O. *By day* it is a beautiful piece of furniture, just what any wife is delighted to have as the dominant feature of her living room furnishings.

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It will add an extra room to your home and subtract from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost

HOME owners who, because of high rentals, are taking smaller quarters, "doubling up" with relatives, or housing larger households in the same space they now occupy are maintaining all their former comfort at no additional expense, by means of a Kroehler Daven-O.

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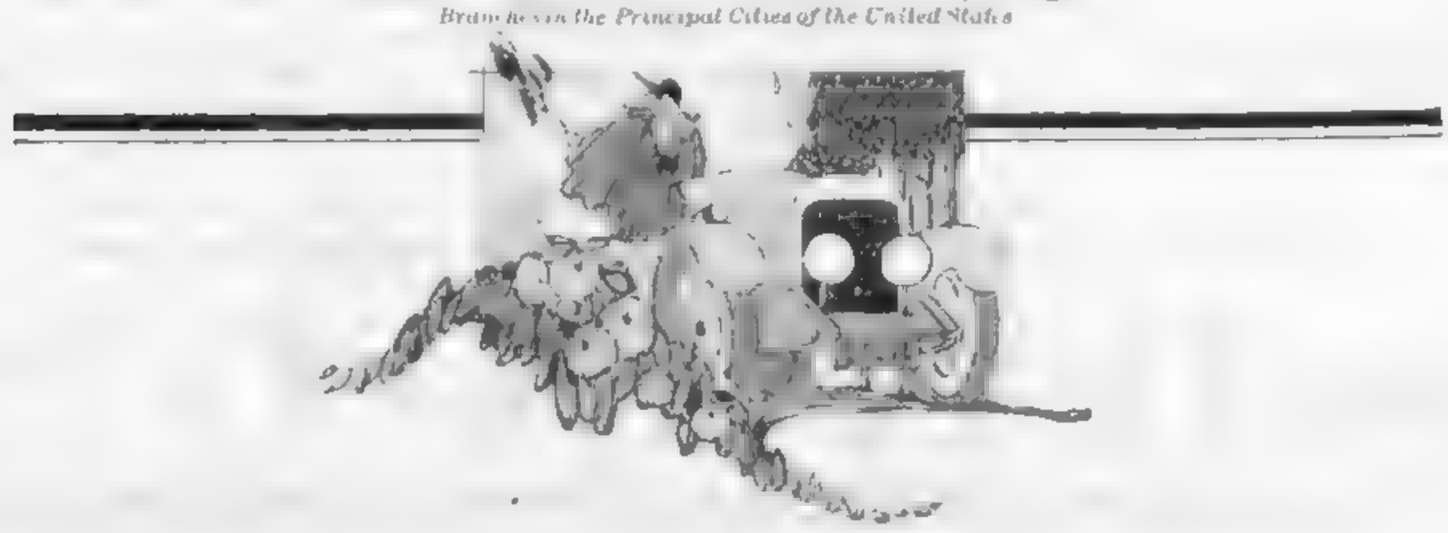

(Continued from Page 90)

riotously in reaction; and during the dancing Mortimer Hurd and Cynthia Bowen left together with a mere wave of the hand to me as a farewell.

"I think they understand each other," I remarked to Myrtle, with whom I was dancing at the moment.

"Understand each other, my neck!" said Myrtle, which meant that she did not think they understood each other at all.

XV

I DID not see Mortimer Hurd for more than a week, but I gathered that during that period Cynthia Bowen saw him daily. As I had prophesied, the poetess had enthralled him—interested him first, mystified him, then captured him. That, I believe, is the usual sequence, except that sometimes it is possible for a woman to succeed without the mystification.

At the end of ten days Mortimer came to see me, full of apologies for his neglect. He had been tremendously busy; no, not exactly work; something even more important; something that would transform his work completely. In brief, he had fallen in love.

"Cynthia Bowen?" I asked, merely as a matter of form.

"Yes," he said. "Cynthia Bowen."

He sat in silence while I searched for and lighted a cigar.

"Well?" I queried, knowing that he was all agog to tell me about it.

"She is sublime," he said definitely.

"She fills all the specifications—same sense of values and everything?"

"Exactly," he said. "She is my ideal; and, thanks to you, I have found her immediately—the one woman in New York, the one woman out of three million women!"

"Are you sure of your figures? No, never mind—they're of no importance. What you mean to say, I suppose, is that she's the one woman in New York whose mind runs along with yours. But are you quite certain that it does?"

"Quite," he replied. "We agree that love is the greatest thing in the world—and after love, art. Perhaps we disagree about art itself, but not about the importance of art in life."

"Did you understand Dreamlight?"

He hesitated, but not from embarrassment. Apparently he was seeking words with which to enlighten my ignorance.

"Dreamlight," he said at length, "is an impression, a sensation, an emotion. In order to put an emotion on paper one cannot employ definite, coherent words, for the emotion itself is both indefinite and incoherent. One may say, for example, 'This is a dog,' and the reader will know what one means; but if one says 'This is melancholy,' the reader is still left groping for the sense you are trying to convey. There is nothing definite about melancholy."

"There is the liver," I pointed out, but received in response only a contemptuous stare followed by a brief snort.

"Please be serious," he said. "I'm trying to be very serious."

"Yes," I agreed, "I perceive that you are. But you're in love, and a man in love is always serious. When do you intend getting married?"

"There is no hurry about that," he said. "Both of us are young—our lives are before us. For the present our intimate companionship is ample happiness."

"You agree then as to the unimportance of anything more—more than companionship?"

I saw him blush under my rather crude question; but before he could reply there came a pounding at the studio door followed immediately by the irruption of Myrtle Bent. She stopped short when she saw Mortimer.

"Sorry," she said. "I thought you'd be alone."

"No harm done," I assured her. "Miss Bent, this is Mr. Hurd. He was here with you at a tea a while ago, but I don't think you met."

"No," said Myrtle, "I don't think we did."

"Mine the loss," murmured the poet, and to my surprise I observed that he was gazing at her with admiration that was nearly open-mouthed.

"Nice of you, Mr. Hurd," said Myrtle with a smile and a bob of her head. "But I don't shine at teas. I'm only an artist's model."

"And a very good one," I added, "if she weren't so restless."

"That ain't restlessness," she denied. "That's what's called animation. Don't you like animation in people, Mr. Hurd?"

Mortimer adjusted his big spectacles and continued to gaze at her. I will admit that she merited a long look from any man.

"Yes," he stammered—"er—yes, of course. It's a most important quality."

Myrtle smiled on him encouragingly, pulled off her gloves, tossed her hat on the floor, patted her bobbed hair into position and sat down on the divan beside Mortimer in a posture that revealed silk stockings shamelessly. Then to my intense amazement she winked at me and indicated the door with a gesture of her thumb. I murmured some lame excuse and obediently went out, leaving them in possession of my studio for the rest of the afternoon. I was a little too angry to be amused and a little too amused to be angry.

I should like very much to know just what trick Myrtle selected from her bag to perform on that afternoon. Women even of the most primitive sort have so many ways of fascinating a man, and as a rule their instinct enables them correctly to select the most efficacious in each case. I should like, I say, very much to know what Myrtle's trump card was; but unfortunately I do not. I can only be sure that it was a trump of a totally different suit from that chosen by Cynthia Bowen.

Myrtle kept an engagement to pose for me on the following morning. She was quite casual and, I thought, affectedly natural, reminding me of the cat that had swallowed the canary. Nor was she inclined to be communicative when I ventured a query or two in regard to Mortimer.

"Oh," she said, "we just sat around and talked. He's a nice enough fellow if he had a chance."

I presume that she meant he had no chance if he once got into the clutches of the Bowen woman. She did, however, go so far as to admit before she left that Mortimer made sense when he talked—that she could understand what he meant.

At noon Mortimer called for her to take her to lunch. He was not, I could see, as unruffled as she. In fact he seemed ill at ease in my presence and in haste to get away.

"Where's Cynthia?" I inquired maliciously.

"I—I'm dining with her to-night."

I regarded him severely, and he grew nervous under my gaze, puffing furiously at his cigarette and pretending to interest himself in my canvas.

"Well," I said, "it's none of my business, but ——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted. "You think I shouldn't take—Myrtle to lunch, but there's no harm in it in the least. No harm at all. Cynthia herself would not object if she knew. I explained to you that there was no actual engagement—merely a companionship."

"An intimate companionship," I reminded him.

"Yes, of course, an intimate companionship."

"Which gave you ample happiness."

"Yes."

"Are you sure it gives Cynthia ample happiness?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Myrtle. "Don't be a dumb-bell! What's the harm in a little lunch, I'd like to know? You make me tired."

"All right," I said resignedly. "I don't understand ideal love, I'm afraid."

"I'm afraid you don't—or any other kind," she retorted, and she stamped her foot viciously and went out with Mortimer in a rage.

I SLEPT badly that night. I suppose that I felt a certain measure of responsibility for Mortimer's behavior, and Mortimer was not behaving himself to my satisfaction. I felt that he was treating poor Cynthia very shabbily.

But at daybreak I looked the facts in the face and knew that I was not in the least sorry for Cynthia. I knew that I was jealous. Yes, I admitted it—jealous. I objected to his attentions to Myrtle. The man could play fast and loose with Cynthia Bowen's sophisticated affections to his heart's content, but I'd be hanged if I'd have him dallying with dear little Myrtle. And forthwith I realized, not without a shock, that she was to me a very dear little Myrtle. Then I fell blissfully asleep.

Mortimer called on me the next day—a nervous, fidgety Mortimer.

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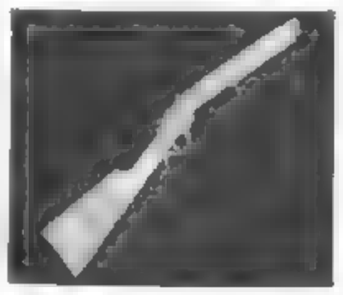
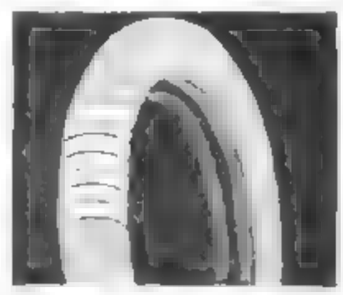
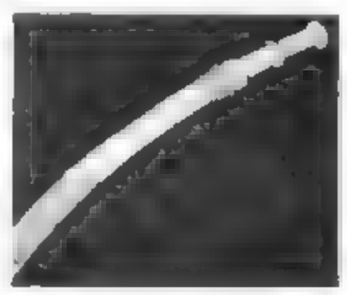

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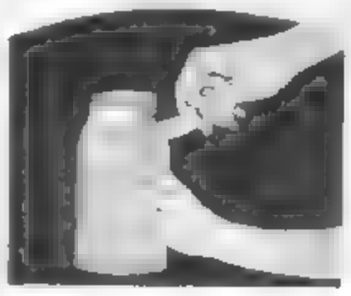
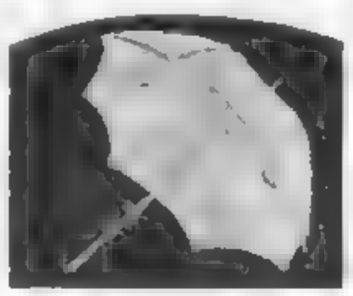
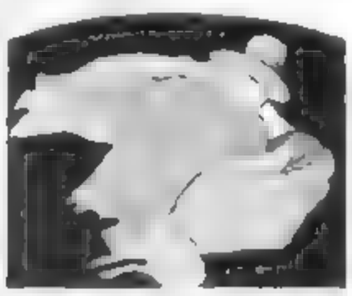

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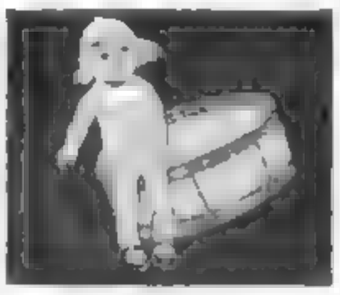
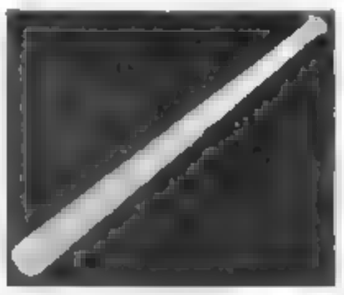

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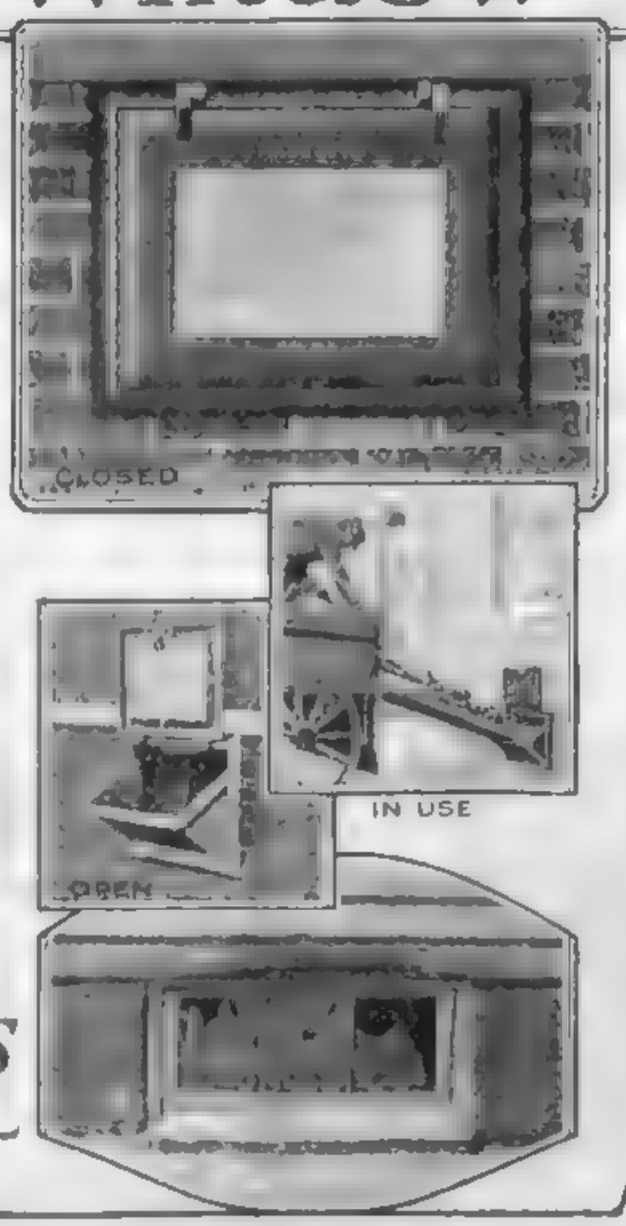


Eliminates This

"Old man," he said at once, "I want to marry Myrtle. I'm madly in love with her. What can I do?"

"Do!" I echoed. "You can go straight to the devil!"

He gasped. He reached for his hat, stood up, thought better of it and sat down again.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. You can't marry Myrtle! I won't allow it!"

"Is that so?" he remarked with some spirit. "What have you got to say about it?"

"A great deal. In the first place, she doesn't want to marry you, does she?"

"I haven't asked her yet, so I don't know."

"Well, even if she does, I won't allow it. You see I'm going to marry her myself."

"The deuce you are!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am! I'm going to save her from you, you philanderer."

"Philanderer!"

"Exactly. What about Cynthia Bowen, that sweet young girl whom you've treated like dirt under your feet? What about her, eh? It was only a day or two ago that you told me she was your ideal love, wasn't it? Well, what is she now?"

"She doesn't like my poetry," he groaned. "I can't marry a woman that doesn't like my poetry."

"Do you like hers?"

"No, it's abominable. I can't understand a word of it."

"Ah-ha! Now the truth comes out. You've been making a fool and a hypocrite of yourself simply to prove your theory, but your theory falls to pieces at the first test. Same sense of the value of things in life! Bosh! No matter whether we agree about the things themselves so long as we agree about their importance. Double bosh! Drip, drivel, all of it! A lot you know about ideal love!"

"No, no, Gavin," he remonstrated mildly, "you do me an injustice. My theory still holds good, and I still hold to my theory. Myrtle and I have exactly the same sense of values. She believes ——"

"Listen!" I interrupted him venomously. "I don't want to hear a word about what she believes. I'm in love with Myrtle, and I don't care a continental what she believes. I'm in love with Myrtle because she has a lot of lovely red hair and a wicked look in her eyes and the most beautiful figure in New York, and because once in a while she means what she says. Well, that's enough—that's more than enough. I refuse to vivisect my emotions any further."

Mortimer stared at me, amazed and shocked.

"Why," he said—"why, then you are nothing but a base sensualist. If all men were like you where would civilization be?"

"If all men were like me," I said, "there'd be less talk and more action; there'd be less poetry but more babies."

He shrugged his shoulders, and it was plain that he thought me a bad lot.

"You know," he said—"you know, I suppose, that Myrtle would never marry you if she thought those were your only reasons for loving her. She has too fine a nature not to resent such—such materialism."

"Has she?" I demanded grimly. "Has she? Well, let's see if she has."

I took the telephone receiver from the hook and gave the operator Myrtle's number. I confess that my heart was trembling as I did so. I had talked bravely enough, to be sure—I had assumed a bold front—but for all I knew Myrtle might have just such a nature as Mortimer was pleased to attribute to her. I doubted if she had; I believed that Myrtle's feet were planted firmly on the ground; but with a woman—well, one never knows. They reverse themselves daily.

"Hello," said Myrtle sleepily.

"Hello," I said. "This is Gavin."

"Oh, hello, Gavin."

"Myrtle?"

"Yes."

"Mortimer Hurd is here and I want him to hear a proposal I have to make to you."

"Mortimer's there? Well, what is it?"

"It's this: I'm in love with you, Myrtle, and I'm very anxious to know if you'll marry me."

"What?" asked Myrtle. "There must be a rotten connection or something. I can't get what you're saying."

I repeated the proposition.

"Say ——" she began.

"No, wait a minute! Don't answer yet. I want to tell you first why I'm in love with you. It's because you have a lot of lovely red hair and a wicked look in your eyes. That's right. And the most beautiful figure in New York. What? Well, I meant New York City, but we'll call it New York State if you want. And—wait, wait—and because once in a while you mean what you say. Get that? Well, those are my only reasons."

"Ain't that enough?" Myrtle asked briskly.

"Yes, I think so. Mortimer doesn't. No, he doesn't. Will you marry me, Myrtle, on that basis?"

"On that what?" asked Myrtle.

"On those terms."

There was a brief silence. Mortimer was beginning to register triumph when the answer came over the wire.

"Well," said Myrtle, "I don't know why not. As long as you love me it don't make much difference why you love that I can see. Besides, you're right—I have got a nice figure."

"Thank you, Myrtle," I said. "Come around as soon as you can and we'll go out and get a license. All right. Good-by, dear."

I turned to Mortimer and I fear that I could not refrain from showing my exultation. I was swept up in a wave of happiness. I knew then that Myrtle was the woman I had always needed to make the world seem livable.

"I'm sorry, Mortimer," I said, "but you see how it is. Your theory's no good."

"On the contrary," he rejoined, "my theory is proved correct. It is apparent that you and Myrtle have the same sense of values. You consider, for example, that marriage is a trifle and that the things of the soul count for nothing. You are both sensualists—both of you!"

"Look here," I said, "you can call me all the hard names you want, but you'll be good enough to show some respect for my future wife."

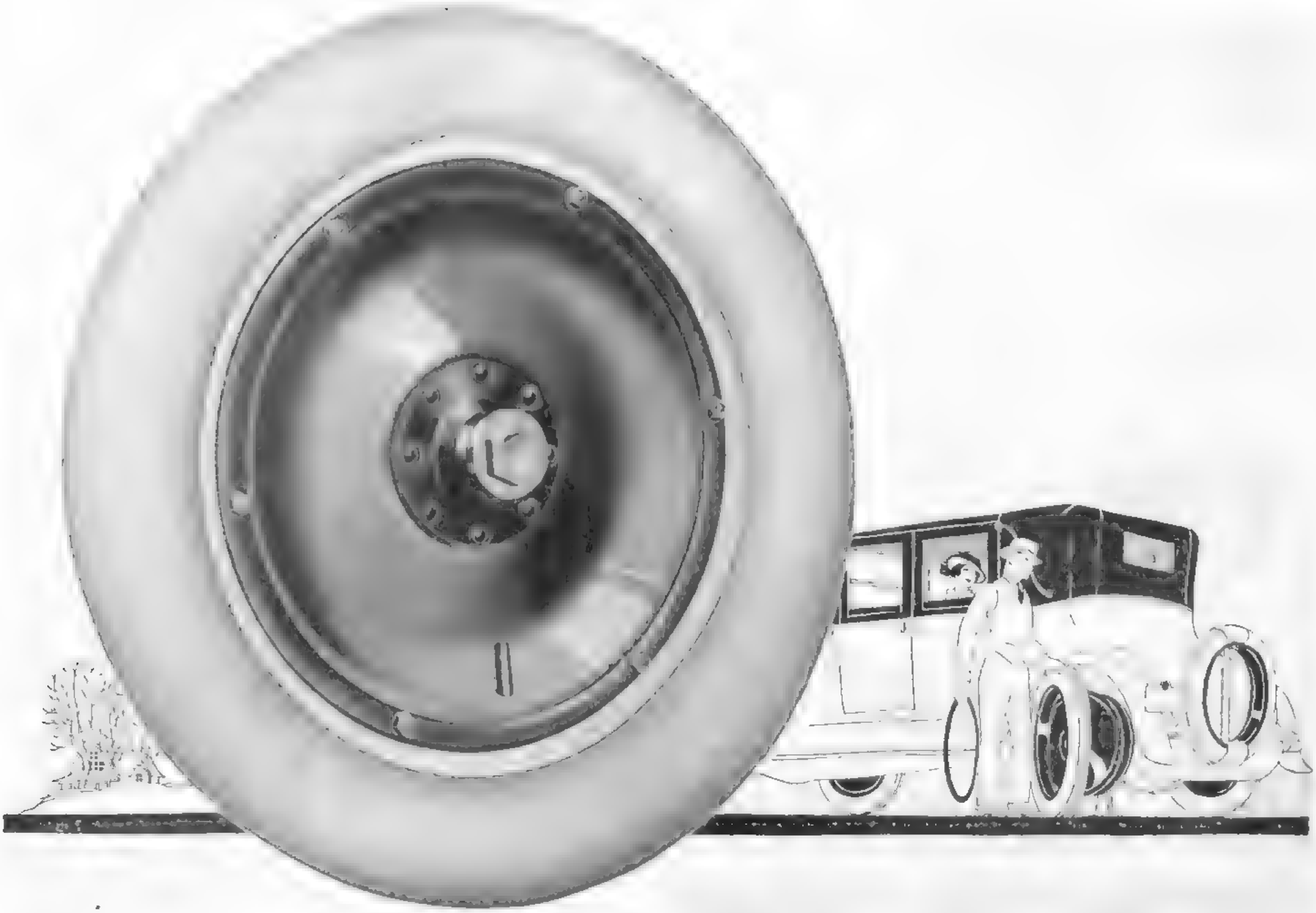
Mortimer reached for his hat.

"I'm going," he said.

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "I have a luncheon engagement with Cynthia Bowen. All this, you know, was Cynthia's idea—making you jealous and everything. Said it was the only way to bring you to the point, and poor Myrtle was eating out her heart for you. Yes, Cynthia is wonderful. We loathe each other's poetry, but we have exactly the same sense of values."

Obviously he and Cynthia had proved themselves to be what Myrtle would call dumb-bells, but I was able in this instance to forgive them the means out of gratitude for the result. When, about a year after their marriage, Cynthia had twins I could not restrain my mirth, for surely there is not much poetry in twins. Cynthia must have thought so herself. At any rate she gave up poetry and confined her attention solely to the perambulator, and even Myrtle likes her now.



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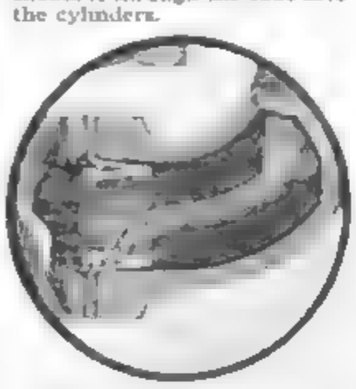

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CONTRIBUTION NEGGLE-ANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

"You cannot grind grist with water that has passed," declared Barnes banally, pointing to the torrent of the dam's sluiceway. "It's a shame you have wasted your money on folly. However, since it's gone you must tell your conscience to lie down and go to sleep."

"But keep wide-awake so far's the rest of you goes," warned the director. "If you can't hold the thieves off we must find a man who will."

"Whilst I'm on the matter of conscience I'll mention one little minor thing that has to do with your business, gents, and then I can go on to the big thing that's rasping me because my money is gone. Somebody has stole several hundred feet of drain pipe that was used in the coffer-dam pumping operations."

"Cates, you're fired!" shouted the manager. "That pipe could not have been removed without men and horses. You're standing in with thieves. You're selling off our property."

"It may look like it, sir, I'll admit. But you're wrong about me being in snucks with thieves and taking their money. You're dead wrong!" He spoke quietly, but there was convincing sincerity in his declaration.

"Having put that small matter off my mind," he went on, while they exchanged glances which expressed their varied emotions, "I'll get to what's bearing hard on my conscience. I'm a widderer. I've got a daughter. A nice feller is beauing her. His father has left him a farm, but the farm is run down and there ain't no tools and the house is needing repairs. If I had saved my money I could hand over to my girl the cash to buy tools and she could make her bigness in the matter. She would amount to something in the pardnership. It would fix things so she could live happy ever after. But you know how it is when a husband gets to twitting! Maybe he'll give my girl the go-by and pick up somebody who is able to drop the nickels in the slot. Do any of you wonder because conscience is clawing at me?"

He slowly turned his gaze in their direction, hooked his chin over his shoulder and surveyed them with dolorous eyes. They offered him no consolation or encouragement.

"If you'd call me what you was calling me when I opened my eyes after the accident it would help my state o' mind right now," Cates informed the field manager, but the latter shook his head.

"Anybody feel moved by the aperit to make any remarks, now that the meeting is open?" persisted Cates.

"Are you asking for charity or for us to pool in as individuals and give your daughter a dowry?" inquired the president, showing no enthusiasm.

"No, sir! Not a bit of it. Money that I begged for her would only be a cuss and a sorrow. That ain't the idea. Of course I did test ye out a mite on general sympathy, as ye might say; however, no matter about that now! Seeing that you're gathered here at the dam, where the thing happened to me, I didn't know but you could tell me about something in law and justice, somehow or other, or how I could cash in on what I have suffered and have got to suffer for the rest of my life. Not for my own profit, but to help my girl!"

"It has all been explained to you, Cates, that it's impossible for the corporation to move in the matter," stated the attorney.

"Probably you all know best. I'm a poor critter in fi-nance. And as for law, I class it in with lightning and pneumony, and I cal'late to keep away from all three. Then you say, one and all, here assembled together, that there's nothing that can be done in the way of my getting something man-fashion without begging?" he queried wistfully.

The attorney took it on himself to reply. He shook his head and blurted a curt negative.

For a long time Cates looked down at the hand that was hidden from their view. Apparently he had given up the quest for money; he had nothing more to say, as they supposed.

"Well, paymaster, you'd best lead on," said President Barnes briskly. "We have convinced ourselves that the dam is here and is doing all that we expected of it."

"Just a minute, before you leave!" said Cates. "It's about that missing property! I'm taking your pay and I want to tell you all the facts so that you can act as you see fit. I know where that daminite is!"

This matter was the direct business of the manager. "Where is it?" he demanded. "Be open and honest and I'll rescind my discharge order, maybe."

"It's in a bunch under water close up against the middle of that dam."

He broke in upon the frantic chorus. "Just a minute, gents, please! Let's take things in order. We're talking about property of the corporation. I know where that drain pipe is also. It has been laid from here, where my hand is, right along the side of the dam to that daminite. You can see the end of the first section for yourselves."

The lip of the cylinder of tile showed above the surface of the ground. They crowded around and inspected the hole. Especially did they note with interest the fact that several cords extended into the hole from Cates' maimed hand; the strings were divided as best he could manage with his thumb and two fingers after the fashion a reinsman employs in handling a six-horse team.

"Just at the present time Martyr isn't sarntering," explained Cates demurely. "Now when I begin to mention to you what the idee is, someone is apt to get excited and mess things up. I want to warn ye all that if they're messed up they'll be dretfully messed. Please hold your tongues or you'll get me excited, and then I'll be the one that'll do the messing."

To make a sum total of hinted mischief the field manager was adding dynamite and drain pipe and turtle. "You renegade, do you dare to intimate that you have rigged some sort of an infernal machine here?"

"Don't mess!" warned the old man. "It'll be a desperate venture for anybody to meddle with them strings, or even to joggle my hand. And too much yowing and yapping is going to mix up my intellecks so that I can't figger which from t'other. And I tell ye, gents, if my intellecks gets mixed up, then hell is going to be to pay in these parts!"

His bodeful manner impressed them.

"Much obleeged for your being quiet and giving me a chance to talk. I started that turkle along the drain pipe soon after I took my setting here. By the way them cords has been slipping through my fingers I should jedge that he's been pacing it pretty lively. What's in that tobacco box is encouraging his speed. You can tole on a jackass by holding a carrot in front of him; you can prod on a turkle by having the right thing behind him."

"Cates!" roared the manager, white in his anger and apprehensiveness. "Stop that maundering—come to the point!"

"The point is that I lighted the punk in the tin box with the end of this cigar. That punk is now smoldering. It's one case where a hot box is keeping a train moving instead of stopping it. When that turkle gets to where the fuses are stretched and tries to climb over 'em, the cover will drop off that box, 'cause it's arranged that way, the punk will flame up, and then the thing will happen. Having been a daminite boss I know my business!"

"Cates, is that turtle moving now?" demanded the president.

"No, sir. There's a tugging that shows he's restless, but he's anchored till further notice. It's this way, sir: There's one of these cords that's doubled through a hole in the turkle's shell; that cord holds him, but you've got to know just which two strings are the doubled cord. I know. The rest of the cords are to make anybody else do some guessing. They're all tied with slip knots and will pull loose mighty easy."

The field manager, muttering naughty words, leaned close to Cates and slowly stretched forth his hand.

"What is it you're intending to do, sir?"

"I'll grab all those strings and make sure of the right two."

"I reckon I can't stop you from doing it. But I'd like to remark humbly that if you do grab you'll have to take the responsibility for what happens. One of them extry strings will pull loose a slip knot in the doubled cord. That pertickler string wants to be let severely alone, sir."

"Cates," declared the manager, "there's some kind of lie or bluff about this thing. You couldn't have laid that pipe and planted dynamite."

"I didn't say I did, sir."

"You couldn't have coaxed or hired any helpers in this region to put such a damnable scheme over on the Nahmakanta."

"I didn't have to hire or coax. I have two growed-up sons who are just as much interested as I be in seeing their sister get a good start in life. They done the job before the water begun to fill the dam—after the crews had gone away and when I was left here to tend and guard. Yes, sir, they done the job and I bossed it. I know how to boss a daminite job."

"My man, it has become plain enough what your object is—it's to extort money," stated the president with venom. "It's a perfectly ridiculous plan—it's too silly to be called insane."

"Maybe it is, sir. But I haven't got the brains to plan up big things like you gents have. I've simply done the best I could in my poor way."

"It's hocus-pocus," the manager declared. "I don't believe that the punk-box arrangement would light a fuse."

"According to my experience as a daminite boss it would," averred Cates. "However, it's a new plan and I ain't going to swear that it would. All I can say is this: If you don't hand me five thousand out of that money bag I'll let the turkle sarnter on. Then we can see which opinion is the best—yourn or mine."

The magnates of the Nahmakanta corporation swapped stares of doubt and desperation. They had met and conquered the problems and the difficulties of business and finance and law. Where resoluteness and sanity could prevail, they had prevailed. But here was a slippery something on which they did not dare to set determined clutch. It was ominously odd—infernally novel. They stood around that shriveled old man of the woods and looked at his blank face and his mutilated hand, which held the strings of fate. The menace was fantastic and offered uncertainties which made it bodeful. They would have known how to cope with a threat on ordinary lines; but the threat that was contained in those strings and a strolling turtle was wholly outside the reckoning of those men of practical affairs.

They gazed upon the great dam. It could be rebuilt, but its destruction at that time would let loose the water which guaranteed a season's operations; the flood might sweep away their mills. One after the other, and then in chorus, they cursed the old man.

For the first time he showed fire of his own. He brandished the hand which held the cords, and the onlookers shivered. "I've admitted everything you said about law and setting bad examples and contribution neggle-ance. I've owned up that I was a damn fool. But I was a fool for the sake of the company that was telling me to hurry. I hain't got any brains to speak of. I hurried the work as best I knowed how. Maybe you don't owe me no money according to law. I'm going according to something else, not knowing anything about law. I hain't putting any name on what I'm going by. And you can't argue about something when there hain't no name on it. I won't argue. You'd have me snarled up in two seconds worse'n what these strings would be snarled if anybody but me should touch hand to 'em." He had noted symptoms in the field manager which indicated a complete loss of self-control. The official stood over Cates with trembling hands outstretched—hands that were poised like hawks about to swoop.

"Stand back, Durkis!" commanded President Barnes. "This man may be lying, as you have asserted. On the other hand he may have become a monomaniac on this dynamite business; it would be quite natural. Do you know anything about his family?"

"Nothing."

"He may have the sort of sons who would stir up his mania for the sake of helping him to extort money. Gentlemen, there are a number of things to consider. We must move with caution."

They began to argue among themselves.

Then it was that grim satisfaction settled in the wrinkles of Cates' face; he had been wondering whether magnates were the same as ordinary mortals. Magnates were ordinary men, he told himself, the moment the debate was under way. They were afraid of what they did not understand! Lacking that understanding, they sought to obtain it by conference, and therefore they relieved Mr. Cates of all the burden of arguing his own affairs; they attended to that for him. Caution presided over the debate. Cates was not invited to make any remarks. They discussed him and his enterprise and the feasible manner of meeting the situation. They exhibited as little consideration for his feelings as if he were a ledge in the river or a log jam or some other obstacle or accident that threatened to knock off profits. They settled upon what they considered a sane, corporate view of the aggravating matter.

The way the field manager put it in a nutshell was: "We insure against field mice gnawing matches in our store camps." He pointed to the old man, who sat staring straight ahead.

The president stepped in front of Cates and was spokesman. "It's an atrocious situation when the officers of the Nahmakanta are obliged to come down to the level of a man as crazy as you are, Cates."

"I've realized that I may be a leetle speck off on account of my sufferings and my conscience."

"You're only a little short of being a raving lunatic. Can't you look ahead and see what's going to happen if we hand you this money or if we don't give it to you?"

"Will it be the same in both cases?" inquired Cates with much interest.

"Certainly! Practically the same! If you blow this dam you'll go to state prison. If you extort our money for not blowing the dam you'll go to state prison just the same."

"Oh, land sakes, is that all?" asked Cates cheerily, showing profound relief. "I shan't object to being put in some place where I'll be took care of and have my vittles cooked for me."

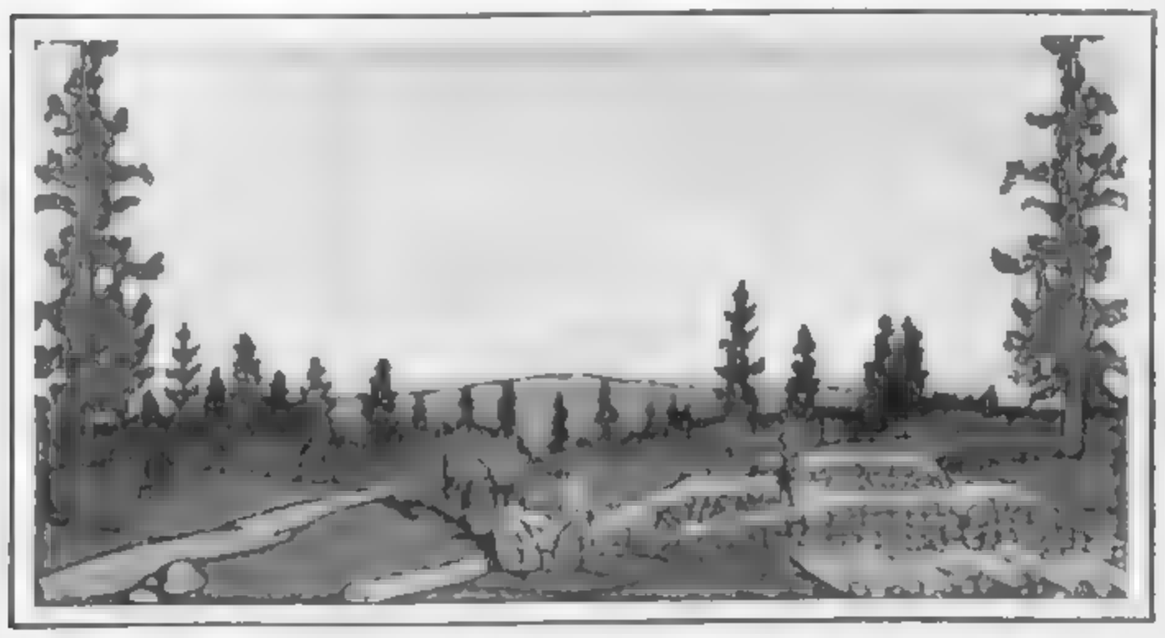
"Paymaster," directed the president, "count out the money in front of this man and stick it into his pocket. Be careful of those cords!"

The official kneeled and pulled out packets of bills.

"There's a bag slung under my co't," said Cates. "I put it there a-puppose. Of course I wasn't just sure how you folks would feel in this matter, but I kinda had hopes."

He peered up into the scowling face of the president. "You haven't said anything, sir, about another chance I'm taking, besides the one of going to state prison. When I pull out the turkle and hand him over, what's to prevent all of you from jumping on me and grabbing back the money?"

"Nothing, according to your perverted code, my man! However, I'm taking the position you took a short time ago—I'm



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Variety Stores offer splendid opportunities for men or women to engage in a business requiring little experience and small capital, but yielding a larger return on investment than any other kind of store.

Variety Stores handle big selling, everyday goods retailing at 5c, 10c, 25c and all prices up to $1.00. Such stores are run at small expense and make an excellent profit by turning their stocks many times.

We have started thousands of men and women in Variety Stores of their own, given them expert advice, even gone into their stores to help arrange their stock, and put them on the road to independent success.

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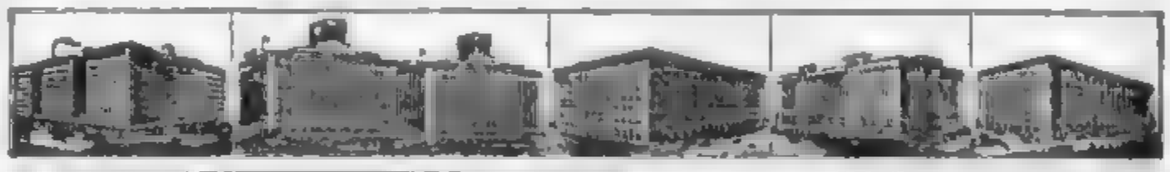

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Ten Miles for a Dime!

UP the river to your favorite picnic spot, across the lake to a neighboring resort for an evening's entertainment or off for a day's fishing—miles of waterway are just a pleasant jaunt when your rowboat or canoe is Evinrude-powered.

A turn of the flywheel and you breeze away, for a half hour ride or an all day cruise with no oar-work to spoil the fun. And think of the economy of this husky little motor! Only a penny a mile for "gas" and oil—a whole afternoon for a quarter!

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A broad-full sketch of the Ohio River at Madison, Indiana. Steamboats [illegible]

Two Horse Power Automatic Reverse Built-in-Flywheel Magneto.

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DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT

Do YOU Want Work That Offers:

1. Immediate Cash Profits

PERHAPS you, like Mr. E. A. Herrick of Massachusetts, could earn $135.00 extra for your spare time in your very first month of this work. Or perhaps, like Mr. L. T. Dibble of New York, you could make your first month bring you, for part-time work alone, an extra hundred dollars. These men are not miracle workers—just workers. They show what a man can do when he applies his full energies to his work as our local representative.

2. Permanent Employment

BUT doubtless you are looking for more than just immediate cash profit. You want the sort of position that will pay you well year after year; the sort of position that will bring you the confidence and respect of your community. So it is important to note that Mr. A. B. Arment of Ohio, for example, has worked with us for eighteen years; that Mr. Brackett has represented us in Ohio for more than fourteen years; that Mr. Alexander Heath started with us nineteen years ago—that all three are still satisfied, steady producers, earning generous profits year after year.

Let Us Tell You All About Our Plan for You

YOU know that in your community are many enthusiastic readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them would be glad to have you relieve them of the trouble of forwarding their orders each year. And there are scores of others—not now readers—who would willingly subscribe if you were to suggest their doing so, and offer to handle their subscriptions for them. We have an offer to make you for just such work—we will pay you cash commissions and bonus from the very start and help you to build up a permanent business of ever increasing profit.

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The Curtis Publishing Company
310 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:

Please tell me more about your plan for permanent spare-time money-making. I am interested, but I assume no obligation in inquiring.

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

not arguing. I'm simply saying, as a gentleman, for myself and these other gentlemen, that the money which we have just turned over to you will not be disturbed by us or claimed by us. It is yours."

"Well," mused Cates aloud, "I'm prepared to take a chance on it. If it's mine the sheriff will have to hand it over to my girl when I tell him to do so. I reckon I can depend on you gents not to yank it back again."

"We are not highway robbers," returned the president stiffly. He added with grim emphasis, "You'll not see us in state prison when you get there."

The money had been sacked under the stub of Cates' left arm. He wagged the stump protectingly against the protuberance. "Just think of all that big bunch being money!" he gasped. "Just bills, all packed solid! And I never had a roll before that would make even a bulge in my pants pocket!"

"Get busy!" yelped the field boss. "Drag that turtle back here."

"You mustn't yap out at me like that," protested the old man whiningly. "It bothers my intellecks just when I need 'em most. Having all that money under my arm is enough to turn the intellecks upside down right now. Handle me careful, gents!"

He stared down at the strings. "Let me make sure!" he muttered. "It would be a turrible thing to 'low Cephas to go along to where that fuse is. I'm calling him Cephas now. He won't have to be a martyr. I shan't consider that I'm a martyr either, even if I am in state prison. I ought to have been put there long ago, prob'ly." He tentatively lifted on the strings. They were slack. The men who stood about him voiced their anxiety in murmurs. "These are the checkers!" he declared with great confidence. "They'll bring Cephas back on the run. I'll be a leetle slow—me with only one hand."

"If you're sure that you're correct as to the cords I'll do the pulling," said the field manager.

"Thank you, sir. Just as soon as I feel 'er come taut I'll turn the job over to you."

He pulled, lifting his arm as high as he could stretch it, and laid the selected cords carefully on the ground. He pulled again.

The cords still dangled limply in the hole. The next time he pulled he stood up in order to get a long drag. His lower jaw sagged. His temper flamed—it was the quick passion of a man who was frightened.

"It's just what I was afraid would happen—my intellecks has been all mixed up by the everlasting jabber back and forth. I pulled the wrong strings. That turkle is on his way. Gents, I know what daminite will do! If you don't know you'd best take warning by me! For gad sakes, get under."

He went leaping away toward the woods, hooting shrilly.

In their case panic that was simmering over the fires of dread and doubt boiled promptly over! They fled. They were not sure what that dynamite would do; they were taking Cates' word for it.

They ran far up a slope in the woods and hid behind the ramparts of a ledgy gully.

The field manager made the first move to leave covert; he had been the chief skeptic. A full quarter of an hour had elapsed. He volunteered to go alone.

He came back very shortly and he had the demeanor of a man who had secured much illuminating information. He brought back with him two exhibits. One was the turtle.

"I ran my arm down into the drain pipe," he stated. "There was only one short section of it, stuck into the ground. This turtle was at the bottom. I found this paper in the tin box that was wired to the shell. I'll not read it aloud. The mere voice cannot do it justice."

He laid the outspread sheet on the top of a rock and the officials of the corporation gathered around and perused the message. It was written with a lead pencil on the back of a Nahmakanta store-report slip:

Deer Gents the trubble has Ben ive had to mush time to think over wart was dun to mee & thats Hel to kepe thinkun abot. Reepot 1 is that dammynight is in store whair its alays Ben. Reepot 2 is that dranepipe is in store alsoe. Reepot 3 is that ive alays Ben Old Batche. Mabbe you dident O mee noThing by law and that the Thing i cant spel kuvvered you. Now if you dont say noThing to noBody ubot how we seteled you can stay kuvvered & Boys wunt put in anny clams becoe I gut mine.
Yrs. reaptly D. CATES.

"A damnation fine story this will be to lug into court about ourselves—bunkoed by that old one-finned terwhoopit and a mud turtle," rasped the field manager. "We'd be willing to pay another five thousand to keep it out of the newspapers!"

"I think, gentlemen, we'll adopt Mr. Cates' suggestion, and stay kuvvered," stated President Barnes. "He seems to have done very well for himself in the matter of hiding. These woods are big, and they stretch to the Canadian border."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE HERALDIC PATTERN, *with its distinctive outline and decorative crest, possesses a degree of individuality that is most unusual. Every one of the larger pieces is hand-hammered and chased, a revival of the art of the silversmiths of long ago. The flatware (spoons, forks, knives, etc.) harmonizes perfectly with the coffee set and the other larger pieces and possesses the same individuality—made in but one quality, the best. Teaspoons $4.00 a half dozen; other pieces in proportion—all guaranteed without qualification.*

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder "H-90," illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

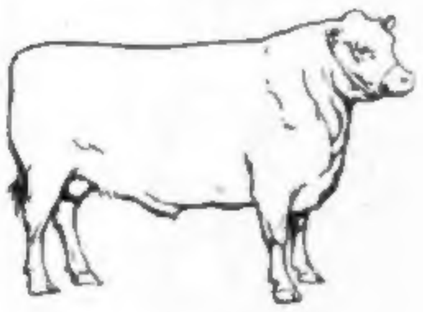
Teaspoons at $4.00 a half dozen. Other pieces at proportionate prices.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

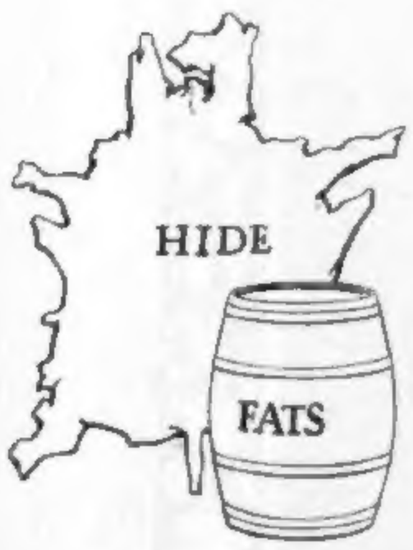
Beef—
"on the hoof" and "on the hook"

1000-lb. steer yielding 550 lbs. of beef	May 1920	May 1921	Decrease	Percentage Decrease
Live cost	$117.90	$76.30	$41.60	35%
Packing house meat expense	7.21	6.27	.94	13%
Net value of by-products	25.41	7.48	17.93	71%
Sale price of beef at packing house	100.70	76.09	24.61	25%
Sale price of beef per dressed cwt.	18.31	13.83	4.48	
Decline in price of meat and by-products			42.54	34%
Decline in live cattle price			41.60	35%

May 1920



Cattle cost
$117.90



Sale price of
By-products
from one steer
$25.41

Sale price of beef
per 550-lb. carcass
$100.70
Price per cwt. $18.31

Here are some interesting figures on comparative live stock and meat prices for 1920 and 1921.

Examination of the chart above and the figures on the sides of the page prove conclusively the close relationship that exists between the cost of live animals and the selling prices of manufactured products therefrom.

The average producer of live stock and the average consumer of meat, in making comparisons of prices for the same period, would find that live stock prices declined an average of $41.60 or 35 per cent, while meat prices show only a decline of $24.61 or 25 per cent.

Why the discrepancy? Why didn't the decline in price of "beef on the hook" keep pace with the live stock decline? Why did the price of live animals decline 35 per cent, while the wholesale price of beef declined only 25 per cent?

Swift & Company is able to obtain only 550 pounds of meat from the average 1000-pound steer. The other 450 pounds are made up of hide, fats, and waste. In May, 1920, there was considerable value to this by-product material, but in May, 1921, it declined in value $17.93 or 71 per cent, more than double the live animal decline and nearly three times the dressed beef price decline.

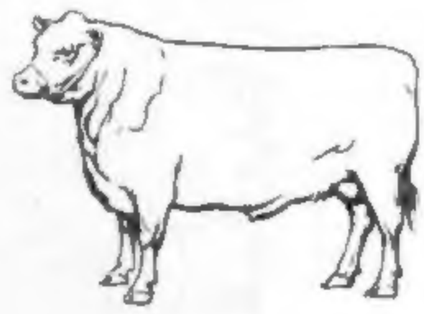
In other words, approximately one-half of the steer brought only about one-fourth of what it had brought the year before.

The figures show that the total decline in the values of the beef "on the hook" and of the by-products was $42.54 or 34%, which approximately balances the decline in costs of animals "on the hoof", which was $41.60 or 35 per cent.

Swift & Company cannot for long pay more for live stock than it can net for meat and by-products.

Swift quality, of course, remains, as always, unchanged and unaffected, and the public continues to be satisfied in its high expectancy toward Swift's Fresh Meats as well as toward the famous Swift Brands—Premium Hams and Bacon and Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard.

May 1921



Cattle cost
$76.30

Sale price of
By-products
from one steer
$7.48

Sale price of beef
per 550-lb. carcass
$76.09
Price per cwt. $13.83

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 40,000 shareholders

"Oh Skin-nay pipe the new mackinaw"

BOYS like our mackinaws—they take to them "like a duck to water." For they can run, skate or ride a bike with the greatest of freedom. Each year more boys are wearing Jacobs' Oregon City Mackinaws.

Big, swagger roll collars that will turn up high—muff and patch pockets—buttoned belts. Handsome plaids in many color combinations.

And the fabrics—staunch, all-wool—woven on our own looms. From the selection of the raw wool, until we sew our label into the garment, Jacobs' Oregon City Mackinaws are made entirely by us. This means extra value—and quality that we control in both fabric and garment.

Fit your boy out for school and for the winter in one of these handsome mackinaws. Girls, too, wear them. Made in boys', youths' and men's sizes.

"Woven Where the Wool is Grown," an interesting and instructive booklet about Western Woolens, sent upon request.

For three generations Oregon City all-wool fabrics have come from our looms. We weave the fabrics and tailor them into snappy Overcoats, Mackinaws and Flannel Shirts. Oregon City Woolens received first prize at the Philadelphia Centennial, 1876—at San Francisco Exposition, 1915—thirty-nine years later.

Other Jacobs' Oregon City Wool Products

"Lafayette"—A new Oregon City overcoat for Fall. Our own Virgin Wool fabrics, smartly tailored, full belt, slash pockets. Big, warm, convertible collar.

An Oregon City Flannel Shirt that combines the all-wool warmth of our flannels with fit and style.

"The Feathers"—An Oregon City Indian Blanket inspired by the Indian "Feather" design.

Oregon City Woolen Mills

Established in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs

Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

Sales Offices — New York Boston Chicago Minneapolis Kansas City Denver San Francisco Portland Seattle Salt Lake

Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

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